THE POPE of THE SEA

By

VICENTE · BLASCO · IBAÑEZ

The Pope of the Sea

An Historical Medley

by

Vicente Blasco Ibañez

Author of
"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,"
"Mare Nostrum," etc.

Authorized Translation
from the Spanish by
Arthur Livingston

In this dramatic story, an enthralling tale of the glamour of other days is woven into the lives of two very modern young people.

Pedro de Luna, the daring undefeatable Pope of the Sea, whose struggle to gain entrance into Rome kept Europe in turmoil, had captivated the imagination of the studious Claudio Borja. In historic and beautiful Avignon, young Borja's brilliant mind reconstructs the tragic life of this valiant Pedro de Luna. His enthusiasm is shared by the fabulously wealthy and sophisticated Rosaura de Pineda, and a poignant romance develops.

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse
Blood and Sand
The Enemies of Women
La Bodega (The Fruit of the Vine)
Mare Nostrum (Our Sea)
The Mayflower
Mexico in Revolution
The Shadow of the Cathedral
The Torrent
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The Temptress
In the Land of Art
Queen Calafia
Alfonso XIII Unmasked
The Old Woman of the Movies
and Other Stories
A Novelist's Tour of the World

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AN HISTORICAL MEDLEY

By

VICENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ

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From the Spanish

By

Arthur Livingston

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CONTENTS

PAGE

PART ONE—The City of the Three Keys . . 1

CHAPTER

I. The Knight Tannhäuser 3
II. The Relict of the "Land King" . . 26
III. The Great Captivity 50
IV. A Queen Weeps 71
V. Crayfish *à l'Américaine* 90
VI. Two Women Scold a Pope 113

PART TWO—The War of the Three Popes . 131

CHAPTER

I. The War on the Man in the Moon . 133
II. The Pope of the Sea 156
III. The Devil's Enemy 175
IV. The Doctor-General 202
V. An Emperor Roasts a Goose 224

PART THREE—Noah's Ark 247

CHAPTER

I. A Saint and His Friend 249
II. Two Crows Enter Noah's Ark . . . 270
III. A Tour and a Detour 292
IV. The Pope Without a Name 319
V. "Blessed Saint Barbara" 342

PART ONE

THE CITY OF THE THREE KEYS

THE CITY OF THE THREE KEYS

CHAPTER I

THE KNIGHT TANNHÄUSER

SHE hesitated a moment, as she scouted mentally through her past; then lightly, with a smile of amusement at her own words, she said:

"Yes, I remember you! You are the Chevalier Tannhäuser, who was looking for an amour with Venus!"

It was in the "Hotel Élite," at Avignon at eight o'clock in the evening. Claudio Borja had been watching her from a distance all during dinner. On leaving his table he had waited to intercept her at the door of the dining room and had then asked in Spanish:

"Señora de Pineda, if I am not mistaken! . . . I had the honor of an introduction, once, in Madrid. . . . You, probably, do not remember. . . . "

But she had not forgotten, and after a moment's laugh, seemed to apologize with her eyes for the jovial informality of her reply, which had taken them both back to the occasion of their first meeting at a dinner at Senator Bustamante's in Madrid.

That gentleman, for reasons of personal vanity more than anything else, made a specialty of relations between Spain and the South American countries. His guest of honor, at the moment, was the beautiful Rosaura Salcedo

de Pineda, a rich widow from the Argentine, who spent most of her year in Paris or in travel about Europe, but who then chanced to be passing through Madrid. The conversation had turned to favorite characters in history or literature, the guests putting forward the heroes or heroines each would have preferred to be. Stella, daughter of the host, a shy bashful creature in her early twenties, had voiced a timid predilection for Shakespeare's Ophelia. Her father, the portly don Aristides, could not decide between Lycurgus and Cardinal Jiménez de Cisneros. An old general had optioned for Julius Cæsar. But when her turn came, the beautiful Rosaura had modestly declined to name her idol: she had never thought—she had always felt satisfied with being just herself!

The other ladies present, commonplace wives of important unimaginative men, rancorous against their humdrum lots in life, and inwardly burning with unconfessed desires and ungratified yearnings, had stared critically at the visitor, artfully concealing their venom under cordially unctuous smiles. But she was right, as they were forced bitterly to agree! What more could a woman ask for? What had Rosaura Salcedo not received at the hands of Fortune? Her wealth was enormous, a truly "American" wealth, to be calculated in millions! She was a widow, and a widow is free—she could do just as she wished without considering any one! And her beauty—yes, the beauty of a springtime ever in bloom! She seemed never to grow older by a day (why not, when a woman has the time and the money to spend on herself)!

But then they had called on Claudio Borja, the orphan son of a life-long friend of Senator Bustamante, whom

the latter considered almost as one of the family. This young man, of no definite occupation but possessed of a not inconsiderable fortune, society had selected as the future husband of Stella Bustamante. Young Borja's answer was proffered as in tone of challenge to the respectable ladies present: he lamented that he had not been the knight Tannhäuser!

Some of the guests, hurrying to display their grasp of the allusion, found the choice quite natural. Tannhäuser was a poet errant, a bard of chivalry—and Claudio also had poems to his credit!

"No!" the young man saucily explained. "No, if I envy Tannhäuser, it is because he had a liaison with Venus. . . ."

After a moment of puzzled silence, the impropriety had been laughed away. That Borja boy was really most unusual—queer, even, like all those writers and bohemians!

"I could hardly be expected to forget you," the pretty Argentinian continued, as Borja accompanied her toward the drawing-room of the hotel. "A man who answers as you did is somebody! That night I had no opportunity to see you further—Senator Bustamante's attentiveness to his guests amounts to a monopoly! And a few days later, I left Madrid—or perhaps, the very next day. . . I never remember such details. The past counts for little with me—I am always thinking of tomorrow! But yet, I assure you, I have thought of you many times! The moment I hear a note of Wagner's music, the face of a young man whom I saw just once in my life rises in my mind, and I ask myself: 'Whatever became of the Madrid

Tannhäuser? Did he tire of waiting for Venus and marry—Ophelia?' "

The dashing widow glanced at her companion with another smile. Borja somehow felt vaguely piqued at her ironical good humor, but the information that he had lived for two years—on familiar terms, one might say—in the memory of that fascinating woman, was no slight balm to his vanity.

They walked along through the lobby, the air about them vibrant with music and heavy with a yellowish mist of cigarette smoke faintly redolent of opium. The arm-chairs and divans about the room were occupied with people of English speech, that daily relay of travellers which halts for twenty-four hours at Avignon, visits the castle of the Pope and Petrarch's fount of Vaucluse, and then moves on through Provence toward the *Côte d'Azur.*

In the entrance to the drawing-room Rosaura stopped in front of two small picture frames that were hung on the wall on a level with the eye. Mounted in one was a small key, in the other a letter, the ink red and faded on a sheet of paper yellowed from time. Borja, of longer residence in the hotel, knew the story of the two curios.

The hotel building itself was a palace of the Seventeenth century, the old stables now serving as a garage. When the Revolution annexed the ancient City of the Popes to France in 1792, the aristocratic structure was changed into a public hostelry, and such it had remained for more than a century. For eighty years the Court of Honor had rung with the jingling bells and the creaking wheels of diligences and stage coaches; but now it was a parking-place for automobiles from every land in Europe.

The key in the frame once opened a room on the top floor, occupied, for a time, by a certain captain in the French artillery, Bonaparte by name—a favorite of the omnipotent Robespierre.

"That must have been before the siege of Toulon, while Napoleon was knocking about with no prospects in particular and uncertain really as to what career he should follow. In this very hotel he may have planned the only book he ever wrote—a sort of political novel called *The Banquet at Beaucaire*—Beaucaire is a village quite near here."

The letter had been addressed to the proprietor of the hotel by the majordomo of Napoleon's Court. The Emperor often thought of a certain dish of quails that he had eaten as a boy while living in Avignon, and the Grand Keeper of the Imperial Wardrobe requested a copy of the recipe for use by the chef at the Tuileries.

Rosaura frowned at the decaying scrap of paper:

"But those quails never tasted the same to him in Paris, I'll wager! No cooks have the magic touch of Youth and Poverty!"

A little orchestra was underscoring the conversations of the guests about the room, those eternally migrant Anglo-Saxons, who will stick to their hotel lounge of an evening whether they are at the Equator or at the North Pole, and feel not the slightest interest in what is going on in the street outside. Their days are made for museums and "points of interest," their evenings for dinner in dinner-coats or evening gowns, for a little music with a cigar or a cigarette, for a glance at the magazines or a conversation with some chance acquaintance made in an

identical hotel, it may be, on the other side of the world.

Selecting two of the deep comfortable armchairs that were set about the parlor, the two young people were soon engrossed in their explanations. She had come early in the afternoon by automobile. She always stopped at Avignon on the trip from Paris to the Blue Coast, where she had a cosy little villa with pretty gardens on the very shore.

"They all know me here. I come this way several times a season. I stay a night and move on the following day, and always in such a hurry, always so taken up with my own thoughts, that it never occurred to me to notice, in particular, the two mementos you have just made so interesting! And yet, it will be the same this time! I shall leave tomorrow like any one of these English or American tourists, who break their journey at Avignon, sleep a night in this hotel and take wing again the next morning. The afternoon will find me in my own house, looking out over the sea through my palms and orange trees . . . And what are you doing here?"

Borja had been in Avignon two whole weeks, and he hesitated before answering, his palish brown cheeks coloring slightly on his keen face. Timidly at last, as though fearing another thrust from that musical, caressing, ironical laughter, he ventured:

"I came here from Madrid . . . to look around. . . . I am preparing a book. . . . For years I have been curious about the history of a man from my town . . . one of the Popes of Avignon . . . don Pedro de Luna. But you are not interested in such things. . . . They belong to a yesterday long since past. . . . You live only for tomorrow. . . ."

She looked at him much as she had looked at the letter of Napoleon's majordomo. Her voice again became earnest and grave.

"I am interested in everything that involves work and determination; and in everybody who has a purpose in life and is trying to attain it."

They both fell silent. As it chanced, there was a lull in the other conversations, and across the room through the tobacco-filled air of the lobby came the crooning melody of a love song, played on two violins, a viola and a piano, the notes more audible in the momentary hush.

Claudio Borja thought he saw himself, suddenly, in a wholly new light. After two weeks of solitude in that sleepy town, the presence of this woman who had often revisited his thoughts as a being from a higher, mysterious world, seemed to give him a new sense with which to examine himself. It was as though a mental lightning flash were encompassing and concentrating all the life he had lived up to that time, and then unrolling it instantaneously before his memory with the dazzling brilliancy of an electrical discharge.

What was he after all? Only an idle day-dreamer, ready to take up with any absurdity so long as it caught his fancy! He had been born without a will, without character! That, undoubtedly, was the true reason for his interest in don Pedro de Luna, the most willful person of his time and perhaps of all time! He, Claudio Borja, lived in a world of phantoms, often wistfully regretting that he was no longer a child able to go on listening to the tales of wonder that had charmed his boyhood.

He had never known the cosiness of a home, the reassuring smile of parents, which is to most human beings

what the guardianship of the gods must have been to primitive men. About his father he knew much more from don Aristides Bustamante than from his own recollections. The elder Borja, an engineer by education, born of Levantine extraction in a little city of the ancient Kingdom of Valencia, had been a man chary of words, apparently making up for his verbal restraint by tenacious and enthusiastic zeal in acclimating foreign industries in his home neighborhood. After extensive travels about Europe and in the Americas, he had founded several factories, and promoted a small railroad, finally forgetting all his earlier undertakings to develop a native automobile. Rather than greed for money, joy in creation, pride in the obstacle surmounted, had been the inspiration of this man's life; though when he died, his friend and attorney, Senator Bustamante, disentangling his complicated affairs, selling here, compromising there, exchanging, reinvesting, had finally settled on the orphan Claudio a solid fortune of several hundred thousands.

During one of his protracted stays in Paris, Doctor Borja, as the Valencian manufacturer was known, had come to enjoy the society of a not unattractive spinster he had met some years before at Gibraltar. Estrella Toledo, a descendant of a family of Spanish Jews which had moved to the Levant during one of the old persecutions, had an interest in everything pertaining to Spain. Doctor Borja, for his part, was busy with promotions and patents, and had dealings with women only casually and in cases of unavoidable need. Probably *Mademoiselle Tolédò* appealed to him more than anything else because in that foreign city she was one of the few who could

talk the Doctor's language. Señor Borja had no strong opinions on matters of religion; and the lady herself, brought up in an English environment at Gibraltar and still further broadened by the cosmopolitan atmosphere of Paris, likewise attached little importance to differences of faith and race.

Doctor Borja made Estrella Toledo his wife, though not till he had carefully discussed such a serious step with don Baldassar Figueras, one of his oldest and closest friends, a cousin moreover on his mother's side, who occupied a post as canon in the chapter of the Cathedral at Valencia.

This solid personage of quiet methodical habits, his one concession to carnality being occasional overindulgence at table, was particularly attached to the position he held because it put him in charge of the Cathedral's archives. There he was free to scent out and run down all kinds of recondite historical data in a wilderness of bundled records of which he had been the first to untie the mouldy strings. Every year don Baldassar Figueras came out with "important discoveries" which he "gave to the world" in quarterly publications of little if any circulation or printed at his own expense in volumes which he then distributed in homage among twenty-five or fifty colleagues of scholarly tastes. Aside from the unavoidably modern hours he devoted to eating and sleeping, don Baldassar lived exclusively in the Fourteenth and the Fifteenth Centuries.

However, the canon acquiesced in his cousin's proposed marriage. In the course of his studies he had encountered many cases of Spanish Jewesses married to gentlemen of

standing. His personal view was that character and belief in God were the main questions. Besides, if he had understood correctly, señorita Toledo would not be coming into the Borja family with empty hands: she had property in her own right and wealthy connections—things by no means to be disparaged!

And Estrella Toledo proved to be a good, a gentle, a submissive wife, instinctively looking up to her husband and master according to the ancient traditions of the women of the Twelve Tribes. However, she died shortly after bringing Claudio into the world. On that catastrophe, Doctor Borja could not imagine what to do with his only son. For a time he left him in Valencia, in the house where the mother had lived. Later on, when Claudio had come to be six years old, the Doctor thought a growing boy should be removed from that provincial environment, which had nothing better to offer than the silent company of an ecclesiastical bookworm, and the chatter of pious housekeepers who could teach a child nothing but prayers and the miracles of saints. Besides, if his son were in Paris it would be easier to see him, since the French metropolis was the intersecting point of all the Doctor's frequent business travels.

So Claudio passed from the two rows of sleepy houses that line the Road of the Chevaliers in Valencia, to a modest residence in the Passy quarter near the Bois de Boulogne—a place which he found a veritable fairyland, since it had a little garden, and in the garden a moss-covered marble statue and a half dozen gnarled trees also draped in a metallic green ever cool with moisture.

Here dwelt one of his mother's brothers, Solomon

Toledo, a man considered by the members of the Toledo dynasty scattered about the various ports of the Mediterranean as the lunatic of the family. These rich merchants who "stood together" in their business with the clannishness of a rapacious tribe, showed a mingled contempt and awe in the presence of this relative who was quite content not to be making money and who treated them with a certain superciliousness in spite of their millions.

Between these two kinsmen, don Baldassar Figueras, the Valencian priest, and Uncle Solomon, the Parisian Jew—the two boundaries as it were of his world—Claudio's infancy and boyhood moved with the rythmic swing of a pendulum. Solomon Toledo must have been still quite young when Claudio first saw him. He was a tall man, slightly stooping at the shoulders, with one of those handsome Jewish heads which the artists used to give the Christs of the Church paintings: a pronouncedly acquiline nose, a pale dusky complexion, a curly beard trained to a double point, a shock of glistening wavy hair parted in the middle and falling to either side of the face. On the shoulders of the black suit which Uncle Solomon always wore one usually noticed a thin dusting of dandruff, while the lapels, the cuffs, and the baggy knees, shone with a soiled lustre. The house itself gave a similar impression of negligence. Solomon was as much of a bookworm as the canon in Valencia! His quarters were flooded with veritable cataracts of literature, which seemed to pour down from the book shelves and inundate floor, tables, and chairs.

A Moroccan Jewess, well along in years, and ever hankering for the sunshine of her Tangiers on chilly days

in Paris, served Uncle Solomon as housekeeper, extending to the furniture, the closets, and all the articles in the house, the sacred and inviolable confusion she found among the books.

Old Sefora's image still survived in Claudio Borja's memory in perfectly definite outlines. A withered, shriveled little person, of that incredible meagreness one finds among such ageing Jewish women as escape obesity! She always wore a kerchief of bright colors knotted over a head of stiff curly hair that crimped naturally into tight little rings like the wool of a Negro. Who knows, indeed? The violent adventurous life of Africa may have introduced a Negroid strain into the veins of Sefora's Jewish ancestors. Her skin had the coppery cast of the mulatto, and drawn tight over her dry bones, it gave her the appearance of some half-roasted witch that might have escaped from a bonfire of the Inquisition. Claudio remembered especially the palms of her hands, which had the brilliant violet hue one sees on the paws of certain squirrels.

Inured to long periods of silence in the home of her studious employer, Sefora soon awakened to the delights of prattle with a child; and she would sit for hours at a time with little Claudio perched on her knees, imparting to him all she had been told about the past of God's Chosen People, and much that she imagined for herself about its future.

She had worked, as a girl in Morocco, for venerable rabbis who were expert Talmudists and even knew the Sacred Book by heart. One of these rabbis, indeed, had secured her her present position with Uncle Solomon, whom she admired as much as she had the others, though

he had never deigned to bestow on her one spark of his wisdom.

"Your uncle, *goy,* is a cabalist. That means, he studies the *Kabbala,* and the *Kabbala* is the very almond of the *Talmud.* He knows the language of Beings we can't even see!"

Claudio she always addressed as "goy," the Jewish word for "Christian"; but despite the little fellow's religion, she was not averse to describing for his benefit the great triumph of the people of Israel as foretold in the *Talmud.* This book, in Claudio's judgment, was every bit as wonderful as the *Thousand and One Nights.* A lonely melancholy child, left much to himself, he greedily devoured in his starved imagination any fanciful marvel that served for an hour to beguile him from a dreary reality. His hunger for stories could never be sated. The moment Sefora finished her work about the house and sat down to her knitting, he would run to her side, plant his elbows on her knees, and beg her for the life of some saint, with plenty of torments from the Pagan torture chambers, plenty of souls groaning in Hell, plenty of action from the Devil in person! His favorite story was Sefora's version of the coming of the Messiah, with her description of the wonders and the feasting that would attend that event, and of the final triumph of God's people.

Observant as children often are, Claudio did not fail to notice a smile of tolerant commiseration on his uncle's face on such occasions as Solomon Toledo chanced to overhear some of these marvellous narratives from the *Talmud.* Later on, when a grown man, he came to know the meaning of that smile. There were two *Talmuds.* The more

famous, the so-called "Babylonian script," was a recompilation to which every class of Jews contributed during the second century of the Christian era. On the one hand eminent divines and rabbis, such as Hillel and Akiba, consigned to its lofty thoughts of sublime and gentle gospel; but the Jewish masses at large also introduced their own fancies and superstitions—expressions of their yearnings for glory and supremacy. Always living in persecution and humiliation, these perennial victims dreamed perpetually of retaliations, of vengeance, of power, dreams which they put into words in their *Talmud,* with all the embellishments of true Oriental fancy.

What a pity that, after all these years, Claudio now had to think of Sefora's stories as just an old woman's tales! Where would he ever hear such wonderful things again! Why can we not always be children forgetting the marvels of the day before to hear them over again on the next with redoubled thrills!

Sefora would describe Jehovah sitting on his throne with his two favorite pets beside him—a raven and a lion. The size of the raven in question you couldn't say in so many feet and inches; but you could imagine it! There was a toad as big as a village of sixty houses. Well, there was a snake that came along and swallowed the toad without the least difficulty in the world! But that was nothing! Jehovah's crow gave one peck at the serpent's tail, and swallowed him down toad and all!

When the lion was not in attendance on his Lord, he stayed in the forest of Elai, and nothing, not even the voice of Jehovah himself, could be compared with his roar. An emperor in Rome heard about this extraor-

dinary animal and decided he would like to see him. The rabbis, under pain of death, were ordered to bring him into the emperor's presence. There was a rabbi named Joshua, and he went and got the lion in the forest mentioned, and started off with him toward Rome. When they were four hundred miles away the lion gave a roar, just one! Well sir, the houses of Rome came tumbling down as though there had been an earthquake. Three hundred miles away, he roared again. Every single Roman in Rome chattered his teeth out and the emperor toppled on all fours from his throne, and began crying at the top of his lungs that the terrible beast should be taken back to its lair again.

Jehovah's particular form of entertainment was to study the *Talmud* in company with the Angels; though, in more frivolous moments he called for Leviathan, king of the sea beasts, that he might frolic with this the third of his pets. No telling the measure of this monster—that was a matter only for a rabbi who could read! Fearing the consequences of having more than one such animal in the world, the Lord had the female of the species killed (her flesh He then salted down to preserve it against the triumphal banquet of the Chosen People).

One day Rabbi Sefora was travelling by sea, and he saw an enormous fish with two horns on its head and on its forehead between the horns this scroll: "I am the smallest creature in the Ocean." Somewhat puzzled, the worthy rabbi took the measure of the beast, and it proved to be twelve hundred miles long! But—poof! Leviathan suddenly stuck his head out of the water and swallowed the great whale as though it were a fishworm!

What a gleam in Leviathan's eye! Each of his pupils could hold three hundred barrels of olive-oil, whence it was said of him: "His eyes are the windows of the morning." "As he swims around his back gets covered with sand, and trees and reeds start growing on it; then the sailors take him for an island and come ashore to cook their meal. But when Leviathan feels the heat of the fire, he shakes himself, and there go men, fire, pots and pans, helter skelter into the air!"

"When the Messiah gets here, *goy,*" the old woman would continue, "the Jews will be masters of all the peoples on earth. The victory will be so great that seven years will be required just to destroy the weapons of the vanquished. All the riches of the earth will fall to our men, and the treasure of the King-Messiah will be so vast that it will take three hundred donkeys just to carry the keys to His millions of money chests. Then the most humble of us Israelites will have two thousand eight hundred slaves. But this great defeat will open the eyes of the other peoples. They will apply for circumcision and for the tunic of the convert. Then there will be only Jews in the world. And evermore thereafter, *goy,* the earth will grow things for us without our working—honey tarts, and nice woolen clothes, and a kind of wheat so beautiful that every kernel will be as fat as the two kidneys of the biggest ox you ever saw."

Borja could recognize Sefora's influence on his own habits of mind. Perhaps to his mother also he may have owed some of his proclivities toward the marvellous and the extraordinary. But she had moved as a pallid wraith through her brief existence, keeping her undisciplined

imagination to herself; though what must have been a family trait reappeared in her brother Solomon and accounted for his devotion to Cabalistic lore.

His father was still living when Claudio went back to Spain for his schooling, living again with the canon Figueras. Doctor Borja wished his son to be a Spaniard and to receive his real education in his native country—life abroad would do for him when he had grown up. And after the Doctor's death had left Claudio an orphan he stayed on in Valencia till he had obtained his diploma from grammar school. Then he moved to Madrid in charge of his guardian, the Senator.

Already he was writing his first poems, showing no inclination for any particular career. This convinced Senator Bustamante that he should be sent to the University to study law. In Spain, when a young man does not know what to do with himself but shows leanings toward literature, he must perforce become a lawyer. No one can explain why this should be, but so it is.

At twenty-three Claudio had his degree in law and even went through the formality of admission to the bar as a member of Senator Bustamante's legal staff. That distinguished attorney had a large practice, thanks to his influence as a former cabinet minister; but he never encountered Borja at the office. He saw the young man only as a guest in his house, whither Claudio was invited on occasion to attend some of the dinners the Senator gave to important visitors from Spanish America.

As a matter of fact, Borja had left the law, with the long years of desperately monotonous toil it promised, behind him at the University. He was now applying him-

self wholly to reading, seeking the acquaintance of professional writers, his sole interests drama and literature; but even in these more congenial pursuits, he evinced a certain intractability, certain tendencies toward solitude. A number of young authors with flat purses had learned to depend on him for help, but they often went for days without catching sight of him. He would be away from Madrid in some provincial city where he knew no one, seeking the musty charms of a solitary street with ancient majestic houses, or idling for hours in a silent cathedral with the dirty cripples and beggars, who came like the lepers of old to sit in their accustomed seats in front of the portals—and as the iron gates swung open, a draught of damp air would blow out into the deserted square, heavy with the roll of an organ, the odor of incense, and the stately chants of the chapter assembled in the choir!

Young Borja could see two wholly distinct personalities in his inner self—a man whom everybody knew, and quite another individual familiar only to himself.

Around certain tables in the cafés where literature and politics were never discussed save in shouting voices, he was known as an "agreeable chap" of independent means and considerable talent. The verses he had written threatened no established reputation, nor were they, in fact, such as to arouse jealousy in anyone. Besides he was a person from whom a fellow could borrow a peseta or two in time of need!

About the Bustamante home he was taken for granted by the Senator's friends as Stella's future husband, a preemption, however, which did not prevent matrons with marriageable daughters from treating him with a far-

sighted affableness. Some day—you never can tell—his notions might veer in another direction: he might leave to some other mortal the bliss of becoming the Senator's son-in-law, and be available for one of their own girls! As for the young ladies of this little world in which he sometimes moved, they found him "very distinguished" and "interesting-looking."

In fact, his mother had endowed him with that indefinable oriental grace, suggesting feebleness and at the same time refinement, which is peculiar to many dark males of the Levant. A sort of pallor underlay his soft brown skin. His eyes, round rather than not, and given to an absent-minded stare, had a certain flat, yellowish, amber-like brilliancy. His mustache, close cropped in English style, did not disturb a resemblance which many observed in him to some of the portraits which El Greco inserted in "The Burial of the Count of Orgaz." A general air of languor which he affected was probably the reflection of his deeply imaginative turn of mind.

But this latter Claudio Borja laid bare to no one. Few people even suspected the existence in him of this wildly active fancy which was forever creating imaginary episodes for the embellishment of his secret thoughts. Now that he had no one to tell him stories as in his boyhood, he told them to himself—but new ones, fashioned from the abundant materials which a strong and tireless inventiveness supplied. The real world about him he found insipid, mediocre, unworthy; and to escape the slavery in which it held him, he was ever flitting away in fancy to those realms of seductive make-believe which mankind is always conceiving in order to make life more livable.

At times he thought himself actually in love with women who never existed, or else who lived so long ago that every authentic memory of their real selves must have perished from the minds of men. To solid historical characters, covered with flesh and bone, he preferred, for the most part, vaporous unreal creatures born of poetic fancy. For a long time he was enamoured of Helen of Troy, largely because his studies had convinced him that she was not a real person, but a creation of Homer (or at least of the wandering bards who may have composed the Homeric poems). The peculiar enchantment of Helen lay for him in this, that without ever having existed she had managed to live thousands and thousands of years, actually coming down to our own epoch for Goethe to make her the lover of Faust—another restless soul, ever dreaming of unattainable superhuman things (with Faust, indeed, Borja was pleased to note in himself a very definite kinship).

Later on he became unfaithful to this first love, spurring his imaginative aspirations—as is easy once we cut loose from realities—to higher and higher altitudes: he fell in love with Venus, the loftiest and most complex of the incarnations of the Beautiful!

However, classical antiquity had never been for him what it is for most men, a serene, majestic, joyous thing overspread with a godlike smile. His bent rather was toward the lurid and turbid aspects of a world of violent contrasts showing romantically conceived extremes of beauty and ugliness, pleasure and pain. The classic gods —the gods of the earlier ages of Mediterranean civilization, he accepted only as they had been transformed, or

rather deformed, in passing through the crystal lens of the Middle Ages. For him Olympus, which the ancients bathed in Apollo's glory, was beautiful only as a magic mountain where, at midnight, in the murky light of Christian candles, the Devil took his place among the ancient gods, themselves demons. The jovial Pan, followed by a troop of riotous fauns, appealed to him only as a Satan leading a legion of goblins, the ancient Bacchanalia of the vintage becoming in his mind the impious broil of the Witches' Sabbath. His Virgil was not the gentle contemplative Virgil of the *Georgics,* but the magician of the Middle Ages who manufactured charms to keep mosquitoes off Neapolitan vagabonds and worked other wonders that in later ages would have sent him to the stake.

So the Venus whom Borja loved was not the ethereal creature of the classic painters, rising naked from the sea-foam or enthroned on marble clouds under showers of blossoms. His Venus was the Venus of Tannhäuser, the dreamer, and she dwelt in grottoes lighted by mysterious glows, or on wild crags like the Venusberg, whither she enticed men with the temptation of her immortal flesh—a symbol of voluptuousness and damnation to a world resonant with church bells, chants of wailing processions, and sighs of myriad pilgrims toiling their way toward Rome for the remission of their sins.

And not naked, his Venus! From under her Grecian tunic a clawed foot protruded, three hooked talons joined by a membrane—a betrayal of her hellish origin as a bird of prey. Her retinue of nymphs was really a band of witches singing the songs and clanging the instruments of the Sabbath—the ancient zithers and lyres now castanets

and tambourines. Certain fathers of the Church could neither read nor whisper the name of Venus without shuddering from head to foot with horror.

The truth was that this Venus, the Venus of the Middle Ages, was a combination of two different concepts. A second person had blended her flesh with the ancient goddess of Love and Beauty. Even in his boyhood, Sefora's rabbis, privately informed of every thing that went on in Paradise, knew about a terrible female who was destined to endure as long as the world.

Her name was Lilith.

When Adam separated from Eve just after the Fall, Lilith became his concubine, and from this accursed union sprang all the spirits of evil—lemures, larvae, and phantoms—which inhabit the earth. Some thousands of years later, the same Lilith—she never dies—became one of the favorite mistresses of Solomon.

For long ages she ruled the world as high princess of unchaste nightmares. She it was who tempted the Anchorites with visions of her pearly flesh. She it was who appeared in dreams to the self-macerating monks of the monasteries. She it was who gave a rhythm of voluptuous music to the wind sighing around the eaves of deserted houses. She it was who placed a nymph of marble nudity in the green water of every spring, or a White Lady, combing locks of gold, on the pinnacle of every enchanted tower. None other than she was the Gentleman in the Red Cape (with a jaunty crest but with a billy-goat's feet) who appeared on lonely forest roads, presented himself before the wayfarer pen and parchment

in hand, and offered love, glory, and wealth in exchange for a signature!

Wagner's dramatic poem, a medley of divers Nordic legends, was for Claudio Borja the soul of the Middle Ages compressed into words. Everything was there: troubadours enhungered of beauty, without which life is not worth living; multitudes of sinners yearning to reach Rome from the four quarters of the world to be cleansed of sin; Tannhäuser, the eternally dissatisfied, longing for what he has not, forgetting it once it is attained that he may again pant for it; Venus—temptation, voluptuousness, sin; the Holy Father, all powerful heir of the Caesars, wrathful at learning how a mortal has embraced Lilith the Destroyer, and refusing to absolve the author of such an abomination, thus exalting him, by excommunication, above all men, endowing him with the lurid majesty of an exceptional being, darkly beautiful as Lucifer himself!

Alas, yes! Borja admired the errant singer, envying him his bliss accursed! He was a hopeless lover of the Venus Lilith, who will not show herself to ordinary mortals!

CHAPTER II

THE RELICT OF THE "LAND KING"

WHILE Borja's past life was thus passing through his memory in an instant's flash, his eyes rested fixedly upon the lady before him. That evening at the Bustamante dinner he had found her beautiful; but here, in this public place, he was enjoying a closer and more offhand view of her.

She was without the jewels and the finery which on that occasion had given her a splendor well calculated to blind the possibly critical eye. The diamond necklace, which had aroused the envious admiration of the women present, had now yielded to a plain string of pearls inconspicuous on a skin of their same milklike transparency. Her gown, simple, but in perfect taste, was evidently one that her maid had packed in the automobile that the lady might dine at her ease at the hotel where she would pass the night. Everything about her suggested the rapid touch of a traveller who had hurried from a car to a bath and then hastily prinked up, to be seen for a moment by others like herself and be off again in the morning.

There was nothing extraneous therefore to account for the vanquishing charm that seemed to radiate from her person like a halo. What attracted Claudio's attention at once was the whiteness of her complexion, the white of pearl, or marble, or of some luminous substance that

shines with a soft interior glow. She had never spoiled her beauty with artificial embellishments. Undoubtedly such defiance of age could only bespeak daily hours of painstaking application before a mirror; but these labors were artfully concealed: a bare trace of red on her lips, a faint line of blue about her eyelids, the lashes accentuated with a touch of black.

A first glance would have singled out the sculpturesque proportions of her figure; but Borja decided that the real secret of her attraction lay in her smile, an almost imperceptible smile that was continually flitting across her lips and sweetening the expression of her mild, humid, somewhat slanting eyes.

Fancifully he pictured her as crowned with violets like the Aphrodite of the Greek poets at the moment when the Hours were snatching the goddess up from the surface of the sea in which she had just been born. As a matter of fact this woman's hair, of a light brown, bobbed according to current fashion, had no ornaments whatever; if anything it showed a certain disarray which, in her casual preparations for a dinner alone, she had not taken the trouble to correct. But these details went no deeper than Claudio's eye. In his imaginative mind she wore the coiffure of a Greek divinity: a crown of violets! If proof were needed, could he not scent their perfume?

Just what he was saying to the goddess before him he was not quite sure himself—the usual small talk, probably, without, he could hope, anything particularly absurd or irrelevant: impressions, perhaps, of his recent days in Avignon, random confessions about the book which for the time was engaging all his scant resources of will. At

one moment he was vaguely aware that the conversation had drifted back to Madrid, to common friends there, to the dinner where he and she had first met. The really conscious concern of his mind, meanwhile, was to resurrect in his memory all that he had ever heard about this woman.

Senator Bustamante had often spoken in his presence of Rosaura Salcedo de Pineda, "the rich widow from the Argentine," who owned numerous ranches of incalculable acreage, herds of steers which could not be counted, whole streets of houses in the capital of her country, not to mention a mansion in Paris and villas at the European resorts. The Senator had never been reluctant to betray such intimate data even within the lady's hearing. He thought they gave her a certain romantic color. An admirer of Hispano-American wealth and Hispano-American energy, he found it piquant and instructive for Spaniards to know that, in South America, her husband was reputed to have "died poor!"

Rosaura Salcedo belonged to what is called in Argentina the colonial aristocracy: she "had family"—that is to say, she could trace her ancestry back for at least a century and a half, which, in the New World, means to a remote antiquity! The Salcedos were rich at a time when wealth in the Argentine was calculated in square miles of pasture; and in herds of wild cattle, tended by *gauchos* hardly less wild, and which produced only hides and tallow. In those days all the beef went to the clouds of crows and buzzards that darkened the skies of the pampas and multiplied and fattened on an endless feast of carrion. Families in Buenos Aires subsisted on the produce of the farms, the

chacras, which most of them owned in the environs of the capital. It was a life of patriarchal simplicity and, also, of aristocratic isolation—the same families marrying and intermarrying in a closed caste. When these primitive land owners went to their ranches of a summer, they were often menaced by Indian raids. The arrival of a sailing vessel with news from Europe was a national event.

Suddenly, this colonial world, poor in money, rich in land, in food-stuffs and in self-esteem, underwent a great change; and the instruments of the revolution, as the Senator was fond of explaining, were the breech-loading repeater, the barbed wire, the steam locomotive, and the cold-storage refrigerator.

In early times wars never came to decisive ends. On their advances into the interior, the colonial soldiers would find themselves obliged, after firing the one shot from their muzzle-loading muskets, to meet the native with the latter's own weapons—the lance and the machete. But the Redskin had to give up before the repeating carbine, and strong with Winchester and Krag the whites took possession of the vast pampas. All this happened in our own day, one might say—since 1870!

Then again, the moment a proprietor could fence his fields with wire, the wandering *gaucho*, half herdsman, half bandit, had to learn the difference between mine and thine. Furthermore he had to ride in directions determined by someone else—roads, therefore, in a material sphere; discipline, public peace, respect for property, in a higher sphere.

While, on the advent of steam, the marine engine was

bringing keels from every nation to the fresh waters of the Plata and accustoming Argentines to travel abroad, the steam locomotive carried its railroads inland and shortened distances. Resorts of amusement for the inhabitants of Buenos Aires grew up in places that had formerly been camping grounds for warlike Indians. Each group of settlers pushed a little farther onward than the one before it. Cities came into being in regions that had recently seemed as far away as the ports of Europe. And from the limitless prairies, now peopled by men of all races and languages, streams of wheat and corn began to flow down to the sea.

The invention of refrigeration supervened to consolidate all this prosperity and establish it on firm foundations. No longer were animals slain merely for their wool, their hides, and their fats. Meat became an article of easy exportation; and the unpretentious discovery of a French scholar, Claude Tellier, who died in poverty in a street on the Left Bank of the Seine, made the fortunes of the numberless millionaires that have since crowded Argentina, some of them born there, others immigrants from foreign lands.

However, the Salcedo family, loyal to time-worn traditions of the old colonial society, did not plunge into the turmoil of this economic revolution, nor did it share in the profits. While land and stock values were increasing a hundredfold, the Salcedos were hardly interested in keeping what land and animals they had. They were engrossed at the time in romantic, wholly impersonal issues of a political nature, devoting most of their fortune to the triumph of their ideals. They were generous,

unselfish people, perhaps a little too prone to bluster, perhaps a little too inclined to combat and adventure for sheer love of danger; but these defects were the qualities of their founder and forefather, the old *conquistador*, who had died gloriously without a cent to his name.

Rosaura's own father, a dashing courageous fellow, had but three ambitions in life: to be regarded everywhere as a peerless gentleman, to be admired by the members of his party for his shrewdness and diplomacy, to be feared for his valor and audacity by his political antagonists. Rosaura was still a little girl when he perished in a duel, one of those grimly earnest South American affairs of honor which involve men who grow up with pistols in their hands and practice marksmanship on their lonely ranches to while away the time. The South American duel almost always ends in loss of life: one combatant must fall; sometimes both are killed—the cases where both escape unharmed are so rare as to be counted among the miracles.

An only child, Rosaura grew up under the eye of her mother, a woman of the old school who seemed to incarnate all the virtues and energies of the ancient colonial dames—great ladies in their drawing-rooms but able also to run a farm and handle an estate while their husbands were "off riding" somewhere in a revolution or a civil war. This matron, to the manner born, worked wonders to keep the prestige of her name afloat in the rising tide of new fortunes. She passed, in Buenos Aires, as "poor, but of great distinction," and new families, particularly of recent wealth but uncertain social position, were eager to have her friendship, though it was generally known

that she and her daughter worked secretly at home as seamstresses for stores in Buenos Aires which in the better days of the Salcedos had been proud to vaunt them as customers.

Rosaura Salcedo was just eighteen when Pineda first set eyes on her. When speaking of this Spanish cavalier, Senator Bustamente always waxed eloquent, describing him as a *conquistador* born three hundred years out of season. Pineda, according to the Senator, was a business man—a land broker, but on a grand scale, with operations involving sums, and requiring a courage, possible only in a new world.

"Why," the portly don Aristides would say with the patriotic fervor of a Spaniard proud of Spain's American fledglings, "why, during one of his trips to Europe, that man Pineda—they used to call him the 'Land King,' happened to drop in at the Exchange in London. There was a slate on the wall where brokers would advertise the various pieces of property they had to offer from different places about the globe. Well, Pineda saw it and he stepped up and wrote: 'For Sale: South America: thirty-six thousand square miles.' Everybody thought it was a joke! How could one man own a piece of property bigger than some nations? Yet, he was able to deliver the deeds and actually did so! But even that was not the largest of the holdings at his disposal. At one time he owned the greater part of the Republic of Paraguay. All the undeveloped country in the valleys of the Upper Paraná and the Paraguay—primeval forest, for the most part, stretching away up into the interior of Brazil—belonged to him. There was a section out on the plains

of Argentina where the trains on the railroad ran for twenty-four hours entirely on his property; and if they stopped, it would be either at a town recently promoted by him, or at a site which he had marked out for sale, with the streets and squares and the locations of the future public buildings already placarded in advance.

"This monstrous estate which, divided, fractioned, separated, could be encountered almost everywhere, was not a fixed and tangible thing. It was like something alive, stirring about, moving its limbs, with growing pains, as it were. Now contracting almost to the vanishing point, now spreading out as if to stretch its gigantic muscles, it was never the same for more than twenty-four hours. Pineda was always buying and selling, selling and buying. He counted that day lost when a million or more had not passed into one of his hands and out again from the other. He had a registrar from the Government's land bureau reserved for his private office, so numerous were the deeds of purchase or sale to be recorded in his name.

"'I'll buy the whole lot,' he would say haughtily. 'Never mind what it's worth—we'll have no difficulty in coming to an understanding on the price! What we must agree on is the rate of payment and the security.'"

All the banks were willing to back Pineda in his vast adventures, for the good effect his billion dollar "booms," conducted with methodical and organized audacity, had on business at large. He would obtain title to thousands of square miles of territory, parcel it into small lots, and retail these on mortgage, his best customers the immigrants, who kept pouring into the Argentine eager to work and buy homes. He even invested in great territories

lying in the heart of the continent, within reach, to be sure, of navigable streams, but still counting as sole inhabitants the tiger of the golden black-spotted skin, the giant boa constrictor, the diminutive viper that curls into the corollas of tropical flowers, and wandering tribes of Indians with leaden ornaments in their ears that stretched the lobes down to their shoulders—miserable survivors from the primitive eras of human wretchedness!

Investments of this latter kind Pineda considered as "cash hoarded against the future." In time the herds of steers would come, driven by white men in search of new pasture! They would settle on his property and he would sell them the land they needed with profits of a thousand to one! And in fact his speculations on the whole were sound. His ownership seemed to act on land as a wonderful fertilizer capable of bringing crops to colossal growth. The mere fact that Pineda had bought a property at once doubled or tripled its value. He had an uncanny intuition for future routes of railroads and trails, and for water developments still undreamed of but eventually to be made. Owners who had always been willing to sell at a loss raised their prices once they found Pineda had become their neighbor.

It was in the period of his greatest ascendancy that Pineda met Rosaura Salcedo. Her mother had decided to visit the "land king" in his offices on the Avenida de Mayo—offices larger and more copiously manned than many a government department. To be granted an interview with the great capitalist was not an easy matter, but the lady thought she could rely on the prestige of her family name. Besides this good-souled mother shared the

traditional vanity of the "creoles" accustomed from time immemorial to regard as inferiors all new settlers in their country. Anyone who did not speak Spanish was for her a *gringo*; and Spanish immigrants themselves, though she was proud of her Spanish ancestry, she dubbed *gallegos* as her father and mother and their fathers and mothers before them for generations had done. She assumed without a doubt in the world that the *gallego* Pineda, for all of his millions, would consider it an honor to receive the widow of a Salcedo in his office—and her assumption was well founded!

She came, as it proved, for a bit of advice! Her daughter's single inheritance from her father's estate was a piece of land, insignificant as regards size in a country where land went by the square league, but suddenly of great and unexpected value because señor Pineda had bought a property adjoining and because a railroad would perhaps soon be crossing it! Even a few thousand pesos would improve the very modest situation of her family, and she wondered whether the multi-millionaire would not buy the land in question or at least advise her as to what price she should ask of other possible purchasers!

Pineda listened to her absently, his eyes upon Rosaura, who, for her part, was looking at him with an indifference not discourteous. Eventually the girl's eyes, half-smiling, half-bored, drifted to the details of the office, resplendent with imported mahogany furnishings. Only by merest chance had Rosaura accompanied her mother—the fact that they were to make a call together afterwards. She found nothing interesting in all this talk about acres and pesos, and even less in the noises from the nearby rooms

—the tapping of typewriters, exchanges between the smooth-voiced clerks and the gruff rustics who had come in boots and ponchos from "developments" in the interior.

Pineda finally diverted his attention from daughter to mother to the extent of promising the latter that in spite of the many claims upon his time he would look into the matter himself. She would have an answer within twenty-four hours and, with her permission, he would deliver it in person at her home—he could not think of allowing two of the most distinguished ladies of the city to go to the inconvenience of coming once more into the grime and hubbub of the business world!

Pineda, forty years old, had applied himself to amassing wealth not only for the material enjoyments which wealth brings but quite as much for the power that goes with money. True luxury he had never had time to create about himself, nor had sentiment—love in particular, entered his life save in the most incidental fashion. The second youth that seemed to bloom in him—a sort of coarse but rugged energy—came from the exhilaration of hard work.

But the millionaire understood that it was high time for a fortune as notable as his to receive the formal crown of social recognition. Had he been living in Europe, he would doubtless have thought of annexing, through an appropriate marriage, some title of nobility or other. As an Argentine reasoning in the same terms, taking a Salcedo girl to wife would seem to offer quite analogous advantages. For one thing, at the Jockey Club, where he had forced the gates by the sheer pressure of his millions, he would see himself at once surrounded with relatives

influential in society. To say nothing of the girl herself! What a girl! A youthfulness rank with temptation! What a complexion! What a wake of perfume she had left in his office in passing through it, tall, marble-skinned, golden haired, her agile, slender figure lithely balancing as she moved with the majesty of a goddess!

The twenty-four hours had not elapsed when the widow Salcedo saw the "land king" entering her drawing-room, punctiliously attired in afternoon coat with gloves, and peeping furtively about at the family portraits and the colonial furniture arranged about the room, which latter drew its outstanding character rather from its books—old books, histories, especially, of the Argentina of colonial days. Pineda would probably have been pleased to learn that he gave the old lady the greatest surprise of her life. She was puzzled when the millionaire asked her for Rosaura's hand, and requested him to repeat his words, lest her hearing might have betrayed her. Convinced that it was really true, she grew quite flustered in her emotion, and could hardly find the breath necessary to ask for time—time, that is, to consult with her daughter!

The daughter was not surprised at all. It had never occurred to Rosaura Salcedo that that particular millionaire, without a suggestion of frivolity in his makeup and somewhat ripe, to tell the truth, for one her years, could take it into his head to fall in love with her; but she had always believed in herself and in her star, and she had been certain a millionaire would turn up sooner or later. At various times young men of her own social circle had appealed to her; but they were all poor and needed to make

their own way in the world. She could marry only a man with money. For "tin," as the phrase went, she had always had a certain regard, the reflex of the esteem in which it was held by the people about her. She also knew that it was a very essential adjunct to beauty—on this basis it was her right to possess any number of millions! As Rosaura Salcedo looked at life, she held a note from Destiny, a note which some day must perforce fall due.

She accepted Pineda's offer much more promptly than her mother, and in a few months the wedding took place, suddenly bringing within her grasp all the satisfactions to vanity that attend a luxury without stint or limit. The "land king" found the South American scene too strait for adequate ostentation of the magnificence with which he surrounded his bride; so he dropped his multiple business affairs and took her off to Europe. Those Parisian geniuses who invent and manufacture rare and costly objects for the adornment of feminine beauty suddenly saw a new comet rise in the sky of fashion. *Madame de Pinédà* ordered gowns by the dozen. She decked her person with jewels of such unbelievable price that most people thought them false till they heard the name which guaranteed their genuineness.

But beyond the horizons of Pineda's fairy world an attentive ear might have heard the rumbles of approaching storms. Young countries of great wealth progress by leaps and bounds, growing in frantic spurts like plants cultivated in rank fertilizers. Every decade or so the rapidly whirling gears of the economic machine fall out of adjustment: they have to be stopped for repairs; and

those who do not foresee these periods of enforced respite are dashed to pieces by their own sheer momentum.

While the "land king" lingered in Paris, Argentina was overtaken by one of her frequent crises in finance. Pineda had been going forward with his eyes closed, blindly trusting the good fortune which had always attended his enterprises; but now he suddenly found himself caught off his balance on the brink of a precipice. In his boundless confidence in the future of South America, he had been buying everything in sight. But lo, there was a momentary halt in immigration and land sales fell off. A miserable little war began in the Balkans between countries of no importance to any one: ready money became scarce in the banks of Europe. At home, a mysterious pestilence broke out among the herds of cattle, killing cows and bullocks by the thousands. Flourishing ranches soon came to look like battlefields with piles of dead animals roughening the horizons of the level plains. And to cap the climax, clouds of locusts came down on the winds from the North, darkening the bright morning skies, devouring every stalk of wheat, every blade of grass. After the seven fat kine, the seven lean ones: the years of panic and "hard times" that unexpectedly visit all earthly paradises!

Pineda fought a battle three years long with the inevitable. At the onset of the crisis he found himself owing several millions to the banks of Buenos Aires, his problem being to meet his notes as they fell due. His vast holdings passed to a receivership—as complicated as a small-sized State, so huge were the properties from which values had

suddenly to be realized. One of Pineda's chief concerns was to keep Rosaura in ignorance of his actual predicament. When gossip chanced to reach her ears and she would ask whether he were really in trouble, he would reassure her with a cheeriness skillfully assumed. She should go on living as before! A flurry on exchange, yes, but nothing important! There was no occasion for retrenchments at home! And Pineda came to know the acid pleasures of sacrifice, paying the enormous bills which his wife's furnishers presented to him and then disputing cent by cent the demands made by creditor banks or by lesser persecutors the more relentless because more modest.

The "land king" was found dead in bed one morning, though he had never suffered a day's illness in his life. There were veiled hints of suicide—he was "stepping out" to evade the spectacle of his ruin. His widow, a widow at twenty-five, could now look about herself with dazed eyes, as though she were awakening from a dream in fairyland. She trembled like a leaf as she was summoned the first time before a meeting of her husband's receivers, held in the very office where she had met Pineda, and now crowded with bankers, brokers, lawyers from all over the world, who bombarded her with talk of notes, mortgages, deeds, millions. The square leagues of her husband's former domain seemed to stretch out before her like a desert in which she was lost. Never had she seen so many men about her with nothing but unpleasant things to say. Not a smile, not a compliment from one of them! How different from the throngs of admirers who surrounded her in the drawing-rooms about town or who gathered in her box at the opera!

Her frightened solitude deepened with the death of her mother. It was as though this poor lady, her pride the triumphant match she had made for her daughter, had deliberately chosen to follow her son-in-law in his disaster. And Rosaura was left with two children, a boy and a girl, a tardy offspring of Pineda who filled their father with intenser desires for money at the very moment when financial failure confronted him. They were still such tiny babies that instead of taking courage at sight of them, their mother would burst into despairing tears.

"What will become of them? How can I save them? I am not a man—I know nothing of business!"

But then, just as suddenly, the wind changed. In these same youthful countries, prosperity, after all, has deeper roots than decadence. Money became available in the banks again: business "picked up." The army of sellers wheeled and became an army of buyers, speculating avidly on another future. Conditions, as they say, were "normal" once more. Just as incomprehensibly, as regards any understanding she had of the miraculous transformation, Rosaura Salcedo de Pineda found herself wealthy again. So a few months before she had gone to bed with the sense of being one of the powerful women of the country, only to wake up in poverty! The receivers managed to sell the greater part of her husband's ownings. Debts meantime had been compromised and were now settled to great advantage. It was like reorganizing the finances of a bankrupt nation. After a year of negotiations, disputes, meetings, agreements, the lawyers earning fees comparable only to war indemnities, the widow found a great fortune free again in her hands—nothing as

compared with the original Pineda estate, but still large enough to make her one of the richest women in the Argentine, and no longer dependent on the fluctuations of the market, but grounded solidly in stable properties and sound securities.

What should she do now? Her eyes turned longingly to Europe and especially to Paris.

Physicians in Buenos Aires are familiar with a purely local disease which is almost incurable when it attacks women. A man will suddenly observe that there is something wrong with his wife. She is nervous, depressed, inclined to weeping. Her appetite is bad. Nothing satisfies her, though everything is going well at home and she has all that money can buy. Hallucinations, hysterics! The doctor is called eventually, and after a long examination he looks up and smiles:

"Paris fever!"

Needing no one's permission for such a journey now, Rosaura started immediately. Besides she felt a certain bitterness against the people in her world. There had been sarcastic however envious comments on her marriage to an upstart like Pineda; nor had her girl friends all concealed flashes of satisfaction on learning of her unexpected and, as they supposed, decisive ruin. As travelling companion she chose one of her poor relations, a humble, submissive, retiring woman, such as exists in every powerful family, who had come upon evil days and was glad to accept a post as governess to Rosaura's children.

Again she stepped forward as the chief ornament of the little Spanish-American colony that lives in Paris, concerned to obey in strictest detail the respectable laws of fashion, scrupulously following the styles, now trump-

eting with patriotic pride, now stricturing with venom, the extravagances and successes of its more notable members. She bought a house on the Avenue du Bois for her months in town, a villa on the Riviera for the winter season, others at Deauville and Biarritz for summers. Every society column in the newspapers had something to say about the movements and activities of the "famous Argentine beauty, *Madame de Pinédà.*"

Spanish acquaintances made at Biarritz gave her an impulse to visit Spain. To that country her ancestry went back on both her father's and her mother's side. The husband to whom she owed her fortune also had come from Spain. So she toured the Peninsula in automobile, flaring at first with an eager curiosity which in a few days turned to weariness and boredom. What sleepy, shiftless little towns, these old homes of her forefathers, poor people who had reached the "Viceroyalty of the Rio de la Plata" at a time when the whole region had fewer inhabitants, whites, blacks and reds together, than any second-rate city in the Argentine of her time! A rough and hardy race, this primitive clan of the Salcedos! Chivalry, honor, religion, perhaps in excess, but no signs of a bathtub! For that matter she herself, as a girl, had seen the men and women of an older generation camped on their ranches like soldiers at war, several layers of grease smeared over their faces to keep off mosquitoes and other blood-sucking pests. For that very reason, she judged, the millionaire grandchildren of the first settlers of the pampas tended to such extreme fastidiousness in the care of their persons—a vicarious compensation of history, as it were, making things even in a family!

Her longest stay was in Madrid. Don Aristides Busta-

mante, who of all her friends in Biarritz had most inspired her with an interest in Spain, thought it his duty to take exclusive charge of her, acting as her guide among the monuments of the city and conducting her excursions to points of historic interest near by. This was the Senator's policy with all visitors from South America who were famous for wealth or family or for the political positions they may have held.

Disgusted with politics because of the ingratitude of his party, the Senator had sought in Pan-hispanism a tranquil refuge in which he would wheedle his vanity without annoying rivalries. He was a lawyer of the old oratorical school, monotonous, long-winded, tortuous, destined, on entering the political arena, to attain a portfolio one single time. He idled afternoons about the Chambers, listening to speeches which he was too sleepy to understand, but joining those who came forward to congratulate an important orator with the words: "You were in vein today!"—a compliment which he regarded as the highest possible praise.

His "chief," after naming him minister once, quite dismissed him from his mind, thinking that he had requited past obligations and could now feel free to make new bargains with more serviceable tools. But Bustamante could not forget this moment of glory so easily. It seemed to divide his life into two segments, one of light, the other of shade, much as a mountain peak separates its two slopes. His personal history, the history of Spain, of Europe, of the world, fell into two periods, the one before his appointment to the Cabinet, the other after it. In speaking of anything that happened, whether in Madrid

or in Timbuctoo, he would say, after a moment's thought —"That was before my ascent to Power!", "That was after my turn in the Government!"

He had never been in South America, but he had talked with a number of South American presidents passing through Madrid, with many political exiles resident in Europe, and with a few Spanish diplomats active or retired—conversations which, in his own estimation, made him an authority on South American affairs and on the inter-relations of the Spanish-speaking peoples. He kept posted on the domestic news of the rich or well-known families of South America—marriages, illnesses, births, deaths, his rubicund face, habitually masked with a studied gravity, lighting up as some new arrival revealed to him, under pledge of secrecy, gossip or scandal about individuals from the same country whom he had met and entertained some time before. He touted as statesmen of genius and inspired poets, all the generals, lawyers, doctors, public men, between Cape Horn and the Rio Grande who exchanged letters with the "illustrious President of the Hispano-American Union." This was probably just good-mannered loyalty on his part, though they, on their side, gathered that he must be one of the most influential men in Spain.

"Our future lies in America!" the ex-minister would say under any pretext and on all occasions, believing that the remark tended to establish his own importance. Borja had never been able to make out just what this future was to be. Not economic surely, for the infant industries of Spain could hardly hope to dominate the markets of nineteen Spanish American republics. And not political: no

one even dreamed of Spain's recovering her ancient colonies! Pressed for an explanation, don Aristides really had nothing to say, though he would insist with a mysteriously significant impressiveness: "Our future lies in South America!"

The Argentine millionairess he received and regaled with calculated generosity—the Queen of Sheba, dazzingly beautiful, come from a land flowing with milk and honey to pay homage to the Solomon of Pan-hispanism! The "Union" devoted a monthly banquet to the wealthy lady, with an orchestra of guitars, Andalusian folk songs, dances from the various provinces, a gypsy rout for a finale. Then later the Senator gave a private dinner at his own home. It was there that Rosaura and the knight Tannhäuser had first met, now to come together again quite unexpectedly in a hotel at Avignon.

Was there anything else Borja could remember? Vaguely a name came into his mind—a certain Urdaneta, a South American well known in Paris where he habitually resided. There had been smiles when this name had come up in connection with señora de Pineda—whether in remarks by Senator Bustamente he could not remember. It may have been by others—for the dashing widow by virtue of her wealth, her beauty, her extravagant luxury, figured in the conversation of every Spaniard who came from Paris.

Anything else? He had a feeling that he had forgotten something, something of interest and importance. But he could not trace the vagrant reminiscence—she was talking to him, multiplying her questions just because she sensed his distraction, questions which he observed must

have been suggested by the remarks he made—mechanically, not thinking of his words, since his attention was far away peeping into the tiny nooks of the past.

Why had he thought of writing such a book? A poem in prose on don Pedro de Luna, the Spanish Pope of Avignon? Why, indeed, had he decided to write it! The inquiry again led him back upon the course of his own life history. Once more he saw himself as a little child, living in Valencia with the canon Figueras. The priest's housekeeper used to take him to mass in the neighboring parish church of Saint Nicolas. There he would fall to his knees, and his eyes would go wandering about the chapels over images and gold-draped altars. But eventually they would come to rest on an oval portrait of Pope Calixtus III, robed in red, with a purple hat trimmed in ermine and secured to the head by a thong that ran under the chin.

Now this pope had been a Borja, like himself, and began his fortunate career as holder of a benefice in that very church. How, the little boy wondered, how had a simple priest of an obscure parish in Valencia, found his way to Rome to attain the tiara in his old age? Not only that! This Borja had opened the road of the Pontificate to another Borja, his nephew, the famous Rodrigo, Pope Alexander VI, the third successor of Saint Peter to come from Spain. It was this latter Borja who Italianized the spelling of the name to "Borgia."

The unexplainable rise of Alfonso de Borja, a humble cleric of the parish of Saint Nicolas, seemed a marvellous thing even at a distance of five centuries. In reply to little Claudio's questions all the old housekeeper could say was

that anybody could get to be Pope if he trusted in God and fixed all his efforts upon that pious end. The Pope in the picture there had repeated to himself from infancy: "I shall be Pope!" "I shall be Pope!" And Pope he had been! His meteoric ascent had left a proverb in the store of Valencian wisdom:

"If you want to be Pope, just get the thing into your cocoanut."

When he grew to be a man, Claudio thought one day he would satisfy the curiosity he had felt as a child as to the process by which this wonderful career had been evolved; and his researches on the first of the Borgias brought him upon don Pedro de Luna, rising along the roadside of papal history like a colossus cut in the living rock of a mountain.

Rosaura listened to him in fascination. In her drawing-room in Paris, on the terrace of her villa on the Blue Coast, she would have found this lecture unpardonable in a young Tannhäuser; but in Avignon . . .! She had always found this city interesting and had often determined to return there some day, when she was not in such lamentable hurry, and spend a long time among its attractively romantic walls! Her eyes strayed over the groups of tourists sitting motionless in their chairs, listening to the music or conversing in low voices, waiting for bed-time and then for morning, to visit the Castle of the Popes, the medieval fortresses, the "Broken Bridge" across the Rhone.

"I am ashamed to know so little of Avignon, after coming here so many times. On one trip I did visit the Castle—I was with Urda . . . with a friend of mine.

But we were soon bored with looking through empty rooms under the chatter of a guide. But you are so different . . . you really explain things! Your enthusiasm for that Pope of yours has been contagious. I like strong men, men of will, of determination, who know what they want and really want it."

Perhaps Borja would take her the next day to the fortified palace of the pontiffs—she could resume her drive in the afternoon! Anyway, it made little difference, even if she lingered two or three days. Her maid and her chauffeur were accustomed to capricious alterations of her plans on tour. She had nothing in particular to do at Cannes—no one was waiting for her there. It was already spring, the season was over, all of her friends on the Blue Coast had long since gone to other resorts.

Claudio timidly ventured to express a doubt that had been worrying him for most of the evening:

"It is surprising that a person like you should be heading South just now. You will not find a soul on the Riviera. Only something very urgent could be . . ."

Rosaura looked at him quizzically as though trying to sound his real thought. Then she said with affected indifference:

"Oh, I just wanted to get away from Paris for a day or two, to be rid of people for a while, draw a breath of fresh air at my leisure, and look out over a beautiful sea."

But then she added, without noticing the inconsistency: "I was all alone in Paris. . . . I was feeling bored! . . ."

CHAPTER III

THE GREAT CAPTIVITY

AT a suggestion from her companion, Rosaura threw back her head so as to take in the full height of the structure. One whole side of the square was filled by a giant building, enormous, sturdy, its majestic mass planted firmly on the ground giving a sense of extraordinary thickness to the walls. Everything about the palace-fortress was stiff, stubborn, rectangular, with corners that once were straight and vertical and now seemed dented and bruised whether from the ravages of time or from the stone projectiles hurled against them by bombards during seiges of old.

The lay architecture of the Middle Ages, as Borja commented, produced nothing like this Castle of Avignon in the interior of European cities. Its formidable pile covered a surface of more than six thousand square yards, the walls shorn and bare, real fortifications, with none of the relief of light and color afforded by glass windows. The stone curtains that stretched from bastion to bastion showed tall arches that began at the ground and rose boldly upward almost to the shoots and the battlements; but these arches, elongated, slender as the head of a lance, were filled in by a wall behind—they were really buttresses, supports interjoined by ogives, and adding, as it seemed, more strength to the stronghold. Sun and air had tinted walls, battlements, towers, a soft red.

"The color of Avignon!" said Borja. "The color of its churches, its palaces, its bridges, of everything built of stone in the land, the reflection as it were of a sunset that never ends, the tint of the leaves of autumn!"

How spacious, how vast the square—a feature left upon it by the work of don Pedro de Luna! In this palace, with his tiny garrison of Spaniards, he held out for four years and a half, and during a period of momentary victory, he had razed all the neighboring buildings to the ground, as though in prescience of the new sieges his enemies would lay about him.

The houses now standing were later than the Popes of Avignon, stately mansions of the Renaissance built by the legates sent from Rome to govern the city. To one side of the square, under the Doms (the hill on the Rhone), Borja and his companion could see the cathedral, its spire tipped with a gold-leafed image. This tower, however, was relatively new, replacing the one from which the foes of Pope Luna battered the nearby palace with ordnance.

Again the two young people turned to the façade of the castle—it was impossible, in fact, to look at anything else. Its gigantic mass seemed literally to swallow all the buildings near. The Cathedral of Doms, never a large church, became more insignificant still under the overpowering bulk of the palace. This monument Rosaura admired as though she were seeing it for the first time, and it was all the more wonderful to her now that it was "meaning something through the explanations of a scholar."

"I have read a little," she said humbly, "the way a busy woman of my world reads—books of amusement recommended by fashion, trash, for the most part, I sup-

pose. You will soon find out, my dear Borja, that you have a wholly unworthy pupil on your hands. Many times on stopping off at Avignon, I have asked myself: 'How did the Popes ever get here?" Your contempt is quite deserved—I never made the slightest effort to enlighten my ignorance."

But Claudio hastened to laugh away the smiling and disingenuous humility of this mistress of men: few people ever really took the trouble to investigate the historical background of the monuments they admired!

"The world of those days," he said, "was far from being the world we know now. The great nations had not yet come into existence. There was no France and no Spain. Italy itself was a conglomeration of small states in constant turmoil. The princes and barons of a feudal Europe lived on the booty of incessant warfare. The Pope was lord of extensive territories about Rome, but he was continually being robbed of them by the unruly nobles whom he regarded as his subjects. An object of veneration to Christendom at large, the Holy Father was, in the eyes of the Romans, only a landowner like any other. They obeyed him if he showed signs of strength; they ignored and despised him the moment some second-rate nobleman successfully defied his authority. In Rome, most of the Popes were well known as ordinary gentlemen before their elevation to the Seat of Saint Peter, and the thunderbolts of excommunication which they afterwards hurled lacked all the impressiveness of the supernatural."

The Papal capital, to which the Christians of the world addressed their prayers, was the most lawless city on earth. Its streets were an almost daily battleground for

the rival bands of the Orsinis and the Colonnas, powerful families which each aspired to rule the ancient *urbs,* now almost depopulated, with more ruins than buildings, as it were a majestic cemetery of glorious memories. On occasion the two great factions would come to temporary terms, but usually in order to impose, with united forces, some humiliation upon their common foe, the Pope. Not a hilltop on the Roman campagna but was crowned with a bandit stronghold. In the Fourteenth century, the trip across the Roman states to see the Pontiff was considered quite as dangerous as the pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. The feudal barons made a business of attacking and robbing pilgrims, who would often be seized and held prisoner till ransoms were paid.

As a matter of fact, though the Popes pretended before the rest of Christendom to live in Rome, they made only short stays there, according as some great ceremony made their presence necessary, or as the Colonnas and the Orsinis chanced to be at peace through sheer weariness of brawling. For the most part, the Pontiffs preferred for greater security to live in the castles which they habitually bestowed upon the nephews they ennobled, or in small towns where they won favor because of the great number of visitors the Papal court was sure to attract. It was at Anagni, where he had a castle, and not in Rome, that Boniface the Eighth, one of the strongest of the Popes, whose stubborn will used to be attributed to his distant Spanish origins, saw himself insulted and even cuffed in his own throne room.

Stoutly resisting all encroachments on the rights of the Church, Boniface had begun a war against Philip the Fair,

King of France. In vain through his excommunications the Pope called down the wrath of Heaven upon Philip's royal head: the French monarch's prime minister was a lawyer of Toulouse, Guillaume de Nogaret, a man of the South who had something of the Revolution, something of the Danton, about him. Undaunted by the Pope's displeasure, Nogaret took the offensive and went as representative of his king to Italy. With the help of the Colonnas, traditional enemies of the Papacy, he surprised Boniface in the castle at Anagni, and laid siege to the town with some of the Colonna bands. The Italian people thought it very interesting to see a Pope treated like anybody else, and looked on indifferently as the Papal retreat was violated. Boniface tried to intimidate his enemies by receiving them in state, dressed in all his ceremonial robes and with the tiara on his head. But Nogaret's Albigensian forefathers had been persecuted by the Inquisition a hundred years before; and this descendant of heretics was only too eager for a chance to speak his mind to a Pope face to face. In the Frenchman's party, furthermore, was a Colonna who had suffered exile at the hands of Boniface and in the course of his wanderings been made a slave by Mohammedan corsairs: this gentleman now squared accounts by soundly slapping the Papal face with a glove of mail. A man or iron will, Boniface could not tolerate such an indignity and he died in an access of rage and shame.

Though Italy was in the throes of virtual anarchy, a successor to Boniface had to be elected. The Cardinals designated a French prelate, the Archbishop of Bordeaux,

Bertrand de Got by name, who ruled as Clement the Fifth and became the first of the Popes of Avignon.

"Other Frenchmen before Clement," said Borja, "had occupied the papal chair; but the peculiar element in this case was that the Archbishop of Bordeaux was subject not to the King of France but to the King of England. At this time French territory, as we now know it, was much divided and the English were holding large areas of the soil, defending their supremacy in the so called Hundred Years' War. This conflict lasted fully three quarters of a century without decisive results, and ended only with the appearance and intervention of that extraordinary woman, Joan of Arc."

A hazardous and interesting life this Pope lived as the first of the Pontiffs never to see Rome. At his coronation, which took place in Lyons, the kings of France, Aragon, and Mallorca were present, Philip the Fair holding the Pope's bridle reins assisted by the Duke of Brittany. The crowds were so enormous that an old wall of masonry collapsed under its burden of spectators, killing the Duke and one of the Pope's brothers.

With the Pope safely in hand in a French city, the crafty Nogaret now set out to exploit the influence of the Church in the interests of his sovereign. His first object was to gain possession of the properties of the Templars, a purpose he could not realize without the Pope's sanction. But Clement refused to accord warrant of legality to a procedure that was wholly unjust, and to avoid the issue he fled to his old diocese in Bordeaux.

There however he was under the dominion of the King

of England, who was just as determined to use him as a tool; and, seriously ill, Clement finally decided that the frying pan of Nogaret was better than the fire of England and returned once more to the domains of Philip. But this he could do only by yielding to Nogaret's demands regarding the Templars. The Knights of the Temple were one of the richest of the Christian orders, what with their holdings in the East and West and with the business they did as money lenders to kings and nations. Nogaret's financial policy was to relieve the pressure on his King's treasury by confiscating all this wealth.

Clement now saw himself obliged to authorize the persecution and suppression of the Order; but he began looking about for some means of escaping from the control of Philip and the latter's prime minister. About a century before, the Counts of Toulouse had ceded to the Church the little district of Venaissin. The capital of this county was Carpentras, a small village in comparison with city of Avignon which lay nearby within the frontiers of the territory but on the shores of the deep and navigable Rhone. Clement suddenly thought of this refuge and went there, taking up quarters in a Dominican convent located on an island just in front of Avignon.

This residence he regarded only as something temporary, since his real desire was to reach Rome. But disorders in the Eternal City had grown worse if anything, and any immediate journey thither was found to be unadvisable. Quite the contrary! The Italian cardinals began coming one by one from Rome to join the Pope in Avignon, thinking that living would be safer and more comfortable there. They thought it a most happy chance

of fortune that the Venaissin had fallen to the Popes so long before; and many of them sang in verse of this "quiet haven where the storm-tossed bark of Saint Peter could securely anchor under a sheltering lee on the Rhone!"

On Clement's death, the cardinals chose the Bishop of Avignon, who ascended the papal throne as John the Twenty-Second. This new Pope saw no reason to move from the palace he had occupied as Bishop, since he would soon be going to Rome. But months and years went by and still there appeared no prospect that the Holy See could return to its traditional capital with any chance of quiet. Pope John found it necessary to make one addition and then another to his mansion; and under his reign began that series of improvements which were to eventuate in the imposing medley of the Papal Palace of Avignon.

For one thing, the Pope's residence had to be a fortress. In those days life was dangerous for everyone, popes included. The Hundred Years' War was broken by long truces, during which the mercenary armies, of such costly maintenance, would be disbanded, and crowds of professional soldiers would turn to banditry, sacking towns and exacting tribute from the weaker lords and barons.

The same popes who made a fortress of the episcopal mansion of Avignon also provided the city with its graceful, almost fragile walls, which served the purposes of their own times and are an object of beauty today.

"Of all the popes of Avignon," continued Borja, "the most celebrated for his magnificence was the fourth, who bore the name of Clement the Sixth, and was called by the people of his time the 'troubadour in the tiara.' He

was a nobleman, by origin, from the South of France, and inspired respect by his majestic bearing as a person and by his accomplishments in literature and learning. 'My predecessors did not know the art of being Pope,' this grand gentleman once said."

Borja tried to imagine the castle as it must have been in the time of Clement the Sixth. Now only its skeleton was left, along with the red stone work of the façade, the white granite of the great halls and a few fragments of paintings—shreds, so to speak, of the ancient flesh which had been so full of juice and color.

Gradually the Christian world grew accustomed to seeing the Popes settled on the banks of the Rhone, the provisory retreat daily acquiring a more permanent character. The cardinals began to enlarge the dwellings which the Pope assigned them, in the language of the day, as "liveries," and sumptuous palaces appeared on every hand. The city seemed to be swimming in billows of money. Rarely before had the Popes been so rich. Some of them chanced to be skillful financiers and brought excellent organization into the Church's revenues whereby bishops and clerks paid their tithes on time. All the land in Avignon soon passed into the hands of the Pope. It had formerly been the property of Queen Joan of Naples, the most brilliant, the most winsome, and the most dissolute woman to be met with in the history of those years. Joan had several husbands. One of them, Andrew of Hungary, was murdered by her paramour of the moment. Louis of Hungary raised an army and marched against Joan under pretext of avenging this crime but with the secret design of becoming master of Naples. However,

Joan happened also to be Countess of Provence and she took refuge on that estate, as though seeking the spiritual protection of the Popes now living in her city. When the King of Hungary petitioned Clement the Sixth that the guilty wife be punished, Joan appeared before the assembled courtiers of the Pontiff to make answer.

"I have often pictured the scene," said Borja—"this woman, so seductive for her beauty, her elegance, and even for her sins and adventures, standing for judgment before a Pope who was an artist and before cardinals who were nearly all noblemen with such orders as were barely essential and who led lives of exquisite refinement. . . . This you will see better when we visit the great Audience Room! Queen Joan, of some learning, and gifted with facile eloquence, instantly had the assembly in her power. Indeed a conventicle of genuine ascetics would have found such a woman innocent, even had she been guilty of greater misdemeanors. Meantime the Neapolitans had wearied of the excesses of their Hungarian invader and begged Joan to reconquer her throne. It was to obtain money for this campaign, which required a mercenary army and a fleet of galleys to be rented at Marseilles, that Joan sold Avignon to the Popes. The price was eighty thousand florins, at a time when the florin was roughly equivalent to fifty modern francs in gold."

French and Italian painters gradually covered the walls of the papal halls with frescoes. Gold workers and modelers tirelessly elaborated objects of worship inlaid with precious stones, or articles for the personal use of the Pontiffs. Priceless tapestries came to hide the cold

masonry of the interiors. For considerations of safety the Sacred Treasure was brought from Rome to Avignon —rare urns for relics, altar cloths, crucifixes, and images of gold. A garden with marble fountains was laid out inside the fortress, with covered walks and perspectives calculated to create the illusion of larger size. These Popes of the South were fascinated with the wonders of the world and assembled in a "zoo" all the strange beasts known to the science of that day—tigers, lions, dromedaries, ostriches, bears. The lavish Clement made such extravagant purchases of embroideries, tapestries and furniture, that many of his most splendid acquisitions were exhibited only at the moment of their arrival, to be at once laid away in the garrets of the castle. And yet his successors were still to display an equal love for magnificence and luxury in providing things which the gentleman-pope had overlooked!

From their embattled walls all the Pontiffs in succession could look down upon a still growing city. The fortified enclosure came to embrace, in addition to the buildings, great gardens flanking monasteries every day more numerous and episcopal residences every day more grand. A thousand towers lifted their heads above the housetops of Avignon; while at all hours below, in the narrow streets, swarmed a populace suddenly prosperous and proud of the importance unexpectedly come to their city, now the center of the world.

One of the quarters was devoted wholly to hostelries. Priests and laymen poured in from every nation and all the languages spoken in Europe could be heard about the streets of Avignon. Besides making money from count-

less worshippers, the masses enjoyed the excitement of one continuous spectacle—a life quite similar to that of the ancient Romans.

One day it would be a pilgrimage coming from some far away land—men and women covered with dust, astonishing the natives with strange garments, strange faces, strange tongues. The next day it would be a king entering town with his cortège, or even the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, himself, coming to pay homage to the Holy Father in the latter's new capital. On steeds gaily caparisoned with back and saddle cloths and armored with iron scales till they looked like monsters from fairyland, horsemen clad in mail rode past, the points of their lances grazing the wide balconies that projected from every second story and kept the streets in a cool damp shade. In the clear air above, metallic trumpet blasts vied with the metallic ring of the bells. On many occasions, king or emperor received the Rose of Gold as a gift from the Pope, and it was the custom for those thus honored to parade on horseback about the town to display to the multitudes the jewels on their right hands. Whenever a Christian monarch won a triumph over the enemies of God, a portion of the booty was sent in homage to Avignon. One day a hundred Moors robed in white tunics came marching by, each leading by the bridle an Arabian war-horse burdened with weapons and bags of gems: the King of Castile had won a victory over the Saracens on the Salado, and was presenting to the Pope on the Rhone a choice share of the spoils! Ambassadors from the Grand Khan of Tartary moved the crowds to mirth with their strange mantles and turbans.

The ladies of Avignon became famous throughout the world for their styles, their gracious manners, and their arts of beauty. French and Italian cardinals, who could never quite find time to take their vows as priests of the Church, rivalled in flirtations with the lay nobles of the Venaissin or with the captains-at-arms in service under the military chief of the district (he bore the title of "Rector," and was almost always a relative of the Pope).

"In those days," said Borja, "the famous bridge across the Rhone was still standing, though now only four arches remain of the eighteen erected by the architect, Saint-Benezet, a shepherd boy, who, according to the legend, dreamed as a child of building this colossal viaduct that stretched from Avignon across the isles of the Rhone, to reach the French city of Villeneuve on the opposite shore. And everybody knows the ancient folk-song:

Sous le pont d'Avignon,
l'on y danse tout en rond . . .

In fact the people of Avignon used to dance the farandole to the music of flute and tambourine, out on the green islands in the shade of Benezet's audacious arches. Avignon was a city of music! Numerous orchestras accompanied the choirs of the Papal court, which attracted the best artists of the time. To be a singer or instrumentalist of the Pope of Avignon was a diploma of international validity. And so it was with the preachers who came in from all lands, the more famous or eloquent often delivering their sermons in the open squares, so great were the throngs which flocked to the churches to hear them."

In this region of a green and sunlit South, life was unpleasant only when the "northwester," the *mistral,* blew. Petrarch often complained of this chill tumultuous wind, which provoked also a satirical Latin rigmarole of the Middle Ages: *Avenio ventosa, cum vento fastidiosa, sine vento venenosa.* A worse torment than a cold wind put in an appearance, however, at various moments in the course of the Fourteenth century. A pestilence was so virulent and so continuous during that period that historians have called it the "Great Plague." A third of the population of Europe is believed to have succumbed to it and Avignon did not escape; though "the city of the three keys" (keys of Heaven, Earth and Hell), which had now added the Papal emblem to its escutcheon, at once resumed its gay and ostentatious life, the moment the Destroyer had passed.

The Avignonese populace went about splendorously attired in the cast-off garments of the papal courtiers, the servants at the Palace, as well as those of the cardinals, reflecting in their induments the luxury of their masters. The great mark of style was to wear precious furs. Portraits show the popes and prelates of Avignon in capes of martin, and the former, when not crowned with the tiara, in purple helmets likewise adorned with stripes of ermine.

The cuisine was a barbaric affair, as usual among the wealthiest lords of those days, display finding expression in abundance rather than in elegance. However the pontifical wine-cellars became world-renowned, and the treasures they sheltered, particularly the hearty products of the vineyards at Chateau-neuf-du-Pape, remain famous to this day. The tax-collectors in going their rounds

through the diocese were enjoined to deliver the choicest vintage to the Pope's majordomo for the special embellishment of the papal table.

A meal at that time offered delicacies which would now seem hardly palatable. Collection gatherers in Brittany and other regions along the Ocean sent great chunks of whale—that cetacian was then abundant in the Bay of Biscay. Whale meat was regarded as a special dainty even on royal tables. Fish not available from the Mediterranean were brought from the Atlantic, regardless of the length of the journey and primitive conditions of transport. Palates seem to have been accustomed to sea foods two weeks old, though some one, about this time, thought of using lemon to freshen the taste of fish somewhat spoiled. This custom has survived to the present day, but as a mere habit, for lemon is now used quite without purpose on fresh fish.

Great crowds of political exiles helped to people Avignon, where they lingered on from year to year in hope of justice. As the houses were not adequate for this floating international population, the latter overflowed to the neighboring villages, coming into town on feast days to swell the throngs in the streets. Most of these refugees were Italians—Guelphs who had fled to the protection of the Pope, or Ghibellines persecuted by new factions and driven into the arms of the Holy See which they had formerly combatted.

"The poet Petrarch," said Borja, "was a son of one of these exiles. Memories of him you will encounter at every turn in Avignon—in the Palace, about the streets, at the celebrated Fount of Vaucluse."

The poet came to Avignon when he was still a child, and sprouted the first shoots of his glory under shelter of the Rhone pontificate, living on the latter's liberality, and insulting it at the same time because it kept postponing the return to Rome. As he had taken minor orders, Petrarch accepted rich benefices and canonicates from the Popes, without ever dreaming of fulfilling the obligations they supposedly involved.

"Ecclesiastical customs were then very different from those prevailing in the Church today. Few cardinals ever took more than the first orders, since the tasks that went with the sacerdotal state—singing mass, and daily readings from the Breviary—were too arduous for men eager to devote themselves wholly to their political or mundane concerns. Many popes became priests the day after their ordination and sang mass on that occasion for the first time."

Italy had frightened the Popes away through her turbulence and unruliness, but now she was anxious to get them back as a matter of selfish interest. The stream of Christian wealth had turned to new channels, pouring torrentially upon a French city while Rome lay dry and parched. On the proclamation of Clement the Magnificent, a delegation from the Roman People came to bring him greetings. Petrarch was then living at Avignon, and joined the mission, thus coming in contact with a youth of fiery eloquence, soaring imagination and boundless daring—Cola di Rienzo, son of a tavernkeeper. The Troubadour-Pope divined the services such a tribune might render the pontiffs in the circumstances then prevalent in Rome, and conferred an honorary title upon him. Perhaps from

the lips of Clement the Sixth Cola di Rienzo heard the words which impelled him to realize the dream of his life.

Returning to Rome, still prostrate under feudal banditry, Rienzi organized a secret *coup d'état,* and with the help of the populace and the connivance of the papal legate gained possession of the Capitol. Thence he proclaimed himself—inspired doubtless by his readings in ancient history—"tribune of the Holy Roman Republic, by the will of our most merciful Lord, Jesus Christ." Expelling the magnates of the city, suppressing banditry, reestablishing order after so many years of anarchy, Rienzi did many good things, and the Pope, from Avignon, lent him approval and support. Petrarch, also felt his enthusiasm kindled by this resurrection of ancient Rome, and addressed a famous *canzone* to the Tribune:

Spirto gentil che quelle membra reggi. . . .

But the hero's imagination soon got the better of him. Rienzi came to believe that his inspiration was of a supernatural origin, and indulged in intemperate absurdities which undermined his influence. He began advising the rulers of the earth as though they were all his subordinates. Contemptuous of the independence of the Italian communes, he summoned them to appear in Rome to organize an Italian federal state. He was forced to levy one tax after another to maintain his troops and to pay for the great celebrations he fathered to satisfy a strongly theatrical taste. This son of a liquor dealer took public baths in a bronze tub reputed to have been so used by the Emperor Constantine, and soon thereafter had himself made a knight with exaggerated pomp.

Overstepping the bounds of discretion, Cola soon was addressing the Pope on equal terms and professing scorn for the pontiff's friendship. This impelled Clement to withdraw his support, a policy at once followed by the Italian cities, which had grown jealous of his power and were annoyed at his overbearing manners. Finally Cola's own mob deserted him, and he had to flee, taking refuge in Prague with the Emperor Charles the Fourth, who at once handed him over to the Pope as the "rebel and heretic" he had now been proclaimed.

"There is a legend," said Borja, "that in the very Palace we are now entering, Cola languished as a prisoner for many years. That is probably untrue, but it is certain that he was held captive as long as Clement lived. The great Pope had lost confidence in this orator of such a changeable mind and such uncertain aims. It is believed Rienzi would have been hanged had not Petrarch, whom the Pope highly esteemed as a poet, intervened in his behalf."

When Clement's successor, Innocent the Sixth turned his attention to the Tribune, the latter was still pining forgotten in a prison cell. The man who procured his release happened to be a Spaniard. Many petty barons and ambitious cities in Italy had taken advantage of the Pope's absence to encroach upon the papal domain. Even in Rome the authority of the papal legate was more nominal than real. The Italian cardinals were always talking of reconquering the territories of the Holy See by force, but neither they nor any of the Popes were the men for such a task.

However, one of the foreign cardinals resident in Avig-

non evolved a plan for recovering the Pope's temporal inheritance by marching into Italy himself at the head of an army. This man was the Spaniard, Carrillo de Albornoz, who had been a man-at-arms in his youth. As archbishop of Toledo he had followed the King of Castile to war with the Moors, fighting hand to hand in the Battle of the Salado, where he personally saved the life of the King and thus acquired enormous prestige at the Castilian court. Persecuted, later on, by don Pedro the Cruel, heir to the Spanish throne, he had fled to Avignon where Clement the Sixth made him cardinal.

Albornoz had a keen insight into men and was apt at utilizing their defects and their virtues. He suggested that Rienzi be taken from prison, rehabilitated with the title of Senator, and sent back to Rome with him, Albornoz. Thus while the cardinal-general was fighting the princelets of Italy, Rienzi was given a chance to regain his ascendancy over the Roman mob. He in fact successfully resumed his war on the barons who were ravaging the country, and won a number of victories. But the popular idol could not wholly recover from the discredit of his first fall. Many elements in Rome were dissatisfied with his severe laws and his extravagant finance. The Colonnas seized the proper moment for rising against him. Taken by surprise, Rienzi made an effort to escape from the Capitol in disguise; but he was recognized and killed by some of his own followers, the fickle populace of Rome dragging his body through the streets to a bonfire and scattering the ashes to the winds.

Skilled soldier and diplomat, Albornoz went on his way victoriously, occupying all the cities belonging to the

Pope's domain, some by seige, others by shrewdly conducted negotiations. He directed his campaign from Bologna, his favorite residence. But meantime his successes were earning him many enemies at Avignon. Innocent the Sixth fell under the influence of the intrigues conducted by envious cardinals, and repeatedly upset Albornoz's plans with inopportune and fatal suggestions. The ungrateful pontiff one day went so far as to question the Spaniard's personal honesty in handling the appropriations for the war and asked for an accounting. Albornoz's reply was to despatch to Avignon an ox-team laden with the locks, keys, and chains, of the cities he had recovered:

"Let these be my auditors, Holy Father!" said he.

On his death in Bologna, Albornoz willed an endowment to the famous Spanish College of that city. His burial rites were something unique in history. Never was prince or pope escorted to the tomb with such impressive ceremony. His coffin was transported all the way from Bologna in Italy to Toledo in Spain on the shoulders of bearers who advanced by short days' marches, the whole journey lasting several months. Every monastery reached along the way designated a group of monks to join the procession. When the body arrived at the Cathedral of Toledo where it was to be interred, the funeral cortège was several miles long, each mourner carrying a lighted candle. A veritable army of singers filled the city with funeral chants. All the property the cardinal left was spent in this extraordinary journey.

However, the reconquest of the papal States had increased the complaints and petitions from Italy. The

Roman People especially, repentant of the waywardness which had driven the Popes abroad, and indignant that so much wealth was going to a foreign city, redoubled its entreaties that the Holy See should leave the banks of the Rhone and return to the Tiber.

This propaganda found its most eloquent and tireless voice within the court of Avignon itself. The pleasure-loving cardinals, and all the papal functionaries of lighter vein, regarded Petrarch as their friend and boon companion, and made him a sharer in the joys and consolations of their existence. This did not prevent him from thundering against the corruption of Church life in France, though he would probably have found it difficult to prove that the Popes of Rome had been any more exemplary. Already the lax morals so prevalent in the clergy at that time were moving ascetics and prelates of sterner discipline to demand severe reforms in the Church.

Petrarch had the good fortune to hit upon a phrase that went the rounds of the world and filled his own countrymen in particular with enthusiasm: the Church had been enslaved like the Children of Israel under Nebuchadnezzar: the Pontificate of Avignon was the "Babylonian Captivity!"

CHAPTER IV

A QUEEN WEEPS

THEY ascended the footworn steps of a stone staircase, crossed the thick arch of the master gate, and then through a smaller door opening to the right, entered a great hall with walls of hewn stone and a vaulted ceiling that still showed remnants of ancient paintings.

This was originally the guard-room of the palace, but it was now serving as a lobby for tourists. A woman was standing behind a counter, offering post-cards for sale, photographs, engravings, books of history—all that restricted but inevitable stock of information and souvenir that meets the visitor to any public monument.

Slowly the medley of travellers from different parts of the world constituted its daily physiognomy about the ancient residence of the Popes. The beautiful Creole recognized many faces she had seen at dinner in the hotel the evening before. Here came a caravan of young American girls—students, perhaps, on a tour through Europe; there a number of French couples, husbands and wives, from the South of France, noting with patriotic satisfaction the enormous dimensions of a castle so famous in the songs of their poets. Here were two Anglican clergymen with black cassocks over their shirts, and guides open in their hands like prayerbooks. An athletic American, with a round clean shaven face, came in and looked

eagerly about in all directions as though at once to realize on the investment he had made in his journey thither. Nearby stood an Italian priest, tall, lanky, hook-nosed, his profile reminding Borja of Dante's—with some allowances.

"You will now see something quite as interesting as the Papal palace itself, señora—the guide who exhibits it!"

And Borja pointed imperceptibly toward a man in a red-bordered cap with visor who was sitting, cane in hand, near the door of the guard-room. He looked like a laborer resting from his toil but with a certain uneasiness born of the feeling that he must soon begin work again.

Rosaura recognized him: he was the individual who had assisted her on her uncompleted tour of the castle, and his persistent chatter had been partly responsible for her giving it up.

"But he is something unique!" Borja objected smiling. "We often make mistakes by judging people according to some humor of the moment. Perhaps you will find him more entertaining today."

He bowed to the employe across the room, and the latter, after touching his cap in salute, fixed his attention on the striking lady in the young Spaniard's company. The man was a Southern type, a lean face framed by gray hair with a gray mustache and lighted by a smile half of kindliness, half of chaffing.

"Take in everything he says!" Borja suggested. "He is a poet—somewhat off the road, and of too elementary an education, but a poet, just the same, in his own way! His father was an honest unassuming *félibre,* one of the

more humble members of Mistral's group—a journeyman of poetry in the language of Provence! This guide, the son, in filling the same post the father held, strives to be the articulate spirit of these ancient stones. I have come here many times, just to hear him talk."

Concluding that these first morning visitors would spend no more on post-cards and pictures, the guide rose from his stone bench with a lazy stretch of his arms:

"This way, ladies and gentlemen!"

He was a different man! Four times a day, twice in the morning and twice in the afternoon, this guide showed groups of visitors through the halls and courtyards, the corridors and chambers, of this castle which for him was something like a Parthenon of Provence. He knew by heart just what he ought to say before each curio, inside each room; but at certain moments, his mechanical recitations were somehow crossed by an irresistible desire to improvise, and he would add sudden fringes from his own imagination to the dull canvas it was his daily duty to unroll.

Tapping his cane, grumbling good-humoredly between his teeth, he marched away toward the Grand Court of the palace. What a sickly job, for a man! And yet he set about his functions like a veteran actor on the stage, panting laboriously with age and weariness behind the scenes, but fired with heroic youthfulness once he steps out behind the footlights! The man halted in the center of the courtyard and gathered his motley audience about him to begin his daily declamation. A few of them knew him by reputation already from previous travellers; but even novices sensed that something extraordinary was

to come from this smiling lecturer who bowed to the ladies with an over-courtly deference.

He called attention to details in the vault over the entrance, all of rare workmanship; then he explained how the palace looked in its original state, before the Popes took hold of it. At one time the houses came up almost to the walls: only a circuit of narrow streets separated it from the rest of the city. It was the last Pope of Avignon who swept these clutterings away, to make the site more defensible; and a work of the same Pope also was the great square that faced the front façade:

"I refer, ladies and gentlemen, to Benedict the Thirteenth, the great Pope Luna, a fellow townsman of individuals here present!"

And he bowed, touching his cap with his right hand, and fixing his eyes on Rosaura and Claudio. But, almost without catching breath, this *félibre* of the second generation plunged into a description of the marvels of "his" palace, "the most graceful structure on earth":

"A blue sky, pure air, the majestic symphony of the *mistral,* and, above all, this golden color of our stones, which, as the troubadours used to sing, lent new fire to the glances of our ladies. And Petrarch said . . ."

Borja was waiting for this last turn, and nudged his companion whom he had already warned of the citation. It recurred indeed continually in the guide's lectures. All his statements, all his rhapsodies of praise, he authenticated with verses of Petrarch, which Petrarch had never written, or else were such distorted versions that they fell far short of their author's real words.

Many of the spectators laughed without knowing why—

Petrarch's verse was all the more interesting because they had not understood it! The Italian priest nodded his head knowingly to indicate that he had read all that before coming to Avignon.

Ranged about the court were several stone cannon-balls, heavy, solid, roughly rounded by the cutters who had hewn them out by hand. They were missles from the bombards which the foes of Pope Luna had used against his palace.

The visitors fell into lines to make their way through narrower doors and passageways. Some of the rooms showed fragments of decoration long posterior to the Popes—embellishments by the Papal legates who ruled the city in the name of Rome down to the end of the Eighteenth century. The ground chamber of the Watch Tower was painted with frescoed trophies—flags, cannons, lances.

The Audience Hall, the largest room in the palace, with a vault of very daring span for the era in which it was built, had all its doors set higher than the floor. This was reached by flights of steps, each of the latter slightly longer than the one above it. The monotonous gray of the stone had been softened by painting in the days of the Popes, while rich tapestries, lovingly described by the chroniclers, adorned the walls now bare and cold. In the triangular segments of the vault, however, the figures of some twenty prophets could still be made out, while the spaces between the rear windows preserved blurred residues of color long since gone.

This vast and naked enclosure, the mere frame of a room once famous for its gorgeous pigments, had the

resonant echoes of hollows that are empty and smooth. Every sound seemed intensified as it bounded from the trembling stones, every word jangled by vibrations and then hushed in a descending scale of repercussions.

Here it was, as Borja judged, that Queen Joan of Naples must have appeared before Clement the Sixth, himself majestic as an Emperor, to reply to her accusers. There, at the back, between the two windows, would have been the place for the throne; farther to the front, probably, the cardinals, who had left their mules in silver and gold trappings, the pages and men-at-arms of their princely retinues, just outside in the Grand Court. Gothic chairs with high backs must have stood along the walls, their oaken woodwork pierced with awl and burin like the spires of a cathedral, their seats softened by puffy pillows of silk for the comfort of the empurpled senators of the Church and of the black-cloaked jurisconsults who sat ready to advise the pontiff on nice points of canon law. And throughout the rest of the hall—secondary personages of the papal court and dames and damsels of Avignon, nieces of cardinals or relations of the Pope, anxious for a glimpse of this woman who had stirred all Christendom with her personal splendor, her political intrigues, her adventures and misadventures in love! A free space, doubtless, just in front of the throne—a place for Joan of Naples, deposed from her queendom, beautiful in figure, vehement of speech, ever ready to summon tears to set off her beauty, her costume tempered with artful discretion for the benefit of these holy men, her arms, as they moved in gesture, spreading mysterious perfumes about the room —the fragrance of Far Eastern caravans, of passionate

flesh, of reckless sin! The grand gentleman in the tiara and the solemn judges—must they not have forgotten the Devil who lurked invisible in the train of her royal robes? Before them was just a woman, a poor woman, victim of her beauty and of her high estate, a sinner slandered beyond her guilt, a lost sheep well worthy of welcome on returning to the fold! It was Phryne appearing once more before an areopagus of elders and mastering them with the exhalations of her beauty, an eloquent Phryne who knew the power of words and kept her tempting nakedness concealed under a curtain of pliant vestments!

Rosaura timidly brought forth a question from hazy memories of past readings. She seemed to remember that this fascinating queen had died, in her old age, at the hands of her foes, suffocated under her own mattresses.

"Yes," answered Borja, "and the cause of her murder is typical of the paradoxes in the life of this great lover 'so liberal of her person,' as they said in the grand style. She lost her throne and her life because of her loyalty to the Papacy of Avignon at the time of the Great Schism!"

The two suddenly became aware that they were alone in the Audience Hall. The son of the *félibre* had disappeared down one of the narrower stairways, whirling his cane and marching like a shepherd at the head of a human flock. The sounds of footsteps and voices from the crowd of tourists came back loud and vibrant up the stairs.

They rejoined the others at the Stairway of Honor, which the architect had made extraordinarily wide to admit of orderly descent by the impressive processions required by court ceremonials. A window on the topmost

landing opened on Pope Luna's square. At the moment it was without sashes or panes, and the northwest wind was free to blow its stormy gusts past the two columns which divided the opening into three lance-head arches. In the heydey of Avignon the Popes appeared at this window to bestow the pontifical blessing on the multitudes thronging below.

Again the guide began exalting the magic beauty of his palace with other verses from Petrarch. The Italian priest repeated his nods of approbation. There were more laughs from the little audience. The tall smooth-shaven American stood gazing at the man intent on not losing a word.

"He is a *troovadoor,* a real *troovadoor,*" he exclaimed to his neighbor in a halting French, and winking an eye one could not say whether in enthusiasm or in amusement. At any rate, he drew from his pocket a leather case full of long fat Havanas, and offered one to the orator:

"Thank you, *gentleman,*" the latter answered, also in French. "I will smoke it this evening. Now it might cloud my voice!"

They reached the Grand Chapel, the largest room in the upper story. To soften the dreary bareness, a reproduction of Albornoz's tomb at Toledo had been erected in the center, and around the walls stood plaster busts of famous personages associated with the Avignonese Papacy and the Schism, all copied from originals elsewhere. Borja noted especially the head of Charles the Fourth of Bohemia who got to be Emperor, and whose son, Sigismund, convoked the Council of Constance and ended the Schism, though without ever vanquishing the doughty Pedro de Luna. The face, bearded, with high cheek bones

and a slightly upturned nose, suggested a good-natured Slav. Nearby was a frame containing autographs of Pope Luna, and a copy of the portrait of him that is preserved in the archives of the Crown of Aragon.

Borja was not able to complete his survey: the vast chamber had suddenly begun to vibrate with a song as from a chorus of supernatural singers—it was much like the *vox humana* that has been added to modern church organs. In reality there was only one voice, but the peculiar acoustic properties of the bare stone walls kept prolonging each note with echoes, sending them back from the remoter corners and blending them in a soft tremulous harmony, much as a tree sends out a complicated texture of twigs and branches, which, nevertheless, all derive from a single trunk. The trunk, in this case, was the voice of the Provençal guide, a light tenor voice, to which the sonorousness of the room seemed to give added volume and also great variety, as though it were rolling in from some infinitely far horizon. The American with the cigar smiled admiringly, his eyes fixed on the singer with an expression, perhaps, of tolerant condescension. Meantime the guide kept on, entoning the Provençal "strophes to Magalí" with the enthusiasm of a Southerner, passionate, artificial, naïve, all at the same time. When he finished, a burst of laughter and applause came from the group of listeners.

"Notice," Borja whispered. "You can't really tell which is laughing at the other. These men of the South are most disconcerting. One never knows just where their own affectation and seriousness end and a more or less good-humored ridicule begins."

Up over a narrow winding staircase they arrived at the top of one of the towers of the castle, which offered a view of all Avignon and great stretches of the surrounding country. For this spot the man always reserved his longest and most vehement declamation. He set out in an offhand manner, speaking rapidly as though in a hurry to finish. But gradually his voice warmed, his arms began to swing in gesture, new images crept into his descriptions. He gave names to all the structures that rose above the monotonous level of modern tile: the tower of the City Hall, called the Tower of Jacquemart after the bronze figures that struck the hours; and then the belfries and steeples of churches or monasteries that harbored the dead of the papal era down to the time when the inhabitants of the city fell under the spell of the Revolution and incorporated the Pope's French domain in the First Republic. One of the towers, topped by an iron triangle, belonged to a convent, long since secularized, which held the grave of Laura de Noves, reputed to be the Laura of Petrarch.

The guide's eyes swept beyond the city over a country which his father's friends had named the "Attica of Provence," and came to rest on a mountain, a great one for that relatively flat territory, which closed a wide sector of the horizon, two thirds of its slopes heavily wooded, its peak a cone of naked rock which for half of the year was covered with snow.

"Mount Venteux, ladies and gentlemen! The *Monte Ventoso* of Petrarch! There to the right, where the slope comes to an end, lies Vaucluse with its immortal spring of

clear waters—the favorite retreat of Petrarch, who sang of them as Apollo himself might sing:

Chiare fresche e dolci acque . . ."

And he recited the whole canzone of the "hermit of Vaucluse," his hearers standing grave and attentive, although few perhaps understood. There was no laughter, no benignant tolerance, as at the beginning. That devil of a guide, half charlatan, half in earnest, seemed to have inoculated them all with his Provençal ardors. His right hand began pointing to beauties beyond the horizon which no one could possibly see, but which he made visible by the sheer eloquence of his excited speech. Beyond the Venteux, the range of the "little Alps," hills only a few hundred feet high, but of rare shapes and outlines, some of them needle-points, like the pinnacles of a cathedral; beyond them, the hidden village of Vaux, crowned with castles of white spar; Montmajeur with the famous Abbey towered and merloned like a fortress, where Queen Joan of Naples worshipped; and the little town of Maillane, near which Mistral lived in his farm-house. As though the sound of the poet's name gave him courage, the guide raised his voice, his eyes sparkling with a new light:

"There nightingales singing in the olive trees, the choir of grasshopper and katydid under the thyme and the rosemary, lifting a song of praise to solitude! There the whirring flight of quail and partridge, and the light oscillating dart of the butterfly! There the gurgling coo of the turtledove—and serenades of guitars under Provençal castles where the stones radiate with song!"

Carried away by his own emotion, the man placed his cane across his left arm in front of him, as though it were a lute, and began plucking at the fancied strings with the fingers of his right hand.

"A *troovadoor,* a *troovadoor!*" again murmured the American behind him.

The corridors through which they were now proceeding lay in the body of the castle walls. These were several yards thick. The requirements of daily service and of military defence made such passageways necessary, as was the case in most ancient architecture of great mass. The stairs they encountered were likewise cut in the walls, and so steep and narrow that the company was forced into single file, the person in back for the most part finding the feet of the person in front on a level with his face.

In one of these climbs, Rosaura tripped over her high heels and slipped back against Claudio who was walking behind. He caught her as she fell, his arms coming for the first time in contact with her firm, slender form. So great was his emotion that he forgot for a moment the place where he was and all that people were saying around him. He had eyes only for the feminine outline that was preceding him in the dingy passageway. An instant later it was he who stumbled—whether voluntarily or not he could not have said—on mounting one of the short flights of steps that separated two of the rooms, and his face lightly brushed her arm. At last he understood the strange attraction this woman had always had for him: Venus and Lilith, the beautiful enchantresses of his dreams!

The voice of the "troovadoor" and a gentle nudge from his companion brought Claudio to his senses again. The

guide was looking at him, as though preparing a paragraph in his particular honor. They were in a room with white walls, decorated with nine portraits.

"These, ladies and gentlemen, are the Popes of Avignon. Seven of them governed the Church without dispute; the eighth and ninth were recognized and obeyed only by a part of Christendom; but, though their claims have been much debated, they were Popes as surely as the others."

He was a Catholic, and he was a Provençal—he had no intention of mixing in religious questions; but he could never permit doubts to be cast on the legitimacy of two Pontiffs of Avignon, especially of the last, Benedict the Thirteenth, the great Pope Luna, whom Mistral had sung in one of his poems.

It meant something to be the son of a *félibre!*

One by one he pointed to the portraits, assigning to each Pope some peculiarity whereby the uninitiated could the better remember him. The first, Clement the Fifth, archbishop of Bordeaux, was not of the region; but after him, came John the Twenty-Second, bishop of Avignon, and then five more, all from Provence or from the district of Limoges: Benedict the Twelfth, who began the additions to the palace, was called the White Cardinal, because he always went about attired in the habit of his order; Clement the Sixth, patron of the arts and exponent of elegance, was the most famous of them all; Innocent the Sixth was a master financier, bringing a new spirit into the administration of Church properties; Urban the Fifth, formerly prior of the Abbey of Saint Victor in the harbor of Marseilles, moved by solicitations from Italy

and by visions from certain of his saints, was the first to try returning to Rome (he found life in Italy, impossible, however, and was forced back to Avignon); Gregory the Eleventh, yielding to similar pressure from beyond the Alps, reached Rome and died there, unintentionally giving rise to the so-called Great Schism of the West.

Then he came to the last two pictures:

"This is Clement the Seventh, the first Pope of the so-called 'Obedience of Avignon,' a kinsman of the Kings of France, who chose to take the name of the great Clement; and this is the Spaniard, don Pedro de Luna, the last Pope of Avignon, who died at Peñíscola in Spain, sustaining to the end the legitimacy of his pontificate."

And he bowed to Borja and to the lady with him as ceremoniously as if they had been heirs of the Pope in question.

This by-play, however, they did not observe, absorbed as they were in the portrait: a little priest, seated in a high-backed chair; a cape and a cap of red velvet fringed with ermine; a face the color of well-baked bread, pierced by two small, shining, penetrating eyes—a genuine Aragonese face, as Borja concluded, just such a face as one might have imagined for the most balky, obstinate, stubborn, individual ever produced by a hard-pated province, which, as a Spanish proverb says, can board in a house with its skull for a hammer!

The company moved forward on its round of the palace, which thirty years before had still been serving as a barracks. Such frescoes as had not entirely disappeared stood boldly out on the whitewashed walls by virtue of a skillful restoration. In the ground floor chamber of one

of the towers, formerly a chapel, the wall paintings were preserved intact, a mixture of religious and profane subjects with white figures on a background of blue—the famous ultramarine blue, brought by caravan from the Far East and so precious at that time that the Popes advanced the funds for purchasing it, since no ordinary artist could provide it from his own supplies.

And now they were on the merloned balconies of the castle walls, the shoots so deep and wide that during battles of by-gone days the defenders were able to hurl timbers of great length upon the besiegers. Among the various towers that rose above the palace roofs, a tall narrow pyramid of stone, formed by tapering cubes of masonry, particularly struck the eye. This was the old chimney of the Pope's kitchens, rooms so dark and smoky that during the era of Romanticism some archeologists thought them the chambers of the Inquisition where the Popes tortured their enemies!

In another tower they found a room which Clement the Sixth had decorated with pictures representing the delights of rural life: fat fish of silver were swimming in square pools; half naked nymphs rose dripping from woodland streams, frightened at the approach of a hunt which was driving a stag in mad flight across a meadow; colorful birds were hovering over treetops; while peasant girls and boys were gathering ripe fruits from branches below. All the free light of Nature had been spread over these cramped walls lighted by narrow slits in a thick masonry. It was like a premature dawn of the Renaissance, exalting the joy of living in the ascetic night of the Middle Ages! Shut up in this fortress the Popes could

still rest their eyes on these symbols of a carefree existence in the open air, and satisfy who knows what homesick yearnings for the days of their lost youth, when they were far less famous in the world but were still free to hunt and fish and ride on horseback over the hills and meadows beloved of their childhood.

The more energetic or courageous visitors were free to traverse a long flight of steps that led up to the rooftops of the palace-fortress. For the son of a friend of Mistral, this was too arduous a climb to take four times a day; so the guide remained below with the older members of the party:

"But you will see things never to be forgotten!" he exclaimed, with a twinkle in his eye, while his expressive cane seemed to urge everyone up the long line of steps.

Again Borja could see before him, and in close proximity to his face, the same adorable feminine figure he had just previously circled with his arms! A breath of her perfume filled his nostrils, and to his increasing discomfiture the sharp turns in the narrow winding ascent were continually bringing them together again.

It was a freer, almost mountain air they breathed on reaching the highest landing. The landscape was ampler, clearer, than it had been when viewed through belfy windows from the tower. From here they could see for great distances the wide impetuous torrent of the Rhone, outlining in white foam the buttresses of Saint-Benezet's broken bridge, which still bore the ancient chapel the architect built on one of the arches. The bank opposite, without any visible break, was really an island, as the masts of a number of canal-boats peering over the trees

and rushes betrayed. Beyond these, other masses of green! And then the land rose gradually into hillocks—the real West Bank! There, in years gone by, the last of Saint-Benezet's eighteen arches had rested, to form what, at the time, was the longest bridge in the world. A great square tower, the work of Philip the Fair, defended the approaches to the bridge from the direction of Provence. Beyond began France, as France was in the Middle Ages.

A line of crenelated walls, emerging from the green, marked the secular village of Villeneuve and its crown of ruined fortifications. In the prosperous period of the Papacy at Avignon, Villeneuve was really a suburb, or even a prolongation, of the capital. Cardinals who could not find suitable residences in town built them there. Political refugees, the servants of the great houses, the rank and file of the pilgrimages, also crossed the great bridge to find quarters in the neighboring settlement.

On the nearer bank, the spectators on the roof could see long and roomy wharves. Before the days of railroads, Avignon was an important port, with endless lines of river boats moored in its docks, thence going upstream into the heart of France to distribute the cargoes landed at Marseilles and coming back laden with produce to be transported about the Mediterranean. Now only a few lighters drawn by tugs were picking their way slowly up the river between bars of yellow sand, which any fall in the water would turn into islets.

A mild caressing sunshine, an indigo sky without a cloud, a strong but still endurable wind which Borja regarded as some genteel scion of the savage *mistral,* filled everybody with cheer after the long walk through bare

halls and dimly lighted passageways. It was that same intoxication of the lungs that one feels on high mountain peaks. Rosaura was busy defending her skirts from the impertinences of the wind; and since that task required both her hands, she was constantly seeking Borja's support in the dizziness she felt at the high altitude. Though he had travelled much about Europe, Borja suddenly developed boundless enthusiasm for the landscape of Avignon—its Rhone ruffled with vermilion wavelets, its vine-clad hills, their summits tipped with ruined castles! For his part he could have stood there all day long surveying the graceful majesty of the ancient Babylonia of the Popes! Thanks to that view he had experienced for a second and longer time the trembling contact of the beautiful figure which kept throwing its delicious weight upon him with an abandonment perhaps not wholly conscious of itself!

In the palace entrance, as they descended, they found the son of the *félibre* taking leave of his recent guests, each one in person, the visored cap in his right hand tinkling with a faint metallic sound as it moved in salute. The visitors were dropping one and two franc pieces into it as they passed by. Since Rosaura gave him a bank note of twenty francs, the guide felt called upon to express his pleasure in some more unusual manner:

"Petrarch said to the Pontiff: 'Holy Father, the golden color of these stones, this bright sky that reflects its blue in the Rhone, these green fields of Avignon, the cool waters of Vaucluse, all these nightingales, all these butterflies, all these serenades, wonderful as they are, are not,

all combined, worth one smile from the ruby lips, one glance from the soft eyes, of a lady!' "

A movement about his knees seemed to indicate that he was about to kneel before the beautiful señora, but the fact that he had to keep his cap in readiness for the tourists still to come prevented him from completing his homage. Borja felt a flash of irritation against this man of truly inexhaustible vein:

"The fraud! He talks nothing but nonsense, putting his own idiocies into the mouths of Petrarch and his Popes!"

The pretty widow smiled as though in satisfaction at the heat her companion showed:

"Poor man, don't be unjust to him! You cannot deny that he proved to be an interesting and an inspired guide! I judged him so harshly before! It is almost as though you were jealous of him!"

They passed out through the arched entrance of the Palace and again had before them the vast open square of Don Pedro de Luna. Borja began to mimic the guide:

"As Petrarch said . . . just drop a franc into the hat of this dreamer. . . ."

But Rosaura looked at him with the same grave expression her face had worn in front of the letter of Napoleon's majordomo:

"Before one can dream," she said, "one has to live . . . and just to live often forces so many humiliations upon us. . . ."

CHAPTER V

CRAYFISH *à l'Américaine*

THE rosy bulwarks of Avignon had vanished behind them, and the automobile was running along a road lined with poplars through the open country. Leaving the basin of the Rhone, the car climbed imperceptibly the gentle slope of the hills that bounded the river valley, heading toward the sources of the Sorges, an affluent of the Rhone, ever cold and clear, which finds its origin in the famous fount, or spring, of Vaucluse.

Borja was talking of "the son of Messer Petracco," as he preferred to call the great Florentine poet, who was born by a vicissitude of his father's political fortunes in Arezzo, and passed the years of his youth on the papal soil of Avignon. Messer Petracco was a Florentine notary—Pietro di Parenzo according to his baptism—who saw himself compelled to flee from his native city in the year 1301 for the same reason which drove his friend Dante into exile. Both Dante Alighieri and Pietro di Parenzo belonged to a democratic faction of the Guelph party known as the "Whites." When the "Blacks"—an aristocratic group—came into power in that year, they burned the houses of the "Whites," confiscated their properties, and condemned them to banishment for life. Many of the proscripts gathered in the city of Arezzo to prepare a counter-attack. It was in that refuge that Fran-

cesco was born three years later. The youth who was to enjoy immortal fame as poet and scholar became early dissatisfied with his name Francesco di Petracco, which he found cacophonous, and decided to call himself Petrarca.

The notary eventually abandoned Dante and his other comrades to settle in the capital of the Popes, where many Italian *fuorusciti* were congregating. The scarcity of available houses and the high cost of living compelled him to move to Carpentras: and there the young Petrarch began his studies with other boys of good family, some of whom were to attain high station at court and to stand him in good stead through the influence at their disposal. Petrarch's father destined him to a career in jurisprudence, and sent him to Bologna to study law; but the youth's one enthusiasm was classic literature and he chose to strive for the glory of being a scholar and the pride of his masters.

His first love came to be ancient Rome, and he longed to see her mistress of the world again. That is why he assailed the papacy of Avignon, though still accepting its favors: he could not reconcile himself to the spectacle of the Popes inhabitating the banks of a French river, while the glorious *urbs* was falling into ruin and being depopulated by endless feudal wars.

As a grown man, Petrarch continued to live at Avignon, and was a conspicuous figure at the court of the Pontiffs. Like many intellectual workers of his time, he took lower orders in order to enjoy ecclesiastical benefices without the obligations of the priesthood. Thus he was free to live as a layman on the income from canonicates

and abbotships which the Popes were pleased to shower upon him. Under this form of patronage he enjoyed an easy, comfortable, if unostentatious life. His garden at Vaucluse and his library were the two real luxuries he could permit himself.

In an effort to revive the cultivation of Latin literature, he copied with his own hands, or employed others to copy, many precious manuscripts of the past, assembling in this way several hundred volumes—an unheard-of wealth of books at that time. His friendship with the young Cardinal Orsini, a former schoolmate at Carpentras, enabled him to live in the elegant luxurious world of the Princes of the Church.

"He was also a traveller," continued Borja, "a traveller remarkable for his period in history, when a journey even over the most frequented roads involved enormous risks from the bandits recruited among discharged soldiers during truces in the wars. Two of Petrarch's intimate comrades were murdered by highwaymen during a trip from Avignon to Rome. Even Popes and Kings had to wait for favorable circumstances before setting out from one place to another; and they equipped themselves for such movements as seriously as for a campaign in the field.

"A relatively poor man, Petrarch travelled more than any private individual of his time. He felt frequent need of escaping from Avignon, and, as he assures us, from the neighborhood of his Laura. He visited the cities of Italy, France and the Netherlands, and on one occasion, touched the coast of Spain in a ship, went through the Straits of Gibraltar, and did not stop till he arrived in England. Trying to find a word of flattery for the House of Orange,

with which he desired, for certain reasons, to remain on good terms, he associated that name with the lovely oranges of Murcia, in Southern Spain. The enamoured poet thought, like Homer, that a man's folly can be illumined only by renovating the body and the soul through movement between place and place."

It was on Good Friday, of the year 1327, that the most important event of Petrarch's personal life occurred. He had entered the church of Saint Clara of Avignon; and there he met Laura de Noves, a young, fair-haired, clear-eyed gentlewoman. They remarked each other, exchanged glances—and this was enough to unite them for the rest of their lives!

"Laura de Noves," said Borja, "was the wife of a rich gentleman of Avignon, one Hugo de Sade, an ancestor of the celebrated Marquis de Sade, whose name is associated with the novel of horror and cruelty. Thus by one of the caprices of human history, the heroine of the purest and most unselfish of loves finds herself related to a lunatic of perverted indulgences. . . . You must know that Laura was the mother of nine children and a woman of the most unimpeachable honor . . ."

Rosaura made a gesture of protest:

"I have never been able to understand a thing like that, and I believe most people in the world are like me in that respect. . . . At least it is something foreign to our modern ideas. Two people in love for so many years, living in the same town, and she a married woman with plenty of experience, free to do more or less as she pleased . . . and that was all there was to it, absolutely all! . . ."

And the pretty widow smiled, evincing some confusion at the same time for the boldness of her implications.

"We must not forget the atmosphere of those days," Borja answered. "Petrarch was almost contemporary with the chivalric age. His conception of life was much the same as that of the paladins in the heroic romances, who went about the world breaking lances for their ladies, and earning in return only a glove or a strip of ribbon. He lived in an age of idealistic disinterested love . . ."

These words Borja delivered with a certain warmth, smiling with a smile that matched his companion's.

"Petrarch's case proves, one might add, that Life takes ludicrous toll sometimes from those who would flout her mandates. While Petrarch was writings songs to Laura, his 'sweet enemy,' complaining of her disdain and of her fidelity to her husband, he was maintaining very material relations with another lady of Avignon, who bore him two children, a boy and a girl, named John and Frances respectively. This son followed a career like his father's. As a favor to the poet, Clement the Sixth awarded him a canonicate in Verona, condoning his disability of age—he was a mere child of nine. Frances lived in Florence with Boccaccio, a great friend of Petrarch, while the latter was roaming the world or living in retirement on his little properties."

After climbing several hills in succession, the automobile at last arrived at a down grade. The valley of the Rhone with the housetops and towers of Avignon was lost to view. But now another valley had opened ahead, with little villages cuddling at the foot of ruin-crowned hills.

The farther horizon was blocked by the huge pyramid of Mont Venteux.

"Meantime a new Laura has turned up," Borja resumed, "a Laura somewhat more probable, somewhat more acceptable, than the matron of the nine children. The identification of Laura with a lady of the de Sade family was made by a priest of the same lineage. He launched the idea and defended it ingeniously, though the story must be taken with a large grain of salt. Others have recognized the lady of the poet in a certain Laura de Baux, a member of the House of Orange, who lived in a castle not far from Vaucluse. This Laura remained a spinster, and her literary tastes, as well as the romantic tragedy of her life, are in better accord with our knowledge of Petrarch's love from what he wrote about it in his poems. Laura de Noves died of the plague, which claimed many victims in the papal capital. Laura de Baux, a girl of fragile health, died of consumption—the name then generally used for tuberculosis, at a time when her poet was far away. But whether Laura was one or the other or neither of these, it is certain that she resisted his advances most consistently; and for this she deserves our gratitude. Had she yielded, we should never have possessed Petrarch's love songs and sonnets.

"The Laura of his first meeting—on Good Friday in the Church at Avignon, or in the castle near Vaucluse, as you prefer—Petrarch described as 'whiter and colder than the snow that lingers in spots untouched by the sun.' Beside her blond hair, 'gold and topaz declared themselves vanquished.' On that memorable occasion she wore 'a

long green tunic bordered with violet.' And the poet sang fervidly of 'the church where she prayed, the woods and rocks that witnessed her passage, the stream that bathed her fair body.'

"In art, Petrarch was a predecessor of the school of Nature, of that method of literary description which the first Romanticists were to adopt five hundred years later. He is Plato expressing himself in verse. In his *canzoni* he speaks of rivers and brooks, of mountains and forests, quite in the manner of a modern poet. To his eyes the spring that gushed at Vaucluse was a living person. His love of Nature was great enough to keep him far from the busy streets of Avignon in the out-of-the-way place to which we are now going. Our car will make the journey in an hour and a half; but in Petrarch's time, it was a matter of a whole day's ride."

Petrarch's house, near the river Sorges, full of books and mementos of classic Rome, was situated at the foot of a rocky hill, the summit a perch for the castle of the Bishop of Cavaillon, overlord of the district. In the river, adjoining his garden, he owned a little stony island, which he made "a tarrying place for the Muses, who had been evicted everywhere else." But the nymphs of the Sorges, leaping down from the high cliffs, lashed the Muses with their floods, a thousand aquatic Maidens thus wreaking their vengeance for Petrarch's preference for "nine old maids"!

The poet left this retreat on various occasions. When Rienzi proclaimed the Roman Republic, Petrarch set out enthusiastically for Rome to join him; but the poet had gone no farther than Parma when he learned of the

Tribune's collapse and flight. Another shocking piece of news was to come to him on Italian soil: Laura had died, and her body "so beautiful and so pure" was lying in a church in Avignon! He returned to Vaucluse enamoured of a memory. Everything about him, the rocks, the trees, the murmur of the waters, came out to meet him like mourning friends bearing tokens of desperate recollection.

He was dragged from his cottage a second time when, on one of his walks along the river, he was overtaken by a messenger from the Roman Senate. The Eternal City desired to crown him on the Capitol with a pomp, somewhat theatrical in the circumstances, which would recall the ancient triumphs of Rome.

"This recognition, however, was accorded rather to the orator and propagandist, to the champion of Italian tradition, than to the poet. In fact Petrarch was most esteemed in his own day for the part of his work that is now forgotten. He was specially acclaimed for his merits as a humanist, author of Latin poems and particularly of an *Africa,* an epic written in the same tongue, which no one now would think of reading. His 'Song Book' (the *Canzoniere*) and his 'Triumphs,' all his Italian verses which show a sincere passion and seem as fresh today as though written by a man of our world, were then regarded as playful diversions of a great man of letters, frivolous mental vacations which he permitted himself between a letter in the style of Cicero and an eclogue in the style of Virgil. There is no consistency, indeed, in literary judgments. The people of his time took little stock in Laura. For them she was a fictitious being to whom the poet dedicated the paroxysms of a wholly

cerebral love. Such relations with non-existent ladies were generally maintained at that time by priests and prelates of a literary bent. As for Petrarch himself, he never chose to reveal the real name of his Laura. If his intimate friends were finally convinced of her existence in the flesh, that was due to casual words dropped by the poet, and almost always inadvertently."

The automobile was now following the bank of a little stream of clear green water that shone, in its deep parts, like certain ancient mirrors. Then came two lines of houses—the village of Vaucluse. As the car again entered the open country, returning to the course of the river which now grew progressively wider, the roar of an invisible cascade came from the depths of the surrounding green, blending with the murmur of the trees that rustled in the breeze.

The fall of water Borja described as "modest" because instead of drowning the other sounds of Nature it united with them in an almost musical concretion. The machine was making no noise in its slow advance along the narrow road—every movement of air, of plants, of water, was audible to its two occupants. The river was flowing past them in an opposite direction with anxious speed as though it were absorbing in its current the precipitous impact of a distant cataract. Wherever the sunlight struck, the surface of the water was white and shining, like steel; but it turned dark and green as it rushed into the shady nooks under the over-arching trees or brushed the thickets of shrubbery along the banks.

The vehicle brought up short, as the road came to an end, before the rustic gate of an open-air restaurant

between it and the river. This tongue of land, with green summer-houses and wicker tables and chairs, had been named the Garden of Petrarch, as a sign over the gates showed. The objects offered for sale in a sort of moveable shop stationed near the entrance were all marked in some way or other with the now familiar features of the poet: a majestic sharp-nosed profile, capped with a hood with drooping point, and crowned with laurel: Petrarch, the presiding genius of the place!

Borja and Rosaura alighted to continue on foot along a path that led uphill between clumps of bushes; for the fount lies at a higher level than the river bed. When water is ordinarily plentiful, the stream rises from the ground below the spring in gentle spouts that are covered with foam. When the water is low, it comes out into the river bed in an even unbroken flow.

The path continued upward between thickets of verdure ever fresh and cool from the abundant moisture. Behind, and still at a lower level, lay the ordinary sources of the stream. Here now was a gorge with sharp inclines, completely dry and heaped with chaotic piles of boulders. This was the course of the cascade of Vaucluse, when the water rises in the spring and overflows in riot, running down to the place where the Sorges begins in times of drought. The black moss-covered stones looked to Borja like elephants sunk up to their backs in the dry bed of the torrent. White arabesques of limy sediment deposited by the water were spread over the dark rock like the meshes of a net.

And suddenly they came out on the higher brink of the spring itself, an almost circular pool lying at the small

end of a stone funnel. This impressive hole in the earth had, on the one side, the jagged rib of the cascade now without water. Opposite rose a vertical wall of rock like a seashore precipice. Always sunk in shadow, from the surface of the sleeping water nearly up to its brow, the cliff showed a bare touch of sunlight on a rim of stone no longer black but gray. However, the wall was not exactly vertical, as it first seemed to the eye. It really formed a re-entering angle in the hillside, and in the cracks along its concave face, a few fig seeds, blown there by a capricious wind, had sprouted and taken root.

The bottom of the funnel was shrouded in eternal gloom. The darkness deepened or brightened with dawn or sunset, but even at noon-time there was only the sparkle of a placid twilight. The spring was just a blue eye, haloed with an iris of green about the edges where the water was more shallow—as Borja described it, a tranquil, unblinking eye of the Earth, gazing fixedly up at the same mystery which the Sphinx, the Himalayas, Father Ganges and Father Nile have been contemplating for ages!

Profound silence, save for a distant murmur from the Sorges as it flowed off under the open sky from the same level as these buried and unmoving waters! The circular pool was now perhaps seventy feet below the edge of the chasm, measuring along the inward sloping wall. The young Spaniard tossed a stone into the ring of blue below. There was a muffled splash, as though the silence were absorbing the sound instead of increasing it, and the stone sought the bottomless depths in irregular darts as it forced its way through the resisting waters.

Or rather, a human eye, with ball, and pupil, and then a long visual conduit running off obliquely from behind into the giant head of the Earth! The origin of this hidden tunnel has never been discovered. People of the region say that objects thrown into springs in Switzerland have come to the surface again through this opening at Vaucluse. Undoubtedly it is an overflow from a subterranean river of considerable size that lies hidden over its whole course for many miles. Only thus can one account for the sudden and tumultuous rises of the spring in time of freshet in the hills. Then it boils over like a huge cauldron, throwing a torrent down over the cascade to swell the burden of the peaceful Sorges some yards below.

Tired of the diversion of dropping pebbles into the pool, the two young people sat down near the edge of the precipice, the deep chasm yawning a few inches beyond their toes. They were both under the enchanting spell of the place, its solitude, its gloom, its silence, its mysterious waters gushing, as it were, from some broken artery of the living Earth. The silence and the gloom of the ages! Perhaps the inner walls of the cascade, now bare of water, had never been touched by the sunlight—a shade lasting from the beginning of the world just as it now was!

Rosaura had taken her seat with a certain sense of uneasiness—a misstep, the slipping of a stone, might plunge them into that aqueous gulf; and then, even if they should be so fortunate as to make one of the submerged salients of the wall, which looked like little pebbly beaches under water, the mere contact with that ice-cold

liquid never warmed by the sun would be terrible enough! She sat for some moments silent, surrendering to the august majesty of the scene.

Borja also reclined in absorption before this dark ring of blue which held his gaze with the magic power of an open fire on a winter's night. At his request, dictated by a sense of gallant precaution, Rosaura was sitting somewhat behind him—in case she should slip he could prevent her from falling! He turned suddenly toward her, and his face lighted with amused surprise. The sly coquette! She had taken advantage of his distraction to open her bag and take out her mirror. There she was, fixing the curls that had dropped over her ears, and puffing out her rounded lips for a rapid passage of the red pencil!

Her hasty toilet finished, she rose—she was cold; the wild silence, the chill shade of this spot, which seemed to be part of a wholly uninhabited world, had begun to weigh on her spirit! He gave her his hand and steadied her as they went down through growths of trees varnished with everlasting dew and over ivies that twined their luxuriant shoots about the tree trunks and spread a matting of dark foliage over the ground. In that solitude it was as though the woodland path belonged to them alone, and that the last to pass over it had been the lonely hermit of Vaucluse six centuries before! This excursion had inspired Rosaura with rekindled interest in the poet and she averred she would read all his books, even those Latin poems which Borja said had been entirely forgotten!

"To feel oneself loved ideally!" she said pensively. "A man satisfied with kissing a woman's hand, and not demanding those 'materialities' which are often so annoy-

ing to us! To be loved unselfishly with a chaste and sincere passion! . . ."

"But you are forgetting his two children," Borja interrupted, "to say nothing of Laura's nine, and a husband to boot—if she were indeed Laura de Noves!"

"That doesn't matter!" Rosaura replied quickly. "Such obstacles are not as important as they might seem. They are not at all incompatible with the love I am thinking of. You men always conceive love in the same way—and we women in quite a different way. We are much less sensuous than you imagine, and aspire to many things which are beyond your comprehension."

They entered the "Garden of Petrarch," and the host solicitously approached, breaking off his conversation with Rosaura's chauffeur, a Spaniard whom she had had in her employ ever since her arrival in Europe. Borja remembered Petrarch's descriptions of the fish and game that abounded in his rustic retreat—the trout and the partridges which frequently graced his simple table. The innkeeper, who considered anything pertaining to Petrarch as part of his stock in trade, replied with a gesture of sadness:

"There may have been trout in those days, but they disappeared centuries ago. However, I can serve you with crayfish from the river, American style—everyone finds them excellent! In place of the partridge, perhaps you would accept a magnificent chicken!"

They ate luncheon on the very bank of the Sorges, the gurgle of a nearby rapid, that also carried the crayfish car, furnishing the accompaniment for their conversation. On the pink and white tablecloth stood a bottle of the

strongest and most redolent wine of the region—the *Château-neuf-du-Pape,* heavy, hearty, of generous alcoholic content. As it slipped with velvety friction past the palate of the dreamy Borja, he could see only a great pontifical cape of dark purple, embossed with flowers, majestic and flexid at the same time, enveloping the body with warm caress! Rosaura, for her part, weary of the long dusty roads that her car had been following from Paris, was utterly captivated by so much cool and shade, envying Petrarch's retirement as a truly heavenly place:

"I am almost tempted to build a little house here, and live the rest of my days far from the noise of the world. I would not write poems—I am only a poor ignorant woman; but I am sure I could enjoy the beauties of such a spot quite as keenly as Petrarch did. How happy he must have been, sitting on this river bank, thinking of his love!"

But Borja shrugged his shoulders in disparagement:

"That would be splendid if we always stayed young! But time has a way of passing, and therewith youth, and the will to live! This wondrous panorama gradually lost its charm for Petrarch. He kept coming back here, but each time he found it gloomier and more sad and lonely. Laura was nothing now but a shadowy memory. His friends and patrons in Avignon either were dead or had gone elsewhere. One of the villagers who served him as a domestic for long years and helped him with his library without knowing how to read, he found on his death bed. His daughter was living in Florence and kept sending for him. The son, after causing him many wor-

ries because of a scandalously licentious life, had finished by dying suddenly also. Meantime the Popes were getting ready to move to Rome, thus realizing one of the important ideals to which Petrarch had devoted the best that was in him. So he left Vaucluse forever, taking a place at Arquà, in the Euganean hills near Venice, perhaps because its flowing waters and its green luxuriance reminded him of this spot. Here he had left his love, his youth, the best part of his life; here he had written his most famous works. To forget his old age, he applied himself assiduously to work, at one time employing as many as five secretaries in his refuge at Arquà. One evening, like a soldier who dies erect with his weight resting on the muzzle of his rifle, he was found unconscious in his library, his head bent over a book. Who knows? Perhaps in that lonely agony, his last thought may have been of Vaucluse!"

Rosaura cut him short with mock indignation:

"Oh, please, don't speak of his death! Let Petrarch live! Poets should never die! And let us live ourselves, enjoying the beauty of this present moment, in total forgetfulness of what the future may hold for us!"

They dined with the gaiety of journeyers who have found a good inn along their road. The proprietor of the "Garden" bowed effusively on hearing the praises which such a distinguished lady showered upon his humble kitchen. Borja gazed in astonishment at the bottle of *Château-neuf*. It was already empty and the chicken had not yet come! He ordered another, overriding the smiling protest of his companion:

"No, Claudio, be careful! This is the strongest wine imaginable."

Pleasantly perturbed by the environment and by the pontifical cheer, they both gazed around them as though to fix forever in their memories the beauties of this murmurous scene. Beyond the rectangle of shadow cast by a striped awning, the trees flecked the asphalt of the road with a restless stippling of bright gold. Every trunk was hidden under a thick covering of climbing vines; other trees bent low over the river, blue in mid-stream where the water was deep, green near the shores from the reflection of the close-packed bushes. A boulder planted in the full midst of the current broke the mad rush of water and turned it in foaming torrents to either side of its black mass, the little rapids uttering an endless lullaby that served as a harmonious solvent for all the other voices of Nature. As the water cleared again, farther along, tiny whirlpools sketched its silver surface with multitudes of crystal flowers, while flocks of great white bubbles made their way up from the depths—the butterflies, as it were, of the stream. In the backflows, the shallow river bed was overgrown with the long green leaves of aquatic plants.

Borja suddenly felt himself filled with an extraordinary energy, crossed at the same time by a suppressed anxiety. They were alone. The lady before him seemed to have become another woman. Her eyes were shining. There was something harsh about her laughter, boisterous rather than gay. Her words had a certain careless baldness, as though she were a man talking to a man. A certain per-

plexity, a certain indecision, that always attacked him in the critical moments of his life, caused him to hesitate. A voice which only he could hear was urging him to caution:

"Careful! You are going to do something foolish! You are going to lose an agreeable friendship . . . You will be ashamed when you come to realize what a ridiculous thing you have done . . ."

And he found himself reaching across the table for one of Rosaura's hands, and trying to kiss it.

"No, Borja!" she protested with a brusque change of tone. "Don't be a child! I know what you are going to say! You are going to tell me how wonderful it would be if we two could live here together always! . . . A much jaded tune! The stupidest idiot in the world in which I live could think of that! But you profess to be a man of talent! Let go of my hand! A kiss of that kind means nothing, ordinarily. Hundreds of men have touched my fingers with their lips in greeting, as they have other women's. But I will not tolerate it here! Here it means something else!"

And she withdrew her hand, with a jerk, from the two which were caressing it.

"You will not believe me," he said humbly, "but all I am going to say is nothing but the truth. You imagine we have known each other only since that time we met in Madrid. But you are wrong! I have known you from the first day I began to think! I have always had you before my eyes! I have been waiting for you all my life long! And now, when at last you cross my path, you

make fun of my worship of you—you mistake me for one of the countless who have sought you only because you are so beautiful!"

She laughed lightly at the young man's serious air.

"Your coffee is getting cold, Claudio!" she said, as a mother might scold a child. "Let us not spoil such a wonderful day! Don't feel obliged to make love to me, as a matter of form! Really, I shall be quite satisfied if we are just good friends! Treat me as you would any one of your comrades!"

But Borja had been emboldened by his own words, and would not be put off:

"How long you have been in coming! I know you better than you know yourself! You will always be young, though you are thousands of years old—as old as the world, as ancient as life . . ."

"Now you are original!" she interrupted with gay irony. "Old, ancient, how many thousands? Thanks for the compliment!"

But he dreamed on without paying attention:

"I have seen you in the books I have read, in the pictures I have looked at, in everything that human fancy has created to express the concept of supreme beauty! You are Venus, you are Helen of Troy, you are the grace and the temptation that make life worth while! You will never grow old, because you possess the immortality of the gods!"

She nodded approvingly.

"Now you are on the track! You have taken back the worst of it, and are really quite agreeable! You may go on . . ."

A rough, vulgar, joyous music suddenly broke in on the whispering symphony of leaves and water. The "Garden of Petrarch" like all resorts of amusement near large towns had an electric piano; and the host thought it his duty to do what he could for his guests now that they had finished their meal. Rosaura's feet began to beat in rhythm with the popular tune, her high heels tapping the pavement noisily.

"Come, let's dance!" she said.

And now Borja found himself whirling about a cemented floor on the bank of the stream where Petrarch had written his immortal poems. With voluptuous abandonment the beautiful creole of the South rested her weight upon his arm, though her head and shoulders were thrown far back as though to forestall any possible enterprise her partner might adventure. At the same time she seemed to relish the danger for the privilege of thwarting it. Discovering that her literary and erudite companion was not at his best in this particular art, she began to lead the movements herself. Borja still clung tenaciously to his own train of thought and let himself be guided with complete humility. Was she not a superior being? Thus must the goddesses of old have asserted themselves with the mortal men upon whom they deigned to shed the glory of their embraces!

Again there surged up in him that forwardness which was an occasion for remorse and shame for a second half of his inner being: his head drooped slowly forward, as if from an attack of fainting, and his lips rested timidly on the white flesh which Rosaura's low-cut collar left visible.

"No!" she exclaimed. "Don't!"

And she released herself from the arm that was thrown about her waist.

"We are through with dancing! You are an incorrigible child! . . . One can take no risks with you!"

Then, as though repenting of her sharp tone, she added jovially:

"I shall have to write about all this to Senator Bustamante's daughter! She ought to know what sort of a man she is going to marry!"

This thrust really did more damage to Claudio than all the lady's direct complaints. The enlivening warmth of the wine left him as if by magic—everything about him turned a dull gray. The vale of the Sorges seemed suddenly to be shrouded in a dense fog.

He was in such a sorry plight that Rosaura finished by taking pity on him:

"Come, my dear child—you know something of the world! You can well imagine that a woman like me—entirely free, and addicted, one might say, to a life of excitement, cannot have been waiting for you to come, as you say you have been waiting for me to come. Believe me, no one waits for anyone in this world—it is chance that arranges everything! So, to persuade you to leave me in peace, that we may remain friends, I must tell you that in my life as a widow there has been someone—a man whom many people know about—perhaps even you! It may be a desire on your part to replace him which moves you to do things and say things which would offend a woman less familiar with the ways of the world than I."

The conjecture hurt Claudio to the quick, while occa-

sioning him a painful surprise. He had known of no such man; he had thought of replacing no one; he had loved her without once thinking of what her past may have been!

"All the better in that case!" she replied. "You must not speak of love to me again . . . But I am surprised that you have never heard of that episode in my life which has occasioned a concern as lively as it seems to me superfluous among my friends and acquaintances in Paris and elsewhere! . . . However, let us be just two friends, two comrades, who like each other, and get along famously together, with mutual respect for each other's secrets."

The conversation lagged. In vain she tried to revive Borja's good spirits with her gaiety and playfulness. She proposed a ride on the motor launch, "The Laura," which advertised short tours to points of interest along the Sorges; but the proprietor of the restaurant explained that the engine was out of order and in the repair shop at Avignon.

"Well then, let's go!" she said, beckoning to her chauffeur who was already seated at the wheel of the car in front of the restaurant gate. "I can see, my dear Petrarch, that you are in very bad humor, and must rest your eyes from the sight of a pretty landscape that now seems to disgust you. Avignon is more what you need! There you have many interesting things to tell about your Pope Luna and his quarrels with other Popes—all completely new to me!"

On the return over the same roads, Borja at first preserved a stolid silence, or at best replied in monosyllables to the questions Rosaura chanced to ask. But grad-

ually, as though the nearness of that lovely form, which was being continually thrown against him by the swaying of the car, revived his courage along with his desire, he reverted to the love which he regarded as supernatural and which he fancifully clothed with literary or imaginary associations.

Venus Lilith replied this time in a thoroughly earnest tone which suggested an aggressive intent to have done with such a courtship once and for all:

"What a Spaniard! So it is really true that a woman cannot go anywhere alone with one, without hearing a long story of love and a demand that it be requited as though a Sultan had set his eyes upon an odalisque and she had to do his bidding! Can't we really get along together in peace, as two friends? I am speaking in all seriousness, Claudio! I consider it a great good fortune to have encountered you in Avignon. I am learning so much that I never knew, and it all helps me to forget other things that are on my mind. But I must tell you: if you are to continue this nonsense of the last two hours, I shall leave for the Blue Coast the first thing tomorrow morning —and you will never see me again!"

CHAPTER VI

TWO WOMEN SCOLD A POPE

ROSAURA'S eyes followed a group of tourists who had crossed the square in front of the Palace and were about to ascend the steps. It was ten in the morning.

"Raw material for our friend the *félibre*!" she said. "The guide is getting ready for another round of speeches in front of his favorite windows, and for his 'strophes to Magali' in the Grand Chapel!"

Borja greeted the reference to the talkative southerner with a shrug of indifference. They had left their hotel to study the Palace, this time, on their own account, and he was explaining how the sixth and seventh Popes of Avignon had tried to return the Holy See to Rome, the last effort, that of the seventh, giving rise to the struggle within the Church known as the Great Schism of the West. Later on they had planned for a walk through the gardens of the Doms, a strip of land which, in the time of the Popes, had been sterile and ugly situated between the Papal castle and the Rhone.

"The Great Companies," Borja resumed, "troops of discharged mercenaries, that is, were a source of real danger to the Pontiffs. They had an unpleasant habit of sacking abbeys and towns; and the city on the Rhone, famous for its new wealth, was a constant object of their threats. To provide adequate defences, the Popes were

obliged to maintain a standing army, in addition to devoting a large portion of their income to fortification—the pretty walls of Avignon, as we can still see them! Among these Companies was that led by the famous Duguesclin, who is accounted something of a hero in French history, though he was more or less of a bandit like all the men-at-arms of his time. Duguesclin came with his army and encamped in the immediate neighborhood here. He said his purpose was to obtain the Pope's blessing on himself and his men; but that did not prevent him from demanding and receiving a huge sum of money as the price for his moving on without damaging the city.

"As a result of episodes of this kind, the Popes began to feel almost as insecure on the Rhone as they had been in Italy. Meantime, importunities, entreaties, demands, were just as persistent from those beyond the Alps who wished the Holy See to be back in Rome. From his retreat in Arquà, Petrarch, now an old man, was continuing the imprecations he had uttered in his youth; and other Italian writers took up the refrain, slandering the morals of the court at Avignon and even the private lives of the popes themselves. When Clement the Sixth, the most famous of the Avignonese pontiffs, died of a common malady, it was asserted throughout the length and breadth of Italy that he had succumbed to an unnameable disease. The campaigns of Cardinal Albornoz had reestablished order in the Papal States, and the Romans insisted the Pope could now reside in the Eternal City in all security. Last but not least, the future Saint Bridget, a Swedish gentlewoman, who always spoke in the name of God and had visited Hell and Purgatory the better to

describe them in books she wrote, joined in the chorus of protest. Saint Bridget had a passion for Italy, like many foreign tourists of our time. She lived for long periods in Rome and Naples, and this, she felt, gave her the right to consider the Italian cause her own.

"Urban the Fifth could not resist the combined pressure of all these forces, and he resolved to accede to them. The moment happened otherwise to be favorable. Duguesclin had moved into Spain to make war on don Pedro the Cruel in behalf of the latter's bastard brother, don Enrique de Trastámara; and this adventure had virtually cleaned the South of France of bandits. Otherwise the risks of the journey to Rome would have been too great. The Papal train had to convey the priceless treasures of the Pontiffs along with very considerable amounts of gold. With such a bait the free-lances of the South could have been relied upon to feel the need of another Papal blessing; and they would have taken charge of the Pope's person till he had handed over all his wealth!

"When Urban reached Marseilles, most of his Cardinals changed their minds and were loath to continue on to Rome. He reduced them to obedience only by threatening to elect others in their places. The voyage was made by sea without serious mishap, and the Pope was received in Rome, enthusiastically by some, with hostility or hypocrisy by others, according as the presence of the Papacy favored or disturbed various special ambitions or interests. In any event, Urban was soon aware that the securities offered by the Italians were of no great weight. Various insurrections in the cities of the Papal States required him to raise an army. The Viscontis and other

princes of the North, who had been put in their places by Cardinal Albornoz, now saw another opportunity to invade the Pope's territory.

"A number of Christian sovereigns visited Urban during his stay in Rome: Queen Joan of Naples; the Byzantine Emperor, John Paleologos; Lusignan, king of Cyprus; and the Emperor Charles the Fourth of Germany, who served as altar boy during a mass which the former Pope of Avignon sang on the Papal altar in Saint Peter's deserted now for so many years! However, these gay events and the wild enthusiasm of the Romans, who were waiting open-mouthed for the tributes of Christendom to pour into Rome again, did not prevent the Pontiff from seeing the miserable conditions prevailing in his Italian States and from dreaming wistfully of his placid well-fortified abode on the Rhone. Moreover there was business to attend to there; for the war between France and England, which had been dormant for some time, was about to reopen (with fatal consequences for the French —their luck did not change till fully a half century later, with the appearance of Joan of Arc). So the Pope decided to return to France in spite of declamations from Petrarch, in spite of the prayers of the Romans, in spite of the visions of Saint Bridget, who predicted that Urban would die the moment he left Rome.

"The second half of the Fourteenth century and the first half of the Fifteenth," continued Borja, "were very strongly influenced by visions of women who professed to be inspired by God. Saint Bridget found an imitator in the sturdy Catherine, daughter of a dyer of Siena, and in her own daughter Catherine, who was afterward made

a saint (as was the mother), under the name of Saint Catherine of Sweden. Later on, at the time of Pope Luna, a certain Saint Colette took a hand in the Schism on the side of the Spanish Pontiff. And there was still to come the most extraordinary of them all, Joan of Arc herself."

Saint Bridget was very popular in Italy. The "Swedish countess," as the Italians called her, was rich and lived lavishly on her tours (when a saint has money, and spends it, all the better!) A relative of the reigning house of Sweden, she was married as a mere girl to a rich lord of that country who was as much of a mystic as she, though their mysticism did not prevent them from procreating nine children. On returning from a pilgrimage to the shrine of Saint James at Compostella, the two agreed to separate forever. Her husband became a monk, while she continued her journeys of a religious character in company with her caravan of offspring. She lived in Jerusalem and in other towns of the East; but her favorite residences were Naples and Rome. Her visions she recounted in her books. One of them, dealing with a journey to Hell which she made in the vehicle of a vivid and undisciplined imagination, showed the influence of Dante. At the time of their appearance, her writings were considered heretical, and only years later, when the globe-trotting countess had been sanctified by the Popes of Rome, were they found to be free from guile.

"She was a terrible woman, nevertheless," said Borja. "She seemed to carry death in her purse strings, and to hand it out at her pleasure. Out of regard for her lineage Queen Joan had received her at the court in Naples. One

of Bridget's children was a handsome youth, pink cheeked and fair haired like most of his race; and the capricious Queen, weary doubtless of dark-skinned Neapolitans, set eyes upon him. But the mystical Countess divined the Queen's intent out of hand. 'O Lord,' she prayed, 'take my son to a holier world 'ere he fall into this sin.' And the boy was dead within a few days! Urban's decision to abandon Rome inspired in her an equally truculent mood: she predicted a speedy death for him as he went back to Avignon. And again she hit the mark! To be sure, the Pope had to die sooner or later; and his frail health, together with the strain of the journey, furnished a basis for a guess on which even less than a Saint might take a chance. As a matter of fact, Urban died just eighty-six days after reaching his old palace in Avignon."

His body was buried in the monastery of Saint Victor in Marseilles where he had officiated as abbot. One day later the Conclave elected the new Pope, Gregory the Eleventh.

Gregory was a young man of thirty-nine, and his father, a lay nobleman, had had the unique fortune of seeing both his brother and his son in the chair of Saint Peter—the brother was Clement the Sixth. He himself could have attained the Papacy had he seen fit to enter ecclesiastical life; but he put aside the honor in favor of his son. Like many of the princes of the Church, Gregory was only a cardinal-deacon. He was ordained as a priest, advanced to the bishopric, and crowned, during the days following his election. As was the custom of the popes of Avignon, he traversed the streets of the city at the head of a great cavalcade, wearing on his head the famous

tiara of Saint Silvester, and mounted on a charger of which the Duke of Anjou, brother of the King of France, held the reins.

At once ambassadors from Italy began to arrive, begging the Pope to return to Rome and assuring him that the city would become orderly again from the mere fact of his presence. At the moment, also, the plague made its third appearance in Avignon, causing many deaths, and Gregory was obliged to move to Villeneuve to escape the contagion which had gained a foothold in the Palace. Finally the Companies had again settled in the neighborhood. The outrages they perpetrated upon pilgrims coming to seek his benediction prompted the Pontiff to repeat the anathemas which his predecessor had hurled against such bands of soldiers.

Gregory also had his female seer. Catherine Benincasa presented herself in Avignon as an envoy from the Florentines commissioned to settle an affair of their republic. The future Saint Catherine of Siena was the daughter of a plain Mona Lapa, her brothers humble dyers who had failed in their business. The housewives of Siena could not believe that such a woman could be very important in the world; but beyond the limits of her native town, in Florence, in Rome, Catherine was already famous for her gifts of prophecy. A woman of strong will, rough and risquée of speech, she declared herself appointed of God to achieve the great purpose of her time—the return of the Holy See to Rome.

The court of Avignon received her coldly. Cardinals and high officials looked with contempt on this vulgar, noisy, and bothersome female. The ladies of the papal

family, the nieces of the cardinals, the wives and daughters of the rich burghers in the city, lingered about the antechambers of the Palace for a sight of this ill-dressed mannish woman, so different from themselves. But she would answer their gibes with picturesque obscenities—she was something like those courageous camp followers of the old armies who sometimes suddenly found themselves in society because their husbands had become generals. Besides, all she cared about was private interviews with the Pope, a hesitant, irresolute individual, who was deeply impressed by the counsel given him in the language of the streets by this forceful woman sent of God.

It was the year 1376 when Gregory made an irrevocable decision to return to Rome, and no one succeeded in retarding his departure. In vain the Pope's own father threw himself across the threshold of the papal chamber—the Pontiff walked over his prostrate form like a man in a trance. The horse Gregory mounted at the Palace gate proved to be balky and refused to move: the Pope sent for another one. Mobs of Avignonese lined the streets protesting that the journey was against the will of God. Equally vain were the efforts of the King of France, who sent his own brother to beg the Pope to stay. Gregory boarded ship at Marseilles, where the Knights of Saint John had put twenty-two galleons and other boats at his disposal. The very elements themselves seemed to declare against the Pope's decision. The voyage was a disastrous one, lasting two months and a half. Despite long stops at Villefranche, Genoa, Livorno, Piombino, whenever the Pope put to sea he would be overtaken by storm. He saw ships capsize and sink with all on board before his eyes.

At last however, he arrived at Ostia, sailed up the Tiber with his weather-beaten galleys, and made solemn entrance into Rome.

Gregory observed immediately that the pomp attending his welcome was just as hypocritical and covered just as many dangers as that displayed in honor of the Pope before him. In the first place he had been deceived as to the submission of the Roman aristocracy. The "bannerets," the feudal chieftains of the twelve districts of the city, who had been accustomed to ruling as absolute despots over their domains, did indeed spread their flags at the feet of the Pontiff in sign of homage. But this was only a form. They continued to do as they pleased, and disobeyed the Pope whenever their convenience required them to do so. The inhabitants of the Papal States also became unruly and revolted under the influence of their local tyrants. The life that Gregory had to live in Rome was something far removed from his tranquil existence in Avignon. Here his task was to fight for order in an anarchic State and give the appearance of life to an authority nobody recognized. Feeling himself fatally ill, he foresaw the dangers to which the Church would be exposed after his death, should the conclave be held in Rome.

The bannerets were openly declaring that they would accept no Pope who was not a Roman or at least an Italian. They were determined that their city should recover the riches and the glories usurped by the "Babylon on the Rhone." Gregory decided, in his alarm, to hasten back to Avignon, and he made secret arrangements for the journey, audibly confessing repentance for his weak-

ness in lending ear to the suasion of "visionary women." Death, however, overtook him before he could depart. To avert the more immediate dangers, he had prepared a Bull ordering the cardinals in immediate attendance on him to elect his successor with all speed, assembling the conclave wherever they should think best, in Rome or elsewhere, without waiting for such of their colleagues as had remained in Avignon.

It became at once apparent that the fears of the dead Pope were more than justified. Mobs of Romans met the cardinals at the doorways of the churches, shouting in angry voices: "A Roman Pope!" "An Italian Pope!" Orators lamented that "our city had been widowed now for sixty-eight years"; and others still: "Since the death of Boniface, France has been gorging on wealth that belongs to Rome. It is now our turn to fatten on French gold."

The Conclave met, after the legal interval of nine days, on the seventh of April, in the year 1378. Rome was in full revolt. The environs of the papal palace were crowded with an enormous multitude—all the populace of Rome, through which moved henchmen of the feudal leaders inflaming the spirit of insurrection in accord with directions from their masters. As the cardinals proceeded to the Conclave, they heard threats and curses on every hand: "An Italian Pope, a Roman Pope, or we'll slaughter every one of you!" In fact, a delegation from the bannerets addressed the cardinals the moment deliberations began: "Elect an Italian pope; otherwise the populace will turn your heads redder than the caps you wear."

Vainly some of the cardinals protested against this interference. "Your violence, O men of Rome, can only vitiate our election. In that case, the Pope we elect will not be Pope, but a usurper."

The uproar outside the Palace increased. All the bells of Rome were ringing the call to arms. Weapons began appearing in the streets. Finally the mob got out of hand. The gates of the palace were beaten down and the throng surged into the chambers of the Conclave.

"We must remember," Borja explained, "that many of these ecclesiastical magnates were men of great wealth and dissolute lives, accustomed to seeing themselves obeyed in everything without risk or danger on their own part. Most of them quailed in terror before this mob of Romans which was pounding at their gates howling threats of death. Of the sixteen cardinals present, eleven were French, four were Italian, and one was a Spaniard, Pedro de Luna.

"Cardinal de Luna, in his youth, had fought a campaign in Castile against don Pedro the Cruel. Small of stature, he was still an obstinate, courageous man. He was the only prelate who did not flee but went forward to meet the aggressive populace."

However, the terrified conclavists did not know which way to turn in the presence of this sudden danger. For that matter the uproar in and about the building did not permit them to deliberate intelligently. Someone proposed that a mock election be announced to hold the mob off for a time and give the conclave a chance to assemble elsewhere. The pontifical cape, following this idea, was thrown over the shoulders of the Cardinal of Saint Peter,

one of the four Italians and an extremely aged man. But he took fright and began to scream: "I am not the Pope! I refuse to be Pope!" Hastily then they agreed on Batholomew de Prignano, archbishop of Bari, who was not a cardinal, and who, indeed, was unknown to many of the members of the conclave—he was an Italian, and that was enough for them!

While, then, the mob was plundering the palace, carrying away the furniture, the vestments, and such private property as the cardinals had left about, the princes of the church made off as best each could—twelve of them reaching the Castello di Sant' Angelo. These twelve consented, the next day, after many interviews with the Roman leaders and many guarantees, to venture forth from their refuge and proceed to the enthronement of Prignano, who had elected the name of Urban the Sixth.

"One may reasonably argue," said Borja, "that, despite the unusual circumstances of this election, the cardinals were morally and legally bound to obey this Pope of such dubious origin, especially since their fear of the Roman populace prevented them from holding another election at once. Unfortunately, Urban the Sixth, a Neapolitan, who had always acted like a rational person up to that moment, seemed to lose his mental balance under the emotions of his unexpected elevation to the Throne. Raving like a lunatic, he began treating the Cardinals and the other attendants at his Court with senseless brutality, even going to the extreme of assaulting them with his fists. The two Catherines, the one from Siena while she lived, and the other from Sweden, the daughter of Saint Bridget, exercised a certain restraint upon him for a time.

But as the years went by and Urban saw himself free from the scoldings of these saintly shrews, his dementia attained paroxysms of bloodthirsty fury. At one moment he ordered certain cardinals whom he had himself created to be put to cruel deaths because he believed they had gone over to his enemies for money."

It took the cardinals of the conclave just five months to repent of this election. Unable longer to endure the insults and the tyrannical extravagances of Urban the Sixth, they withdrew from Rome and reassembled in conclave on the twentieth of September in the castle of Fundi. Their first act was to declare the election of Prignano null and void; and their second, to nominate in his place, Cardinal Robert de Genève, a Frenchman, who took the name of Clement the Seventh.

Thus began the Great Schism of the West.

All the Cardinals were present at Fundi—all of them, including the Italians. To be sure one of those members present at the first conclave had died: the aged Cardinal of Saint Peter never recovered from the shock of seeing himself named Pope in the presence of the unruly mob. Left without a single cardinal, Urban at once named twenty-six new ones (several of them he afterwards murdered), and raised an army of mercenary troops from the bands encamped for purposes of robbery along the highways leading to Rome.

Clement the Seventh and his cardinals, all of whom were created before the Schism, decided to return to Avignon, where five of their colleagues had remained on the departure of Gregory the Eleventh. The Pope of Avignon was recognized by France, Spain, Portugal,

Scotland, Savoy, and the Kingdom of Naples-Provence. The rulers of the North recognized the Pope of Rome. The English and the Germans feared the triumph of the French pope would mean the ascent of the King of France to the throne of the Empire, the inheritance of Charlemagne thus reverting to Paris.

"People very generally think of the last two Popes of Avignon as anti-popes," said Borja, "but the Church itself has never made any such ruling. It has never formally declared whether only one of the two pontiffs officiating respectively from Rome and Avignon was the authentic vicar of Christ, or whether both shared this exalted function between them over a period of years. The fact that the names of the two Avignonese pontiffs are omitted from the official catalogue of the Popes is not regarded by historians as equivalent to a dogmatic decision. No act of the Apostolic Authority has ever fixed the title of 'anti-pope' upon them. The Councils of Pisa and Constance which met to end the Schism deposed both the Pope of Avignon and the Pope of Rome. It severely censured the former and his predecessor, but never impaired their titles: the rivals were described the one as 'Pope in his Obedience of Avignon,' and the other as 'Pope in his Obedience of Rome'—*in sua obedientia Papa.* The Church has never cared to dwell upon this sad period of controversy and disorganization in its history. Furthermore no strictly dogmatic questions were involved: the issue was the validity of an election. Both Popes were equally observant of Christian doctrine. I have heard my uncle, the canon in Valencia, say—and for

that matter, other men of his stamp—that it would be rash to assert that the election of Urban the Sixth, made as it was in the midst of disorder and in the face of threats, was something so final and decisive as to prevent the same electing body to meet five months later under normal conditions and proceed to a new and free choice."

Since there were Italians, and not only French, among the cardinals who elected Clement the Seventh at Fundi, Catherine of Siena, who was a partisan of the Pope of Rome, denounced these as renegades and "bad Italians." In the eyes of this saintly woman the Schism was an affair of nationality. Though the Church was universal, it should always be ruled by Italians. This exclusivism has finally triumphed in the Church; but in the Fourteenth century the clergy felt itself much freer, and the tacit and underlying issue in the Schism was the right of Catholics regardless of nativity to occupy the Pontifical throne.

The return of the Pope put new life into Avignon, which had already begun to decline. Sovereigns again appeared in its streets with their gorgeous trains on the way to the Palace on the Rhone. Even the King of Armenia paraded through the town with his cortège to pay his respects to Clement the Seventh.

The latter was thirty-six years old when the fugitive conclave elected him at Fundi. On his mother's side he was connected with the royal house of France. A man of vigorous courage, he was at the same time pliant and conciliatory. Urban the Sixth favored him with a very particular personal hatred. He knew that had the election taken place under peaceful conditions, Robert de Genève

would have been chosen Pontiff. In view of his youth and his gallant manners Urban once publicly called him a "pimp."

Urban died eleven years after his questionable election. His last days were an orgy of bloodthirsty persecutions. Some of his cardinals died mysterious deaths. He was reported to have been seen one day calmly walking up and down his room reading his prayers while from a neighboring chamber came the cries of two cardinals who were being tortured at his order.

His passing, in the year 1389, presented an unexpected opportunity for reestablishing peace in the Church. The King of France and the University of Paris hastily despatched emissaries to Rome to prevent the holding of a new conclave that the Schism might automatically end. But the cardinals extemporized by Urban the Sixth feared they might lose their investitures if the Church were reunified, and hastily elected one of their number Pope under the name of Boniface the Ninth.

"This action of the Roman cardinals created a precedent," said Borja. "Thereafter the ecclesiastical princes of each Obedience made a new election before the dead pope was in his grave."

Clement the Seventh ruled for sixteen years from his palace in Avignon. On his death bed he asked to be buried next to one of his cardinals, Pierre de Luxembourg, who had lived a life of great ascetic privation, though he was a blood relation to most of the principal rulers of his time. This saint died at a very youthful age as a result of his physical abnegations and ordered that a grave be dug for him in the cemetery of the paupers at Avignon; however,

such multitudes flocked to his tomb and such miracles were worked upon it that his remains were finally transferred to a church erected in his honor.

"The case is noteworthy," Borja commented, "because here was a saint of undoubted acceptance of the Obedience of Avignon and who actually performed miracles within that Obedience!"

On Clement's death, the French court again made a gesture to prevent the holding of a conclave; but its embassy arrived too late, as had happened at Rome five years earlier. The Avignonese cardinals had no difficulty in making their hasty choice: all eyes were upon the Cardinal of Aragon, a Spaniard renowned for his integrity of character, his unflinching courage, his canonical learning, his unwearying dialectic, his austere life. At a period when the primates of the Church vied with the lay nobility in freedom of morals, the Spanish cardinal had never occasioned the slightest flurry of scandal. He had always adhered to the strictness of personal life which the Church enjoined, though he was only a cardinal-deacon assigned to political policies and did not become a priest till the day following his elevation to the Pontificate. From the first moments he had been a staunch propagandist for the legitimacy of the Avignonese papacy. When the Kings of Castile, Navarre, and Aragon, had declared for neutrality in the great ecclesiastical dispute, he had hurried to Spain and procured formal recognition for Clement the Seventh.

If the latter had been a relative of the dynasty ruling in France, doña Maria de Luna, a woman of the Cardinal's family, was a queen through her marriage to Martin, king

of Sicily, and heir apparent to the thrones of Aragon, Catalonia and Valencia.

Twenty-one cardinals, nearly all of them appointed before the Schism by a Pope of unquestioned title, took part in his election. Twenty voted for Pedro de Luna, who, at the time, was a man sixty-six years old. The one dissenting vote was that of Cardinal de Luna himself, who held out for a long time before accepting the election.

He took the name of Benedict the Thirteenth. He was the first Spaniard seriously to interest the world since the time when ancient Rome was being lectured by Seneca and ruled by Trajan.

Borja paused in his narrative for a moment, and then he added:

"And now we have come to our man!"

PART TWO

THE WAR OF THE THREE POPES

THE WAR OF THE THREE POPES

CHAPTER I

THE WAR ON THE MAN IN THE MOON

LEAVING the Palace behind them, they walked the length of the square and began the ascent of a gentle slope fringed at the top with tall trees and blossoming flower gardens—the ancient cliff of Doms, once the jest of Petrarch for its barrenness, now a flowering park.

As he walked along Borja continued his description of the hero of his book.

Pedro de Luna was a sober, virtuous man in an environment of general looseness. He came to the papal chair with great renown as a debater thoroughly grounded in canon law. His blameless life caused him to stand out in singular relief among and above the men of his generation.

"Even his adversaries recognized as excesses merely of admirable qualities the defects of this unyielding man: his political insight tended toward a devious and complicated subtleness; his forceful persistence easily became a hard-headed unreasoning obstinacy; his independence of character, his fastidious sense of personal dignity, often appeared as a haughtiness unendurable to those about him."

Born at Illueca, near Catalayud, he belonged to one of the most notable families of Aragon. Borja had visited

the castle at Illueca, the homestead of the Lunas, situated almost on the frontier between Castile and Aragon. This massive structure of heavy merloned battlements, with shoots and port-holes for marksmen and cannon, betrayed a distant echo of more lighthearted influences from the coast. The broad strip of painted tile on its front must have been imported from Valencia, to constitute on sunlit days a patch of gay color that was like a smile on the façade of the grim fortress.

The future pope of Avignon began his career as a soldier. The location of the ancestral castle gave the family a certain interest in Castilian affairs, and Pedro de Luna, in fact, fought against Pedro the Cruel as companion and guide to Enrique de Trastámara, when the latter, after his defeat at Najera, made his way in disguise across the whole of Aragon to the boundaries of France. After this experience in arms on the losing side, young Luna devoted himself wholly to books, outstanding in the branch of canon law of which he became a teacher at the University of Montpellier. Family influence, his great learning, and his spotless reputation as a man, earned him a rapid advance among the Church benefices. He held an archdeaconship at Valencia, a canonicate in several cathedrals in Catalonia and Aragon, and, finally, the archbishopric of Palermo in Sicily. It was Gregory the Eleventh, the last Avignonese Pope before the Schism, who elevated him to the cardinalate. On handing him the red hat, the Pope remarked good-humoredly, in allusion to his well known stubbornness:

"See to it, don Pedro, that your moon (*luna*) is never eclipsed!"

At the time of his election, Cardinal de Luna repeatedly declined the tiara on the ground that the man required for the throne at the moment was a pliant flexible person disposed to compromise with the "usurper" at Rome, in order that some agreement or other might be reached for unity within the Church. This, however, was not the view of the twenty cardinals. They saw in this man of iron will the leader who could realize the desired unity by vanquishing the Opposition.

"There was a sharp contrast," Borja went on, "between the man's physical appearance and the spirit that lay under it. Small of frame, delicate, almost sickly, he possessed an endurance such as few men can show. He lived to be ninety-four. Yet in his extreme old age he could apply himself to work for hours at a time, speak on the most intricate and varying subjects without reference to notes, and conduct a debate successfully with any antagonist living in his day. When the last of his supporters dropped away from him, he delivered a speech seven hours long, retracing the whole history of the Schism, yet without one break in his voice. All his portraits by contemporaries show a face with a strong somewhat unsymmetrical aquiline nose, and eyes of a penetrating fixedness that seem to probe to the depths the person on whom they are turned. This man held the attention of Europe for thirty years on the diet of a sick nursling—he rarely partook of anything but liquid foods!"

On entering the conclave which elected him, don Pedro swore, as did the other cardinals, to make every possible sacrifice to terminate the Schism. The same formality was adopted also by the cardinals in Rome. Generous

promises and noble resolves there were aplenty from both sides; but each camp, in raising the cry of unity, demanded that the other give the good example by retiring first from the field.

Since Luna had held aloof from the first debates incident to the Schism—his sole public act had been the journey through Spain to secure recognition of the Avignonese candidate—his ascension to the Pontificate was generally regarded as indication that the divisions in the Church were to come to an end.

Paris, Barcelona, Toledo, and other cities, celebrated the advent of Benedict the Thirteenth with solemn processions, attended by their various sovereigns. The University of Paris, which exercised an influence as great as any king, expressed similar confidence in the former professor at Montpellier. There was no question as to don Pedro's freedom from personal ambition. He had never been suspected of simony and nepotism. Instead of amassing wealth by questionable devices, he gave with generous largess from what he had inherited in his own family. The nieces and nephews about his court were undisputably children of his brothers and sisters, something that could not be said of other popes and cardinals. Rodrigo de Luna, the captain general of the new Pontiff, and who was to be his partner in some of his warlike enterprises, was the son of one of don Pedro's sisters.

As the months began to go by and Benedict the Thirteenth made no move to put off his tiara, the theologians at the Sorbonne began to grow impatient.

In all this matter of the double Papacy the French were

as nationally minded as the Italians. So long as the Pope at Avignon was a Frenchman, the Parisian Court and the University were in no particular hurry to solve the problem. Clement the Seventh, don Pedro's predecessor, stood quietly for seventeen long years facing his Roman adversary.

But Luna was a Spaniard and shortly began to feel from the Parisian Seminary a pressure not always exerted with reverence for his authority. He himself repeatedly complained, orally and in his writings, of the severity with which he was treated "probably because I am not a Frenchman."

His popularity in France during the first months of his pontificate rested largely on the high esteem in which he was held as a man. But gradually people found time to remark that Benedict was the first Spaniard to occupy the Holy See; and this fact, coupled with his extraordinary firmness of character, caused him to be watched with uneasiness and hostility.

Petrarch, in one of his efforts to be terse at the expense of the Papacy of Avignon, had said: "The Papal Throne which has always rested on the banks of the Tiber, is now to be found on the banks of the Rhone. Who can say that our grandchildren may not have to seek it on the banks of the Tagus?"

Certain measures of the new Pope lent color to these fears. Don Pedro filled vacancies in the Cardinalate with Spanish prelates of his personal following. And with an eye to the future, he sent his nephew, Rodrigo, to Spain to recruit a force of volunteer crossbowmen and gen-

darmes, that he might have a loyal body-guard of non-mercenaries and be independent of protection against the bands from one or another of the kings.

A national council of the French clergy was called in the Sainte Chapelle at Paris to consider the question of the Schism. At the University Benedict had powerful friends but hardly less powerful foes. Two men of science in particular were influential in his favor there—Pierre d'Ailly, who became a cardinal during the last years of the Schism and for a time enthusiastically supported the Papacy at Avignon; and then, the theologian, Gerson.

"Pierre d'Ailly," said Borja, "was a writer on many subjects, but his greatest merit in modern eyes, is to have summarized the geographical knowledge of his time in a book called the *Imago Mundi,* which was one of the few volumes Christopher Columbus habitually read. Gerson was a pupil of d'Ailly, and for some time was renowned as the probable author of the anonymous *Imitation of Christ.* This influential theologian was now for, and now against, Pope Luna, according to fluctuation in the latter's fortunes. It was Gerson, indeed, who organized the famous Council of Constance, thereby contributing more than anyone else to the final rout of the Spanish pontiff."

The council which met in Paris set about examining the "ways" *(viæ),* or procedures, by which the two existing popes could be reduced to one. Many believed in the "way of convention"—on the theory that if the two popes could be brought together in an interview they could arrive at some agreement for reunifying the Church. The majority stood for the "way of cession," holding it desirable that the two adversaries should abdicate their

thrones and leave the choice of their joint successor to a Grand Council of the Church.

France sent embassies both to Rome and Avignon to persuade the two popes to abdicate; but as was to be expected, neither would accept the "way of cession." Each was afraid he would be tricked in presenting his resignation first; since the other, now alone in control of the Church, could sustain his position with increased strength if his antagonist virtually conceded illegitimacy by abdicating.

Benedict the Thirteenth was actually visited by two embassies: the first, so-called, "of the three dukes," since it was headed by the Dukes of Berri, Burgundy, and Orleans; the second, "of the three kings," since the monarchs of France, England, and Castile were represented on it. After accepting a post on this legation of kings, Enrique the Third of Castile began to show ill-humor, intuiting that the whole affair was an intrigue against Pope Luna because of his Spanish birth. The same suspicion gradually aroused national feeling in the realms of Navarre and Aragon; and the kings of those states stood on their guard against any initiatives from Paris.

In the fruitless negotiations of the two embassies, the Pope of Rome was as uncompromising as Benedict the Thirteenth; though the French Court and the University directed their main attack upon the latter, probably because they thought him more within their power.

"Why should I abdicate first," Pope Luna would inquire, "when I represent legitimacy much more than the 'usurper' in Rome?"

In the eyes of the theologians and courtiers of Paris,

the "usurper" was this Spaniard, who had somehow made his way into an office hitherto held by a long line of Frenchmen! Though don Pedro had staunch friends in Paris, chief among them the Duke of Orleans, brother of the King: during his visit to Avignon as a member of the embassy, that Duke became greatly attached to Benedict, and remained loyal to this friendship down to the very day of his assassination.

During his first four years as Pope, years of wearisome, prolonged, underhanded struggles and intrigues, don Pedro enjoyed a few weeks of unmixed joy and good feeling, and treated the people of Avignon to spectacles as glorious as those of the days of Clement the Sixth.

Don Martin, king of Sicily, had finally inherited the crown of Aragon, and while his fleet was resting at Marseilles, he made an excursion to the papal capital, taking in his cortège all the warriors on his galleys and all the gentlemen of his court. Once more the streets of Avignon saw an army of coats-of-mail glittering on horses armored like the dragons of legend; and Benedict gained in his prestige at home as the relative by marriage of such a powerful king, whose hosts would be there to prop don Pedro's pontifical authority.

"Don Martin," continued Borja, "called 'the Humane' for his tastes and his character, was one of the most original figures of the epoch. His subjects named him 'the Chaplain' for his devotion to sacred literature and his delight in religious ceremony. I have recently visited the palace he built for himself inside the precincts of the monastery at Poblet, in Catalonia, that he might profit

by the amiable society of its learned monks during his vacations in the country.

"He liked, especially, to sing in the choirs. This reminds one of Charlemagne before him—and there were emperors at Byzantium who arose at dawn and shivered in the cold, that they might sing as choristers in the chapels of their palaces. In those days the opera had not been invented; and music lovers followed their bent by cultivating the liturgical chant, which they discussed with monks and cathedral canons much as people gossip of the musicales of today.

"Though, from his habits of indolence and his love of the table, don Martin was extremely fat, he made an impressive appearance as he entered the city on armored steed. The Pope gave him the Golden Rose, and he paraded it through the town in the traditional manner, to the acclamations of the multitudes."

After a visit of some weeks, don Martin went off to his country to assume the crown of Aragon, and once more gloom, uneasiness, troubles of state, settled upon the city on the Rhone.

From Paris came veiled threats and overt commands that don Pedro be the first to resign his office.

"Sooner death!" replied the sturdy Aragonese, his head high.

An assembly of the French clergy held in Paris, voted to withdraw obedience from Benedict the Thirteenth; and on the first of September, in the year 1398, a royal commissioner with a herald advanced along the Bridge of Saint-Benezet, coming from the city of Villeneuve on

French territory and halting near the chapel, which still exists on one of the unbroken arches. There, on the boundary of the papal city, the herald read the royal decree of repudiation, his face turned toward the Palace of the Popes that Benedict might know that the message was for him and that France was deserting him.

The Pope showed no emotion when the news was brought:

"Saint Peter did not have France in his patrimony, yet he was Pope for all of that, and a great one!"

Don Pedro's enemies in Paris, in delivering this blow, were counting on a general defection which would leave him almost alone.

The Sacred College at Avignon was composed of seventeen French cardinals, four Spaniards, and one Italian. The seventeen Frenchmen, in fact, crossed the Rhone on the following day and settled in Villeneuve, carrying off even the signet which Benedict's secretaries used in sealing his official documents.

Not even this *coup* dismayed the doughty Luna. "I shall resist until death!" he kept repeating; and his confessor and spiritual advisor, master Vincent Ferrer, a preacher of engaging urbanity much beloved by the people of Avignon, delivered a sermon in the same tenor.

"Your eyes to the ramparts, and I will attend to the rest!" was the Pope's message to his faithful.

And, in truth, a few days later, one of the restless bands of unemployed soldiers so abundant at that time, led by a certain Maingre, or Boucicault, as he is better known (he was a relative of the famous marshal of the latter name), crossed the frontiers of the Popes with his

free-booters. The King of France did not dare make open war upon Benedict, for fear of estranging the kings of Castile, Aragon, and Navarre—they might resent any persecution of a countryman of theirs; but the rebellious French cardinals made suitable arrangements with Maingre, an adventurer hungry for new booty and new lands.

"Rector," or military chief, of the papal state was a churchman formerly a soldier, the Abbot of Issoire. This gentleman happened to be reconnoitering the environs of Avignon at the head of a small detachment of horse, when he stumbled on the invading forces of Boucicault. The Abbot was killed by a thrust from a lance, and his men were captured.

The war was on.

A large portion of the town's population began conspiring against the Pope under the suasion of the traitor cardinals, and this new situation made the defence of the city walls impossible. The garrison in the tower that blocked the Bridge of Saint-Benezet held off assaults for several weeks, but eventually they were called in, blowing up their redoubt behind them. The defenders of a strip of wall in their rear, all Avignonese, had gone over to the besiegers.

Boucicault at once entered the city and claimed henceforth the title of "Captain of Avignon." The only refuge left to Pope Luna was his palace, and therein he shut himself up, with the five cardinals, one Italian and four Spanish, who remained faithful to him.

A new instrument of war had just appeared on the fields of Europe—the "bombard," the earliest piece of

artillery. This invention became known to the Western world through the medium of Spain, as was the case with paper (without paper the printing press would have remained an insignificant discovery). Gunpowder and paper were Chinese inventions which fell into the hands of the Arabs, one may say by accident, in the Ninth century: at Samarcand, in Caucasia, the Mohammedans chanced to defeat, taking many prisoners, a great army which the Emperor of China had dispatched to dislodge them from recently acquired territories. Thereafter, Spanish Arabs established the first factories of paper in Europe, and they employed siege cannon at least two centuries before it occurred to the armored knights of Christendom to adopt the same weapon.

An almost equally long period intervened between the acceptance of the "bombard" and the development of portable firearms. In the Fourteenth and Fifteenth centuries a cannon was a heavy unwieldy affair, and its use was restricted to sieges. Foot soldiers still carried the cross, and the long, bow. One of the first and most notable applications of artillery was in the fight to overthrow the stubborn Pope of Avignon, don Pedro de Luna.

Borja and Rosaura had reached an esplanade in the garden, whence they could see the Cathedral and the Palace lying just at their feet. The tower of the former had not greatly changed since the time of Pope Luna: in his day there was no gilded image at the pinnacle of the spire, but the battlements and salients for defense remained the same. All the churches of heavy masonry in that period were sooner or later and at one time or another converted into fortresses. The enemies of don Pedro took posses-

sion of all high points surrounding in the belief that they could subdue him after a few days of siege.

At this moment, the whole city of Avignon seemed to have turned against its Pope. In reality de Luna had many sympathizers in the town, but they were afraid for their lives and kept out of sight. Boucicault's troops marched through the streets shouting that the King of France had deposed the Spaniard as a heretic and a *patarin* (the nickname given to the old Albigensians). Brighter wits tried to make fun at the expense of the illustrious family name of the Pontiff, describing him as "Don Pedro of the Moon and Sun." Pressure was brought to bear upon such secret supporters as the Pope had through a report that the French were about to close the Bridge and reduce Avignon by hunger unless the city assisted in the siege of the castle. Mobs gathered about the Palace shouting "Death to the Catalans!", as though all the servants, soldiers, and friends of the Pope had come from Catalonia. Some of the rebellious cardinals, forgetting their oaths and past favors, rode about the streets of Avignon on war horses with swords at their belts and followed by men-at-arms who used as their war cry: "Long live the Sacred College!"

"Meantime," said Borja, "Pedro de Luna was organizing a resistance which was to last four years and a half. He had foreseen the possibility of having to defend himself in his palace, and he had quietly assembled everything necessary to survive a long siege—food supplies, war machinery, munitions, artillerymen, and especially marksmen with the crossbow, whom he had enlisted in small groups through divers collectors of ecclesiastical income

in Catalonia and Aragon. Some three hundred men were thus found, who were willing to shut themselves up with the Pope in his castle and fight to the death.

"I have read a list of these volunteers drawn up by a contemporary who was careful to mention the status of each, whether as prelate, priest, or simple combatant. Most of the names belonged to men from Aragon, Catalonia, Valencia, Castile, or Navarre; but on this roll of honor were to be found seven Frenchmen, six Englishmen, and five Germans. A Catalan, among others, by the name of Arnaldo Vich, is characterized as 'priest and bombardeer.' "

The windows of the palace were walled up and pierced with loop holes from which projectiles could be showered upon the besiegers. The five cardinals, with other members of the higher clergy who remained with the Pope, supervised the morale of the garrison. Don Pedro himself was seventy years old at the beginning of the siege, but mindful of his own early career as a soldier, he showed himself at the points of greatest danger, encouraging his warriors with indulgences and other more earthly rewards. The defenders met the attacks made upon them with cannon, crossbows and slings. The besiegers had occupied the adjoining buildings, many of them mansions of cardinals with high towers from which artillery could be used to great advantage.

The Pope had amassed a huge quantity of firewood in his enclosure. This was kindled, one day, by a shower of the so-called Greek fire, and the garrison was left without means of cooking its food. Little by little the wooden floors and partitions of the papal residence made their

way to the kitchens, where, for that matter, provisions daily grew more scarce. There was wheat in abundance, but a painful shortage of wine and medicines. The only beverage available was rain water from the cisterns mixed with a little vinegar. Disease broke out in the castle and scores of the defenders died; but the heroic spirit of the aged Pope gave ever new life to the resistance.

It was not certain that he ever slept. At night the foul-talking mercenaries of Boucicault, on picket at short distances from the palace walls, would shout along with their jests and blasphemies: "We'll drag the Man in the Moon to Paris with a rope around his neck!" Whereupon the energetic Aragonese, disregarding the missiles aimed at him, would appear on the wall between two merlons, in one hand a lighted candle, in the other a silver bell, and solemnly curse Boucicault and the besieging troops, hurling his excommunication upon them.

This contempt for death was almost fatal to him. On one occasion he was standing at a window examining the works of the foe when a stone cannon ball, such as were used in the bombards, struck the window frame near the hinge, and the flying splinters wounded the Pope in the shoulder. It was the festival of Saint Michael. As evidence of his homage to the Archangel, don Pedro forbade his own artillery to reply.

Two months this first part of the siege lasted—two months of incessant attack. The most dangerous shots came from the roofs and the belfry of the adjoining cathedral of Our Lady of Doms. Thence the enemy's crossbowmen had several of the courts and covers of the Palace at short range and could hit any of the garrison

who appeared there. But despite such advantages the besiegers became convinced they could never reduce the building by direct attack; and they resorted, therefore, to sapping operations.

From nearby churches and palaces mines were started, to be met by countermines from the defenders, and hand to hand engagements began under ground. Then a surprise was engineered through one of the sewers. A relative of Boucicault, at the head of seventy men-at-arms and guided by a townsman familiar with the Palace, crept through the drain which led from the Papal kitchen to the city conduits. The party carried axes, cutting pincers, hammers for breaking barriers, manacles to shackle prisoners, bags for the gold and jewels of the Pope, and flags bearing the fleur-de-lys, which they intended to fly from the ramparts as a signal that the castle had passed into the hands of the King of France.

The stratagem almost succeeded. The attackers traversed the underground portions of the drain and gained the kitchens; but there a cook's helper detected their presence and spread the alarm. Most of the garrison were asleep after a night of constant action; but they all came running at the call of danger. Benedict did not lose his coolness.

"Courage!" he said, when the situation was reported to him, "you have them in your power and they cannot escape!"

In fact, the struggle was soon over. A few invaders made their way back through the drain, but the survivors, to the number of fifty-six, remained as prisoners in the Palace towers.

Meantime the atmosphere was changing. The town began to weary of the brutal and boastful Boucicault and his men. The "Captain of Avignon" had promised the ladies of the court to give a ball in the parlors of the Pope within a week of his entrance into the city. Several months had already passed and he had gained no visible advantages. Finally he was relieved of the command, and the operations were entrusted to certain of the Cardinals most embittered against the Pope; but these princes were now beginning to understand that the "Man in the Moon" could marshal moral and material resources far superior to anything they had foreseen.

The spectacle of a Pope assailed in his own house was gradually arousing public opinion throughout the so-called "Obedience of Avignon," and various movements were launched to free him from his persecutors.

The lord of the Sault manor raised a company of fifty free-lances and began scouring the country, even making one bold raid under the very gates of Avignon with the cry of "Long Life to Pope Benedict." Friends of the Pope within the town left cover and their cohorts grew from day to day. A lawyer named Cario actually organized a popular uprising in behalf of the besieged Pontiff. The conspiracy, however, was discovered, and the French cardinals condemned the courageous leader to be drawn and quartered. To intimidate anyone inclined to similar experiments, Cario's arms and legs were severed and hung up before the different gates of Avignon; while his head was exposed in one of the squares along with a basket containing his entrails.

Though the attacks on the Palace died down, a strict

blockade was maintained against it. The garrison was now reduced to bread and vinegar water, and to such birds as could be shot on the roofs, as a special treat for the Pope's personal table.

The campaign had aroused great indignation in Spain. King Martin protested threateningly, but no one would assume responsibility for the siege. The King of France asserted that it was all an affair of the rebel Boucicault and the Cardinals, without any support from Paris whatever. When the Cathedral chapters in Valencia and Barcelona began warlike preparations for the relief of a Pope who had long figured as a member of their rolls, don Martin thought it preferable to leave all military and naval action to strictly ecclesiastical enterprise.

"In those days," Borja explained, "the power of a king was seriously limited by the obstacles which the walled towns or the feudal barons could put in its way; and that is why, for the first time in history, we here encounter a fleet of war vessels organized by popular subscription among priests and fighting under Church leadership. The chapters of Valencia and Catalonia contributed heavily to the expenses of the expedition. Many clerics who could not give money offered to go as soldiers or sailors. The 'admiral' of the fleet was a canon-provost of the Cathedral of Valencia, who, curiously enough, was named Pedro de Luna, like the Pope."

The units of this strange pontifical navy came together in the port of Barcelona—twenty-six vessels in all, between galleys, galeots, and sailing craft. Thence they put to sea, coasted the Mediterranean to the mouth of the

Rhone, and rowed upstream as far as the basin of Arles. The Cardinals in alarm fortified the bridge at Avignon and threw a heavy iron chain across the channel.

But these precautions were not necessary. The water in the river was so low that the heavy sea-going craft from Spain never ascended beyond Lansac in the neighborhood of Tarascon. There they came to anchor and, while waiting for a rise in the river that would enable them to proceed, contented themselves with secret communications with the besieged Palace. One by one the leases on the vessels expired and they gradually returned to Barcelona without having accomplished anything of note. Nevertheless the presence of the fleet served to encourage the defenders and to gain friends for the besieged Pope's cause.

As the blockade dragged on from month to month, the garrison varied its diet of bread and water by hunting rats and cats through the Papal buildings. Sparrows were regarded as a delicacy appropriate only for the Holy Father himself, who "found such morsels more savory than otherwise venison from the forests."

Four years and a half had passed. Pope Luna's stubbornness was wearing his enemies out. Some of the more energetic among the warring Cardinals had died, while don Pedro's sympathizers were growing more numerous in the city and through all the Venaissin. The French Court was beginning to feel ashamed at having prepared, or at least tolerated, such a bootless aggression. Indignation was increasing in the seven nations which were still living under obedience to Avignon. In these circum-

stances Pope Luna concluded the time had come for him to leave his refuge and break through the cordon drawn about him by the foe.

The cloister of the cathedral of Our Lady of Doms had once been reached by a door in the Palace wall which had long since been closed with masonry. This part of the edifice was never guarded by the besiegers; and it was a simple matter, on the night of March eleventh, in the year 1403, to remove enough of the stone to permit the passage of four persons. One of them, the smallest of stature, was an aged man, clothed like a Carthusian monk and wearing a pure white beard some two feet long. Benedict had fastened a consecrated wafer upon his breast, and one of the folds of his sleeves contained an autograph letter from the King of France condemning the violence which the Pope's enemies had used. The other three men were, respectively, Francisco Ribalta, the Pope's physician, a Mallorcean; Juan Romaní, his Valencian valet; and Francisco de Aranda, a lay brother of the chartreuse of Porta Cœli, don Pedro's personal friend and faithful companion during all the wandering life he was about to enter upon.

This was to be the final departure of the Popes from Avignon. Pope Luna had no successor, and during the twenty-four years that still remained to him in this world he was never again to set foot in the palace built by his predecessors nor even on the soil of the city.

At the Tavern of Saint Anthony just within the walls near one of the city gates that opened on the river shore, the Pontiff was awaited by Jaime de Prades, Lord High Constable of Aragon, a powerful baron of that kingdom

who had been sent on by don Martin to arrange the flight under pretext of diplomatic business. With him were other warriors from Spain and a few of Benedict's French sympathizers.

At dawn the gates opened, and the Pope's company rode forth. Nearby a boat of fourteen oars was waiting, captained by a monk of Montmajeur who knew the channels of the Rhone well. One of the soldiers in the company could not contain his jubilation at the success of the adventure; and before the Pope was out of sight he turned to some fishermen who had been watching the embarkation and said:

"Go and tell the Cardinals that the Grand Cock has flown the coop—just to spoil their breakfasts!"

News of the escape spread like wildfire through the city; but the papal barge had made the Dorance and was following the right bank upstream to Castel Renard, on Provençal territory, a stronghold under the control of Louis d'Anjou, a loyal friend of Pope Benedict.

The first act of the papal party, on settling in the fortress of Castel Renard, was to attend to the personal appearance of the pontiff. During the years of captivity don Pedro had allowed his beard to grow. It was now long and white and seemed to enhance the natural dignity of his appearance. However, he was reminded that such an adornment was in serious conflict with the traditions of the Latin Church, since it made him look like a Greek patriarch. Such a state of affairs would be offensive to many of his friends as well as give an advantage to his enemies. Don Pedro was in high spirits from the success of his *coup* and put himself in the hands of a Provençal

barber with the jesting air which he could affect at times:

"My antagonists," he said to the barber, "always averred they would 'get my whiskers'; but that privilege, my good man, falls to you!"

As a matter of fact, the shock of papal beard became the property of King Louis d'Anjou, who begged to be allowed to keep it as a memento of the Pope's long imprisonment and of his courageous defence.

The Pope's escape changed the whole political outlook in an instant. The inhabitants of Avignon poured out into the street with *evvivas* for Pope Benedict, and the burghers appointed delegates to hurry to Castel Renard and deliver the keys of the city to him. Papal banners were hoisted on all the towers and palaces. A giant procession, headed by two hundred children, marched about the town holding aloft the escutcheon of the Pontiff—a white half moon, its points opening downward on a field of red.

Don Pedro, for his part, was never willing to return to the ungrateful city; though on his visits to neighboring towns, processions of girls and boys would go forth to welcome him, and delegations of Avignonese would offer themselves as guards of honor.

The submission of the Cardinals was abject enough to merit the scorn of such a fighter as don Pedro. Within a few hours of his flight they began imploring the mediation of Louis of Anjou to effect a reconciliation. Pope Luna avenged himself by a magnanimous forgiveness of all his enemies, punishing the disloyalty of the townsmen merely by imposing on them the expense of repairing the breaches made by the artillery in the Palace walls, and by

passing them unnoticed in his visits to the vicinity of the town. One of the ecclesiastical barons, the Cardinal of Dijon, on appearing before Benedict at Castel Renard, chose to kneel in the mud of one of the streets, accusing himself in a loud voice of having sinned grievously, and proclaiming the falseness of all the charges he had hurled in writing against the Pontiff in moments of Satan-inspired aberration.

"Thus the simple device of a flight," said Borja, "won a complete and almost instantaneous triumph for Pope Luna."

They were standing now on the highest knoll in the garden, near a rustic fountain peopled with red and golden fish that were swimming about under a thin layer of dust swept in by the breeze. A few steps farther on they came to an iron railing that fended the brink of a cliff over the Rhone. At their feet lay the river sparkling in the sun, the arches of the Broken Bridge, lines of yellow sandy islands sprinkled here and there with green, beyond, the opposite shore with its vineyards and groves, and the white stone towers of medieval Villeneuve.

Rosaura gazed in silence at the landscape; then she said with a smile:

"So don Pedro de Luna left Avignon forever! Don't you think it is about time for us to be going too?"

CHAPTER II

THE POPE OF THE SEA

BEFORE them rose a fortress of gray masonry weathered black by time, robust, rugged walls connecting towers that were topped by great arched windows open through their whole extent. A line of battlements, which were not devices for decoration but genuine instruments of war, followed the rising and falling course of walls and bastions. The fortress was a church: in the ogives of the two main towers a number of bells hung motionless.

Rosaura and Claudio had been visiting the chapel of the ancient Abbey of Saint Victor with its three gothic naves lined with tombs. They had also gone down into the vaults which dated from the first centuries of Christianity in France when Saint Victor had met his death at the hands of the pagan residents of Marseilles. Behind them stretched the Old Basin crowded with boats—among these some of archaic design. A great ferry was plying back and forth across the entrance which in days gone by had been blocked with a heavy chain. Beyond the Basin, following the shore for miles and miles, came the series of modern docks which offered moorings for the great liners of today, and cargo boats from every sea on earth.

The ground on which they were walking had offered a

far different aspect in earlier times. A maze of cooperages, warehouses, fish wharves, rankly smelling of gurry and salt, had hemmed the church of Saint Victor as actual properties of the Abbey down to the Eighteenth century.

"When the Revolution came," said Borja, "the monks of Saint Victor were reorganized as a Cathedral chapter, each monk with the title of canon. They were all scions of the Provençal aristocracy and membership in the chapter carried with it the title of Count. In the days of the Popes of Avignon, the Abbey was enormously rich. The village of Vaucluse and all the castles which we saw in that vicinity belonged to this brotherhood.

"It was here that don Pedro de Luna established his headquarters after escaping from the papal palace. As you can see, the Abbey was located on high ground virtually on the shore at the mouth of the Basin. Attacks from pirates were frequent, so the monks made their cloister a stronghold. Behind the moats and barriers the wealthy fellowship raised spacious buildings and cultivated extensive orchards."

Once installed in the chambers of the Abbey, Benedict began receiving the various groups of penitents, as well as of loyal supporters, who came in from the different countries in his Obedience. One of the first to appear was the Duke of Orleans, brother to the King of France, who had always staunchly supported him and had facilitated his flight from the besieged Palace. One by one all the seditious Cardinals came to seek pardon at Saint Victor, nor could the University of Paris, where don Pedro always counted more enemies than friends, resist the tide sweeping in his favor, but sent a deputation of

professors to greet him at Marseilles under the presidency of the celebrated orator, Gerson.

The homage of the University was expressed in humble language. In his speech the austere Gerson compared the Spanish pontiff to David and to Judas Maccabaeus, assuring him that he was ever an object of affection for all who had the good fortune to know him. The escape from the Castle at Avignon was likened to the happy issue of Jonah from the belly of the whale; and the Pope was especially praised because "instead of harkening to the Devil who counselled vengeance," he had "rained upon the University the dew of his forgiveness, even as, according to the philosophers of old, the planet whose name he bore rained dew upon the grasses." Such distinguished metaphor required bounteous recognition from the triumphant pontiff, and Gerson went home with the benefices from a rich cure in Paris, while other gifts were bestowed upon the doctors who accompanied him.

The truth was that Benedict had in mind an audacious plan for putting an end to the dissensions within the Church: he would track his adversary to the lair, even if he had to go to Rome to meet him! The "way of cession" propounded by most strategists he could not accept—one of the two Popes must necessarily possess legality. Since he was strong in his own right, he felt confident in advance of victory, once he could bring the Pope of Rome to meet him in a public discussion.

"We must come face to face with the Usurper!" was the formula he kept repeating to his counsellors.

Now such an interview was possible only after a journey which at that time was inevitably long and dangerous.

That is why the Pope, from his offices at Saint Victor's, began giving orders to all the faithful in his Obedience much as though he were an admiral.

He loved the sea. A man of sturdy temperament, he found a curious fascination in the majestic violence of the watery element. Besides, he saw in the green plain of the Mediterranean an open road free from the barriers which the selfishness and partisanship of men could lay across his path. What he needed was a fleet of vessels! And he wrote to the King of Aragon, especially, begging that the galleys of Catalonia and Valencia be placed at his disposal. He himself had already bought two ships, which lay in the basin at Marseilles, a cross on each masthead, and a banner showing a white half moon down-pointed on a field of red! The knights of Saint John of Jerusalem, crusaders of the sea, were his advisors in these early preparations.

Several Mediterranean pirates of Spanish origin, whether out of national sympathies or for the advantages of such powerful patronage, also sailed into Marseilles and enlisted in the Pope's service.

"There was nothing incongruous in that," said Borja. "We have to consider the ideas prevalent at the time. Piracy was not a particularly dishonorable profession. The most distinguished captains on land turned to plunder whenever an opportunity presented itself; and thoroughly reputable sailors, if they happened to meet a smaller vessel with a cargo worth the trouble, rarely resisted the temptation to appropriate it."

Don Pedro Niño, admiral of Castile, was cruising about the Mediterranean in pursuit of Juan de Castrillo, Pero

Lobete, and Nicolas Gimenez, corsairs from Cadiz, who were causing serious losses to shipping on the coasts of Spain. Learning that one of these rovers had appeared off Marseilles, he laid his course thither and followed his quarry into the very Basin. But there he felt obliged to hold off, because the pirate had enlisted in the papal navy and was flying the Holy Father's ensign!

Benedict the Thirteenth had a passionate admiration for men of the sea. He entertained at his own table this same Pedro Niño, who, years later, while fighting the English on the Atlantic, was to disembark in Devonshire and destroy the city of Plymouth!

The bells began ringing on the opposite shore of the Old Basin. Other bells answered from the eastern side. The going and coming on the moles and vessels became less animated, the noises died away.

"It is noon-time, Borja! Our *bouilleabaisse* must be ready! This promenading through history seems to give me an extraordinary appetite! We must find the restaurant where we were last evening! How interesting it all was!"

The wealthy "American" felt an almost childish glee for the rough and grimy eating houses of the sailors of Marseilles, to which the young Spaniard had been taking her. Weary of the ceremonious and scandalously expensive restaurants which a few thousand privileged beings daily frequent to find a conventional and monotonous sumptuousness, she was now enjoying the excitements of an unexpected novelty. These hearty dishes of the populace of Marseilles took her back to the meals of her

youth prepared by immigrant cooks newly arrived in Buenos Aires.

Through steeply graded streets and along wharves rank with odors of fresh fish, they made their way to the end of the Old Basin. Many times Rosaura had to seek support on Claudio's arm, in order to leap puddles of dirty water or piles of fish heads, oyster shells, or sea-urchins. The salty freshness of the fish landings recently swept for the day made her think of other luncheon journeys they had taken together.

"You remember our trip to Vaucluse, Claudio? You were very ill-behaved, as I recall. But after all I forgave you, as a tribute to those cray-fish *à l'américaine* and the *Château-neuf-du-Pape!* Besides, that singing water, and all that cool green! You must admit I am a romantic creature: poetry of Nature, seasoned with cray-fish *sauce piquante!* But that is just what life is—a mixture of contradictory things, of soul and stomach, for instance! And then there were our luncheons in the restaurant near the Palace, where we used to go to escape the niggardly smugness of our hotel! . . ."

Avignon they had now left behind them, after lingering there four days. Since Borja's researches eventually required a visit to Marseilles, they had come there with the offhand suddenness that is possible when people have automobiles waiting at their doors. She had volunteered her car for the journey, sending her maid on to the Blue Coast by rail to attend to correspondence that might be waiting there.

From the continuous entertainment provided by street

singers, street musicians, and the amusing chatter of drunkards seated about the tables on the sidewalks in front, the restaurants of the Old Basin which they had been frequenting were much like those of Naples. Besides, the elegant lady found it almost an adventure to be served by waiters in shirt-sleeves, among brawny grimy men, who sat with caps pulled down over their eyes and ears, and women in felt hats copiously decked with feathers, who sent out whiffs of garlic as sharp as knife thrusts through the fogs of sensuous perfume that seemed to envelop their persons. Rosaura would never have dared enter such places alone; but with Borja at her side, she had an insatiable keenness to see everything and eat everything.

The evening before she had devoured dozens of strange Mediterranean shellfish, the names of which she could not even remember, and a *bouilleabaisse* which surely never made its way into the restaurants of Paris and which, despite her enthusiasm, had forced her to swallow frequent draughts of *Cassis*. Now she was again eager to find herself in front of an oil-cloth table cover with a steaming plate before her, redolent of lobster, grouper, and other products of the sea which enter into the famous stew of the Mediterranean seashore.

"Did Pope Luna get to Rome with his fleet?" she suddenly asked, as though to shorten the walk to her restaurant.

The young Spaniard returned to the dreams and projects which busied the obstinate pontiff, there in the Abbey which they had just left behind.

Nine long months don Pedro worked at his navy. The

Count of Savoy offered Nice as a base of operations. Marshal Boucicault, a relative of the man who had besieged the Palace in Avignon, opened Genoa and neighboring ports, which he was governing in the name of France. Monaco, Ventimiglia and Albenga volunteered assistance. Important people in Pisa and Florence promised aid, and even in the Papal States remnants of former companies of Gascon and Breton mercenaries, who usually made their livings warring for the Popes, sent word that they would await only his arrival to engage under his banners as soldiers. In Venice, where the Signoria always kept well informed through the reports of shrewd ambassadors, it was generally believed that the Spanish Pope would succeed in reaching Rome and making a prisoner of his adversary.

However, all these efforts cost money, much money. Some of the funds required don Pedro obtained from his brother-in-law, King Martin of Aragon. He asked his collectors in Spain and France to send on their quotas in advance. Many bishops, friendly to his cause, outdid each other in the splendor of their personal gifts. Meantime all the sacred vessels and jewels of the Apostolic Treasure were pawned or sold, such operations alone clearing more than twenty thousand florins in pure gold, an enormous sum at that period.

Eventually the galleys came on from Barcelona and Valencia, joining others which the Knights of Saint John had assembled, and those furnished by the ex-pirates who now stood forth washed white as snow through their acts of penitence and the pontifical benediction. Late in December, in the year 1404, the fleet, with don Pedro aboard,

weighed anchor at Marseilles and proceeded to Nice. Thence the Pope issued a series of Bulls advising Christendom of his journey to Italy to bring his adversary to reason. Innocent VII was mentioned in these documents either by his family name "one Cosimo Megliorato," or simply as "the usurper."

At Nice, also, don Pedro urged the young king of Sicily, his own nephew and the son of don Martin, as well as other princes of his following, to supply him with forces for land. He was a pope of the sea and had attended to a fleet; therefore the sovereigns should provide a regiment of five hundred "dish-pans" (*basinets*)—so they were called in the language of the time, from the shape of their helmets These overtures were rewarded with promises aplenty, but the five hundred "dish-pans" never reached him.

Undismayed at this first check, Pope Luna moved forward on his way. All the ports at which he stopped welcomed him with impressive testimonials of respect and support. The authorities at Monaco presented him with the keys to the city and to its castle. At Albenga a procession of populace and clergy boarded the pontifical galley and carried the Pope to a great banquet at the convent of the Dominicans. At Savona, Luigi Fieschi, a cardinal of the Obedience of Rome, came out to greet him, publicly repudiating the Urbanist schism and recognizing the Pope of Avignon. Not to be outdone, Pope Luna forgot past insults, forgave the penitent cardinal, and presented him with a new red hat.

"In this long-drawn struggle," Borja remarked, "the Cardinals for the most part showed absolute lack of

character, shamelessly passing from one camp to the other according as probabilities of victory seemed to vary. They were worldly men accustomed to their ease and afraid of losing it. Their one concern was to be on the winning side at the final shout. One of them was dubbed 'Cardinal Three Hat,' from his having changed sides three times in the course of his tenure, for the reward, on each occasion, of a new hat."

The Pope's progress, in accord with the tempo of that epoch, was leisurely in the extreme. Sailing from Marseilles in December, of the year 1404, the fleet appeared off the Port of Genoa in mid-May of the following year. A great regatta of boats decorated with laurel branches put forth to meet the flagship of Saint Peter's successor, so urgent was the city's desire to show him homage. On the shore, the high dignitaries of the Church, clerics bearing the relics from the temples, the mass of the populace, waited on bended knees to receive the Pope's blessing, and then burst into mighty cheers. From the water front a long cortège moved through flower-strewn streets, the clergy preceding the nobles of Genoa—these were all dressed in red—and the five loyal Cardinals, each mounted on a steed with purple trappings. Then came a pure white mule, which, according to a custom of Avignon, was ridden by a priest carrying the Eucharist. At the end came the party of the Pope.

A picturesque horseman in spite of his small stature, don Pedro rode a horse of spotless white under a white canopy bordered with gold. About him, also clothed in white, rode Marshal Boucicault, the *podestà,* and the magistrates of the commune. The whole procession was

followed by a guard of honor comprising the garrison of the city and the men-at-arms disembarked from the Pope's fleet. Orchestras of flutes and other instruments marked solemn beat for the advance of the marchers. The festivities lasted for three days with a complete cessation of the city's normal occupations. A professor from the Genoese *Studio* delivered an oration before Benedict in which he expressed the pride that Genoa felt at being the gate through which the true Pope was entering Italy to put an end to the Schism.

Never was Pope accorded such a demonstration, contemporaries aver, even in Rome itself; and the Spanish pontiff, overjoyed, at once sent emissaries to Innocent the Seventh, proposing a congress of the Italian Powers before which each could state his claims in the presence of the other. The Pope of Rome replied that he could consider no compromise. In denouncing this attitude, Pope Luna invoked the aid of all Christians against "the Antipope" and his "Anti-cardinals" and found good cause for the advance on Rome which he was about to undertake. Innocent, for his part, saw no way of holding his doughty rival off, and fearing treason among those who stood about him, fled from the Eternal City, while don Pedro was enjoying the lavish hospitality of Genoa, offering sumptuous welcome to all the notabilities, ecclesiastical and lay, who came to make obeisance before him.

"Strictly frugal at table and modest in attire," said Borja, "don Pedro could excel in generosity and display when it was for others. Moreover he liked gorgeous public functions, and enlivened his stay in Genoa with one round of banquets, army reviews, and popular dances. In

ordaining some fifty prelates at Genoa, what with bishops, archbishops and abbots, he presented each of them with a costly jeweled ring. And he summoned thither many of the most celebrated saints and sages of his Obedience. Pierre d'Ailly was invited to preach frequently before him; and was rewarded with an archbishopric for the favor. The future Saint Colette came on from Nice to receive from his hands the veil of the Order she was eager to reform. Another preacher of Apocalyptic vision followed on the learned compiler of the *Imago Mundi*: this was 'Master Vincent,' famous for his eloquence in all the South and who years later was to be called Saint Vincent Ferrer."

The trend in favor of Benedict seemed irresistible. Innocent was personally in disgrace through the bad morals and rapacious greed of a nephew whom he had installed as his vicar in the government of Rome. The Roman masses were in revolt and were sacking the Papal residence and its archives. Italian nobles in great numbers were going over to the Pope of Avignon. In Provence an army was mobilizing to seat the Spanish pontiff on the throne at Rome by force.

And then, just as suddenly, the Luna bubble burst.

Don Pedro found himself all at once without funds. The enterprise was indeed something far beyond his means. He had assembled his fleet by levying heavily on the Spanish clergy, and the latter was in no position at all to furnish money now for an army as well. Then, just at this juncture, a war broke out in Tuscany and the roads to Rome were closed. Finally, before the Spanish pretender rose the dreadest enemy of all, that livid spectre

which so often reared its deadly hand in the Fourteenth century to send the best laid plans of men a-gley.

The Plague appeared, first in the outskirts of Genoa, then in the very midst of the Papal entourage. The aged pontiff sought security first at Savona, then at Nice, then at Fréjus, then at Toulon, until finally the terrible pestilence which seemed to dog his steps, laying his soldiers low by the hundreds, had shut him up again in the Abbey of Saint Victor.

To be sure, the hard-headed Aragonese, don Pedro, saw nothing fatal in all this. Indifferent to the obstacles which men put in his path, he stood equally unmoved before "acts of God." His fleet was safely back in the Basin at Marseilles. There it could wait for a time—this was just a vacation in the performance of a long task! He would soon be able to lead another expedition to beard the Roman "usurper" in his den!

"And now we are back at our abbey, too!" Rosaura exclaimed, breaking in on Borja's lecture.

The restaurant lay on the very waterfront of the Old Basin, the outdoor tables hidden from public view by shelters of green lattice and bushy shrubs grown in wooden jardiniers of the same color. The shops on the adjoining sidewalks, with their offerings of oysters, cockles, and raw fish, filled the environment with a strong smell of a sun-warmed sea sleepily lapping Riviera promontories. From their table on the second floor they could look down on the great square surface of the ancient port, its walls invisible under lines of boats that lay moored one beside the other like animals tied in stalls.

Rosaura found the place even more agreeable than on

the evening before. She seemed to extract an essence of gaiety from the water sparkling with sunlight in a maze of black masts, numerous motorboats threading its luminous plane. The bales of merchandise piled high on the wharves filled the air with a pungent fragrance suggestive of far away lands. They took her back to her harbors in South America or to ports of the European East which she had visited on a journey to Constantinople.

"This is something quite different from Vaucluse—yet we shall always remember this luncheon!" she said. "What an interesting view! But, please, Claudio, tell the waiter to hurry!"

Attention to the *bouilleabaisse* which soon appeared held them silent for some moments; but eventually the bright panorama about them, the freshness of the blue waters of the port, the comfort that comes from a healthy meal, the warmth and the sparkle of the purple *Cassis* that trembled in the thick glass flagons on the table before them, filled them with that good humor which demands spacious horizons and journeys afar, making the whole world a paradise which harbors dangers and misfortunes only for others.

Claudio began glowingly to describe the places he would have to visit in following the trail of his wandering Pope. There was Perpignan, especially, on the Spanish coast near the French frontier, where the downfall of the headstrong Aragonese may be said really to have begun. From there, crossing Catalonia and just entering the territories of the old Kingdom of Valencia, it would be necessary to see Peñíscola, a fortified promontory running out into the sea and accessible from the mainland on days of calm by

a neck of sand that is swept by the waves on days of storm. There the aged pontiff had dwelt for years, between the blue of his sea and the blue of his Spanish sky, deserted by everyone, yet threatening, even after his death, the tranquillity of the Pope of Rome. From the hard adventurous lives led by the fishermen who now inhabit what was once the papal fortress, Borja passed more lyrically to the beauties of the shore which is ever bathed in a salt air sweetened by the perfumes of orange blossoms.

As he talked Rosaura sat looking at him through the steam rising from her coffee and the smoke from a cigarette, the lines about her eyes wrinkling into a jesting smile:

"Ah, *troovadoor, troovadoor!*"

This jocose allusion to the American tourist they had met in the Palace at Avignon, whose tone and accent Rosaura mimicked, brought a laugh to them both; but the gaiety could not wholly submerge a mood of earnestness. Rosaura's eyes had a deeper glow—an unexpressed but sincere yearning for far away landscapes, the beauty of which she had sensed but never known. Divining her thought Claudio pursued his advantage:

"You ought to come with me when I go. It is a part of Spain you have never seen—it is the Garden of Hesperides! The castle where don Pedro died at the age of ninety-four, still defiant, still unyielding, is something unique in the Mediterranean. To find anything at all like Peñíscola, one has to go to Mont Saint Michel on the Atlantic. I have been there once already! Imagine my emotion at still finding over one of the gates an

escutcheon cut in stone by the masons of the old pontiff. . . . Why don't you come? What are you going to do, all alone, on the Blue Coast?"

Again he had hit on her actual thought. She had been waiting impatiently to hear from her maid, whom she had instructed to send on any letters or telegrams. On awakening that morning she had thought, with a certain exhilaration, of some word that might oblige her to change her plans and hurry back to Paris. But now, looking out over an inviting sea which seemed to beckon her to distant scenes, and listening to this youth who was opening before her airy vistas into the past as well, the thought of Paris palled on her, and especially the thought of lonely moments in her villa in a deserted playground. The days in Avignon and Marseilles had been light and carefree, with that gaiety which is possible to people only when they can drift with the current of life, offering no resistance to it whatever. Besides Borja was an amusing boy, working among such interesting things! Why not, indeed, stay with him at least as long as his lectures proved agreeable? She had done stranger things in her life of assiduous pursuit of distractions. Besides that peppery meal, of the freshest, most phosphorescent and exciting fish produced by the Mediterranean! That dark, strong, red wine, the wine of the Provençal seashore, fit beverage for the bold merchants and reckless corsairs who put forth from Marseilles toward the countries of Sinbad and the *Thousand and One Nights!* Why not relax? Why not float away in the arms of Adventure?

As Borja persisted, her head finally nodded. Yes, she would go to Spain to follow the unhappy Pope to his death

bed, to visit the solitary castle by the sea. Agreed! And they clinched the bargain with a clasp of their right hands joined across the table in good fellowship!

Thereafter it could be a question only of their journey —Pope Luna and his vicissitudes passed momentarily from their minds. They revisited, in their minds, the crests of the Pyrenees, the snowy peak of the Canigó, the plains of Catalonia lying beyond this international landmark, the spread of the Ebro, the orange groves of Valencia, then a castle-crowned rock protruding into the Mediterranean like the bow of a gigantic ship! As they left the restaurant, they were smiling like two lovers, though not a word had passed between them which did not bear on the regions they were about to visit.

Again they made their way through the fish market on the waterfront.

"Your arm, Borjita!" Rosaura exclaimed, in an almost plaintive voice. "Do you suppose that wine has gone to my head? This street is all ups and downs. A little more of this picturesque in my diet will be the end of me!"

But she walked with a surer step along the broad neat sidewalks of the Cannebière, deciding on an immediate return to her hotel which she thought of somehow as a place of refuge.

They were ending their conversation near the grand portal of the hotel, when they both remarked a gentleman who came hurrying out followed by a bellboy, leapt into a cab, and drove rapidly off down the avenue. They had both taken him for Senator Bustamante! But when he had disappeared they began to doubt. Rosaura concluded they had seen a ghost.

"Quite natural, isn't it, after such a delightful luncheon?"

Claudio was equally dubious about the ghost's identity. Two weeks before at Avignon he had received a letter from his guardian. The great philo-American had mentioned no prospective journey abroad. He had written simply to inform Claudio that his "chief," the august statesman who had once made him minister, had again turned his attention upon him, and was holding at his disposal a post worthy of his international prestige. An ambassadorship, probably—once, of course, "the party" returned to power! As a matter of fact, the present government was wearing out under the grind of business! It would soon step aside to make room for the other group which stood waiting its turn. The great man had said nothing more explicit. Beyond a doubt, the gentleman in question could not be Senator Bustamante!

They entered the hotel, and took the elevator to the second floor, finding themselves alone in the long corridor. There they had to separate. Rosaura's room was in front, a spacious apartment opening on the Cannebière. The young Spaniard had selected more modest quarters on a narrow side street. They took leave of each other with a smile, as though there were a secret understanding between them, which they hid from the public but which came to the surface the moment they were alone. Claudio kissed Rosaura's hand, with an anxious query as to when they should meet again.

It was two o'clock, perhaps a little later than two o'clock! She would have to rest an hour or so. At five

she would take tea with him in the grill, and then go for a drive about the Pré and the Corniche!

"Till five, then!" Borja replied. "But don't forget me! And please remember that we are going somewhere . . . together!"

He still held her hand, and raised it a second time to his lips. Rosaura, off her guard in accord with the mood of the morning's tour, took note with some alarm of this second kiss. But she had scarcely time for an exclamation: the lips which were caressing her hand suddenly darted upward in eager aggression and fixed themselves in long avid pressure upon her own. Despite the languor, she sometimes affected out of coquetry, Rosaura still kept the athletic vigor she had acquired in her young days in the Argentine, when she had led the life of an Amazon on the great ranches of her friends and relatives. One push freed her and Borja stepped back, repentant and ashamed.

"So we are going to Spain together, you think?" she cried in a voice trembling with sincere anger. "Neither to Spain nor anywhere else, ever! The bargain is off!"

And she turned sharply away, as though she intended never to see him again.

CHAPTER III

THE DEVIL'S ENEMY

SHE came down at five. She found her room intolerable without company, without even the maid she usually had with her on her journeys; so she betrayed no annoyance when she saw Borja timidly, almost suppliantly, approaching the table in the drawing-room near which she had taken a seat. As though discounting in advance all that he could possibly say, she cut him short with the gesture of a merciful queen:

"No excuses! We may call it all forgotten, on your promise that it will not occur again. As for a repetition, you can rely on me! I shall never give you another opportunity! Forgotten also is our talk about a journey we were to take together! I can imagine nothing more silly than travelling with a man as undependable as you!"

Claudio shrugged his shoulders in resignation—anything, provided also forgiveness! For the moment he was satisfied with the absence of the determined frown which somehow transformed her face and made a different woman of her.

"Sit down here," she continued, "and order me a cup of tea! And to keep your mind where it belongs, you had better go on with your story of don Pedro. Imagine me as the sultan of the *Thousand and One Nights,* and yourself as Scheherezade. I must have the rest of the tale.

We left your Pope running away from the Plague, and a refugee in the Abbey of Saint Victor whence he was planning a second expedition to Rome. Did he get there?"

Borja did not find it easy to resume the thread of his narrative, deep as his interest was in the materials that were to go into his book. He would much have preferred to dwell on the episode of a few hours earlier, find some condonement for his conduct, and re-arouse Rosaura's interest in the tour through Spain which had promised such a desirable prolongation of the intimacy between them. But she would have none of it and bade him resume.

In his retirement, one day, don Pedro received a piece of news: the "usurper" at Rome had died!

This made two rivals whom he had lived to see in their graves—Boniface the Ninth and Innocent the Seventh. Almost eighty years old himself, the Pope of Avignon made ready with the zest of a young man to combat the new rival he could be sure Rome would put forward.

Nevertheless, the Cardinals of the Roman Obedience seemed at first disposed to make no election—this would be the easiest method of terminating the Schism; but the Roman populace, ever regarding the Pontifical Presence as a source of prosperity for their city, again exerted pressure on the Sacred College, which finally assembled in conclave and designated the Venetian, Anzolo Correr, a man of ascetic inclinations and almost as aged as Benedict, who nourished a sincere desire to restore peace in the Church.

But the new Pope of Rome, who chose the name of Gregory the Twelfth, had a host of brothers and nephews,

and soon fell victim to influences from a family which was eager to reap all possible benefits from the unexpected fortune which had come to it.

However, Gregory did name a commission of cardinals, under the presidency of one of his nephews, to call upon Benedict the Thirteenth and arrange the interview the latter had been so long desiring with the Pope of Rome. This overture was a source of joy to all the Christian world, which saw in it a promise that dissensions were at last to end. Antonio Correr, the delegate in question, was solemnly welcomed at the Abbey of Saint Victor and after a number of conferences the formalities for the encounter were agreed upon.

The two Pontiffs would meet at Savona, an Italian city but at the moment under French control, able, therefore, to offer greater assurances to both parties than if the city had been free. All chances of untoward incident were foreseen and eliminated. The Basin at Savona would be divided into two zones, one for the galleys of each of the Popes. Since there were two citadels, each could feel safe in his own. It was further agreed that neither party to the debate would make use of such words as "anti-Pope," "Usurper," "anti-Cardinals," and so on, which had frequently been tossed back and forth in the past.

Benedict at once set out for Nice, the port which he had designated for the assembling of his fleet. The plague was raging in Marseilles and it would have been unwise to start from there. It was in the monastery of Saint Honorat, on the Isles of Lerin off Cannes, that don Pedro for the second time organized for a voyage to Italy. On this occasion, however, he had only six galleys

—his treasury could afford no more; though he was still able to disembark at Savona with a pomp not incomparable to his reception at Genoa two years before.

Pope Luna was in Savona on the fourteenth of September, anticipating the date appointed by some days.

Gregory the Twelfth, for his part, never appeared.

A simple soul, full of good intentions but destitute of character, the Pope of Rome was wholly under the thumbs of his relatives. They were fearful lest such a man, in the face of a personality as strong, and a dialectic as forceful, as the Spanish claimant would surely present, might honestly concede himself in the wrong and abdicate. A safer tactic would be to postpone the interview on one pretext or another.

Gregory did start from Rome to approach his adversary, and the news aroused great enthusiasm throughout the Christian world which now regarded some sort of compromise as certain. He reached Viterbo with all his court. After a long delay he was in Siena.

Then he began to offer excuses for not proceeding further. He said he did not have the ships to make a fitting appearance in the port where Benedict was waiting with a tiny fleet. When, however, the Genoese made haste to volunteer as many vessels as he should require, he made no reply. Then he explained that he did not have money for a further journey. This pretense caused great scandal among the clergy of his Obedience, for the parishes had all contributed to a large fund to finance an expedition which they thought divinely inspired. However, the Pope's brother and a nephew had control of the money and would not produce it.

To the painful astonishment of Christendom it now became apparent that neither Pope was particularly anxious for an interview which both seemed to be evading on one ground or another; but it is only fair to observe that it was the Pope of Rome who most persistently rejected every proposal put forward for bringing the meeting to pass. Benedict wearied of his useless stay at Savona and went for the Christmas festivities to Genoa, where he was welcomed as enthusiastically as on the first occasion.

Gregory finally announced that the town of Pietra Santa would be most convenient for his conferences with his Spanish rival, and the latter set sail on the last day of the year, 1407, but stopped at Porto Venere (Spezia), a point within easy access of the Tuscan village. Neither did Gregory appear at the place he himself had indicated. He now considered it too near the coast and he mistrusted this "Pope of the Sea"—he would however consent to a meeting in some village in the interior, provided Pope Luna were attended by not more than two hundred and fifty men with not more than one cannon.

The manoeuvres of the two pontiffs had now become the subject of sarcastic mirth to all the faithful, who visited them both with the same contempt. A contemporary humorist pictured the one pope as an aquatic animal unable to walk on land, and the other as a land animal afraid of water. The truth is, however, that Benedict was always a little more ready for the test than Gregory, who refused obstinately to approach the sea, while his rival would accept a rendezvous not too far from the shore.

Disgusted with Gregory's fears and quailings, his cardinals finally resolved to clarify a situation which was

bringing the whole Church into ridicule: they repudiated their Pope, in a body. It seemed as though the great day for don Pedro had come. The Roman Cardinals now without their chief were actually considering a solution of the Schism through a recognition of the Pope of Avignon. Nothing further was necessary but that little episode, often irrelevant, which sometimes eventuates in history to decide issues hanging in even balance.

The episode came, in fact, on this occasion, but it was not in don Pedro's favor. Indeed, Fate was now to deal him a blow from which he was never to recover.

Pope Luna had numerous and powerful enemies within the Sorbonne at Paris, but at all the congresses of the French clergy he had invariably found steadfast defenders willing and able to checkmate the moves of the foe. However, the cornerstone of this support, when all was said and done, was one person only: the Duke of Orleans, brother of the King of France.

Just when the pendulum was about to swing decisively in Pope Luna's direction, the Duke of Orleans was assassinated in Paris.

The Duke's quarrel with John the Fearless, duke of Burgundy, was one of the numberless details of civil strife with which France was torn while the English were still occupying much of her territory. The two dukes, however, had made an adjustment of their differences and had sworn loyalty and friendship on the Host at a mass which they had ordered to solemnize their reconciliation. A few days later, retainers of the Duke of Burgundy laid an ambush for Orleans in the *rue Vieille du Temple* and murdered him.

His passing unleashed all the enemies of the Spanish Pope in France.

The French King now issued two edicts in which he invited the two Pontiffs to come together before the ensuing festival of the Ascension, otherwise France would abandon support of Benedict and make declaration of neutrality.

Benedict was hurt to the quick that he should be unjustly blamed for the continuance of the Schism after all the concessions he had made to bring about an amicable interview; and unable by temperament to submit to dictation from any source, he replied with a threat of excommunication against such "children of iniquity as might speak of rebellion against the Apostolic Authority by ill-considered public appeals."

The French Court rejoined by declaring "one Pedro de Luna," and all who should publish or disseminate his excommunication, guilty of high treason; and an assembly of the French clergy voted with acclaim to withdraw from the Obedience of Benedict of Avignon. The excommunicating Bull was pierced with dagger thrusts. Many of don Pedro's French partisans were at once incarcerated or killed. Members of the chapter at Notre Dame, known to be adherents of the Spanish pope, had to flee for their lives. Even the illustrious Pierre d'Ailly narrowly escaped the dungeon for his known associations with the pretender of Avignon. Pressure from France moved the princes of Germany, Hungary, and Bohemia to declare neutrality. Benedict's cardinals again deserted him as the other Sacred College had deserted the Pope of Rome —the two groups agreeing to combine in a Grand Council.

In a few weeks don Pedro's whole situation changed. Everything seemed now to turn against him. Marshal Boucicault, hitherto a good friend, received orders from his minister to take possession of the Pope's person and hold him prisoner for safekeeping. Don Pedro could not linger in Genoa. Fortunately the "Pope of the Sea" still had the six galleys of his little fleet, and these weighed anchor one morning before dawn and bore Benedict and his court to safety—his "court" was now a matter of four cardinals, one Italian, one Spaniard, and two Frenchmen.

The flight home by sea was a cruel experience. The hostility of France and Italy lay in wait to greet don Pedro at every port where he tried to land. He could not disembark at Porto Fino because the inhabitants attacked his party, *en masse*. Noli closed its gates against him and he had to rest in a Franciscan convent in the country outside, while his crews were drying out after their drenching in a storm. Villefranche, within the domain of Savoy, offered him a more peaceful refuge, but the Isles of Lerin and the Port of Saint Raphael repelled him. His beloved Abbey of Saint Victor he dared not enter for fear of the French in Marseilles. Rough weather pursued him off the shores of France, and he was finally blown like a shipwrecked sailor upon the coast of Roussillon, disembarking at Port Vendres near Perpignan. Here at last he could breathe easily, since this latter fortress belonged to the King of Aragon.

Such the end of the voyage which he had begun so triumphantly to the Eternal City! No longer could he be an object of terror to the Roman Pontiff who had once feared to find him riding into his palace! Now both he

and his rival were in the same straits: their colleges had deserted them both and were about to assemble at Pisa to depose them both, with the thought of thus restoring the Church to final unity!

Benedict protested against this congress at Pisa on the grounds that such an assembly would be entirely destitute of legality under canon law. The Church was a monarchial institution—the Pope its ruler, and no council could be called save on his initiative. The cardinals were attempting a revolution against ecclesiastical traditions. In fact, such a convention would have been something similar to a modern constituent assembly coming together after the overthrow of a dynasty. Besides, Benedict's logic was hard to dismantle. Of the two Popes one must necessarily be legitimate. What right, therefore, had the Cardinals to depose this true and legal vicar of Christ?

Don Pedro had already tested his mettle with three popes, and he began with undiminished energy to thwart the Council of Pisa, which he contemptuously styled a "confab" (*conciliabulum*). As though he still were spiritual ruler of the seven nations comprising the Obedience of Avignon, he ordained a "true Council" at Perpignan to counteract the machinations of the rebels.

The convention at Perpignan brought more than three hundred ecclesiastical dignitaries together, what with archbishops, bishops, abbots, and chiefs of military and religious orders. Its outstanding defect was lack of representativeness. Most of its members came from Aragon, Castile and Navarre. France counted only the Estates of Foix and Armagnac, with scattering delegates from Lorraine, Provence, Savoy and four universities. Though

eighty years old, by this time, Benedict surprised his hearers by making a speech several hours long. His eloquence and force of personality seemed to grow under the stress of years and misfortunes.

Next to Pope Luna himself, the most notable figure at Perpignan was Master Vincent, a preacher of international repute, admired by the multitudes everywhere, and respectfully listened to at all political and religious gatherings.

"The future Saint Vincent Ferrer," said Borja, "went forth from his native city, Valencia, to exhort all the peoples we now call 'Latin.' His sermons reflect the major concerns of his time—the approaching end of the world, dread of an impending Judgment, the need of combatting sin and the wiles of the flesh. However, his career was most significant in quite a different direction. At that time Spain was a country of several religions. Not all Spaniards were Catholics. There were Jews, long established in towns which they considered their own, and who went on living as before regardless of changes among their rulers. And Mohammedans were numerous. The vanquished Moors continued to cultivate their farms and work their looms on lands which had long since passed under the dominion of Christian sovereigns.

"Master Vincent devoted himself especially to the conversion of Jews, but he never pushed his proselyting zeal beyond the bounds of pacific suasion. Hostile to violence of all kinds, he could not tolerate the outrages which mobs of Christians committed against the ghettoes of the various cities, and protested against such robberies and murders as crimes unworthy of the cause of God. His apostleship

had great success in Spain. In some cities whole Jewries would request baptism after some of his sermons. It is true that such conversions were often superficial. When the personal influence of the orator had disappeared, most of these Jews went back to the religion of their fathers. But the preachings of Master Vincent none the less brought great numbers of converted Jews into the Christian fold and began that infiltration of Jewish blood into the Spanish type which is so characteristic today. Accepting his arguments, influential rabbis entered the Catholic Church and rose to high station as prelates. One of these, who took the name of Pablo de Santa Maria on his baptism, was a great friend and warm partisan of Pope Luna, who appointed him to the important Archbishopric of Burgos.

"Master Vincent, doctor in theology, and a Dominican Friar of the Order of Preachers, had another following, however, quite apart from the aristocratic circles of his time. The throngs of imaginative Southerners who palpitated under his eloquence declared him a Saint while he was still alive, and attributed to him no end of miracles.

"I doubt whether, in the whole calendar of Saints, there be one who has performed as many miracles as this fellow-townsman of mine. They savor all of oriental magic, and make up a list of more than a thousand. While he was still a boy, the prior of his convent in Barcelona thought it best to prohibit him from working miracles, since he indulged in them so often as to threaten the prestige of the miraculous.

"The Saint, who excelled also in obedience, promptly conformed with this command from above. One day he

happened to be walking past a house that was in process of construction, and one of the masons on the staging, who stood gazing down at him, as did everybody else when the Saint walked by, lost his balance and plunged toward the ground.

" 'Father Vincent,' the man cried. 'Save me!'

"The good friar stretched forth his arm and bade the man stop falling for a moment, till he could hurry to his prior and ask permission to perform another miracle. The authorization, sought on bended knee, was soon forthcoming. Master Vincent went back to the scene of the accident, and said to the poor mason still floating in space:

" 'Come down to the ground, but gently, so as not to hurt yourself!'

"The laborer did so, and slowly descended till his feet rested on the earth without any shock whatever.

"On another occasion, while preaching in the Market at Valencia, he suddenly stopped in his sermon as though in a trance, his eyes fixed apparently on something far away.

" 'I see a foul garret,' he said, 'and in it a poor widow, with little ones weeping about her. They are dying of hunger!'

"Some of his hearers begged him to reveal where the poor widow lived, that they might succor her.

" 'Follow my handkerchief,' said the friar, and he drew a handkerchief from the folds of a sleeve, and tossed it into the air.

"The handkerchief spread out, and flapping its points up and down like the wings of a butterfly, it moved along the streets and across the squares till finally it rose and fluttered through a garret window.

"The starving family was overwhelmed by the mass of vegetables, loaves of bread, quarters of meat and baskets of fruit, which the followers of the preacher crowded into their miserable abode.

"What did legend not say of him? The laws of time, space and gravity, the functions of the human body, continually accommodated themselves to the whims of this man. A woman went mad and killed her child by cutting it to pieces; but Master Vincent gathered the parts of the little body together on a table, and blessed them; whereupon the child leapt to its feet unhurt, and ran out of the house to find its playmates.

"The Devil always moved out of a town the moment Master Vincent approached. Mortal feuds were composed after one of his sermons, which were many times audible a hundred miles away. Thousands of disciples followed after him, forming the 'Company of Master Vincent,' renouncing all their worldly goods as the future saint himself had done. Naked from the waist up and lashing themselves to the quick without a moan, the Flagellants would enter towns and villages like bleeding phantoms. In the deep silence that greeted them nothing could be heard but the hiss of the lashes, and plaintive voices softly intoning certain naïve and ungrammatical verses in the Valencian dialect which Master Vincent had himself composed to the glory of Jesus and His Mother. After the Company had filed past, the apostle would preach in the largest square available, though often his audiences would overflow the towns out into the country. Sometimes the Master and the crowds that flocked after him would reach little places unable to feed such vast throngs;

but, on such occasions, the Saint would duplicate the miracles of Jesus, making a cask of wine and a few loaves of bread sufficient in excess for all."

Don Pedro had met Master Vincent as a youth when the latter was delivering his first lectures in theology at the University of Lerida, and he himself was travelling through Spain as legate of the Pope of Avignon seeking recognition for Clement the Seventh from the various Spanish States hitherto neutral. A man of gentle peace-loving disposition, Master Vincent found great fascination in the strong dominant personality of de Luna. However, he could conceive of no other method than passive resistance, and asked permission to retire when he saw Benedict the Thirteenth making preparations for an armed defense inside his palace at Avignon. For some time thereafter he stood aloof from the warlike pontiff, journeying merely as a tireless preacher through the realms of the Obedience.

Master Vincent had a brother, Boniface by name, who was also a man of very holy life. Boniface followed the career of law for a time, in this adhering to a family tradition—the father had been a notary of Valencia. He married and raised a family; but when his wife died he joined the Carthusians, becoming eventually prior of the chartreuse of Porta-Cœli, near his home city, and then Superior of the Carthusian Order itself.

"If Boniface was never made a Saint," said Borja, "it was probably from a feeling that one saint was enough for a family. As for Benedict, he had great confidence in the talent and trustworthiness of the sometime lawyer, and placed many delicate matters in his hands. When

he escaped from the Palace in Avignon disguised as a friar, the habit he wore was that of Boniface Ferrer."

The Council of Perpignan recognized Benedict as legitimate Pontiff and named a commission to go to Pisa and protest the seditious character of the latter assembly which had been called by no pope. The envoys reached their destination after a delay that could not have been more untimely, for they barely escaped with their lives.

"At the Pisan convention," said Borja, "the commanding figure was Pierre d'Ailly who had now definitely deserted Benedict the Thirteenth. However, the council proved imposing from the long list of other influential and representative names which appeared on its rolls. Nearly all the cardinals of the two Obediences were there: and all the State Churches of Europe, with the exception of Spain, Scotland, and a few provinces of the French South, sent plenipotentiaries. Conspicuous especially were the armed defenders of Christianity—the Grand Master of Rhodes, with seventeen Commanders, the chief of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre and the leader of the Teutonic Knights. All the kings, princes, and republics, of the West were present through ambassadors, not to mention a host of prelates great and small."

The first act of the congress was to declare Gregory the Twelfth and Benedict the Thirteenth in contempt of the Church and to depose them from the Pontificate on the basis of charges which were soon made public.

The Pope of Rome was declared unworthy of the place he had so briefly held, because of the rapacity of his relatives and the undignified efforts he had made to retain his post.

Since nothing could be alleged against Benedict on the score whether of simony or of private life—he had notoriously devoted his personal fortune to his Papacy and had never laid a finger on the resources of the Spanish Churches of his following—he was accused of a number of crimes peculiar to the epoch and which can only cause a smile today.

"One de Luna" or "the man, de Luna"—as he was styled—was guilty of witchcraft and of "commerce with the devil," as friars and clerics without end—and there were bishops among them—stood ready to swear (always with an 'it is said,' or 'it is commonly known' prefixed to their testimony).

The Pope of Avignon, they averred, had shown an incomprehensible leniency toward heretics. His headstrong persistence in wrong policies was the work of two devils which he held at his orders—little ones, so small that he carried them both about in one purse. From the day of his advent to the pontifical throne, he had diligently sought a notorious work on magic in three volumes, two of which he procured in Spain and the third in a Mohammedan country. Thereafter he slept with these volumes under his pillow. He had rewarded with a cure in Cordoba a certain priest who had found for him another book, written by a Jew, in which the magical character of Christ's miracles was demonstrated. The "man de Luna," however, never became an expert necromancer and, unable to understand the books in question, he had consulted magicians who did, summoning them even from prison, if necessary, in order to have the information he desired.

He was in constant communication with a hermit who boasted he could guarantee him permanent possession of the Three Keys through the agency of three demons respectively designated as "the god of the winds," "the prince of seditions," "the discoverer of hidden treasure." He had resorted to fortune tellers in Provence for aid in obtaining a decisive victory over his adversaries. The Dean of Tours solemnly swore that at Porto Venere he had seen a Knight of Saint John, a man with a long black beard, but otherwise unknown, save that he was on very intimate terms with Benedict, performing magical incantations in the interest of his Pontiff. It was explained that "the man, de Luna" had learned the art of conjuring devils from an illustrious Catalan writer and cleric, named Eximenis, whom he had named Patriarch of Jerusalem. Affidavits were available to show that Francisco de Aranda, the faithful bodyguard who attended the Pope on his flight from Avignon and was always with him elsewhere, was a magician of the first order who enjoyed control over all the resources of Hell.

A monk from Florence testified that a well-known necromancer in his native city had for a long time been unsuccessful in raising any spirits. Finally one of the latter appeared to explain that they were too busy to do anything for him, since Francisco de Aranda had mobilized them all at Genoa to attend to various matters in the interest of Benedict the Thirteenth. While don Pedro was last at Nice, lightning had struck the tower of a building near his abode, as a result of the incantations in which he was engaged; but even earlier, in the Gulf of Genoa, the storms, which were always following his

galleys, were seen rarely to overtake him, a fact obviously due to the protection the Powers of Darkness were affording him.

These charges were not only made; they were solemnly read before the assembled Council of Pisa; and on hearing them the venerable members of the latter released the Christian world from its obedience to "Pedro de Luna and Anzolo Correr, otherwise respectively known as Benedict the Thirteenth and Gregory the Twelfth, notorious schismatics and hardened heretics." The verdict was welcomed uproariously by the populace of Pisa, which carried effigies of the deposed pontiffs through the streets, crowned them with cardboard tiaras, and burned them on a great bonfire.

All this had taken place before don Pedro's envoys appeared on the scene. When they did arrive, mobs gathered about them to hoot and jeer. The Council itself refused to recognize them; but finally a handful of cardinals decided to receive them informally in a Church. Boniface Ferrer, a simple-minded, honest fellow, could not help remarking the scant remembrance in which Benedict was held by many cardinals and prelates then present in Pisa but who, a twelvemonth earlier, had been grovelling at his feet to obtain the very titles they held.

The spokesman of the commission began his address with the words: "We come as nuncios of the Most Holy Father, Pope Benedict the Thirteenth." He could go no farther. The church became a pandemonium of hisses, cries, and catcalls. On their way out of the church, the envoys found themselves facing an angry mob; and they went forward on foot, since on their saddles they pre-

sented too easy targets to the missiles that came toward them from every hand. Seeking passports to confer with Gregory the Twelfth at Bologna, they were informed by the captain of the citadel in that city that if they fell into his hands he would give himself the pleasure of burning them alive. Of the actual doings of the Council they learned nothing till they were back with don Pedro in Catalonia.

The outstanding achievement of the assembly had been to promote the cause of Church unity by electing a new pope, who was to live but eleven months as Alexander the Fifth.

There were now three Popes, where formerly there had been but two!

Don Pedro was not dismayed on listening to the story his bedraggled envoys had to tell, though such a report would have broken the spirit of any less fiery soul. Inured to combat, the eighty-year-old pontiff seemed to grow younger as his difficulties grew. He began his attack on his new rival with the same vim which he had displayed against the former ones. He made solemn ingress into Barcelona with all the splendor of his best days, mounted on a white horse under a gold-embroidered canopy, the most prominent barons of Catalonia holding his bridle strings. Thence he thundered excommunications against all cardinals, archbishops or bishops of his sometime Obedience who had taken part in the "confab" at Pisa, particularly cursing the doctors of the Sorbonne, "a congery of wicked ignoramuses who demonstrate their stupid presumption by calling themselves a university."

As though unaware of the void that was forming about

him through the treason of the ones and the deaths of others, he applied himself in the year 1409 to the compiling of a book which would prove his claims as the one legitimate pope (this book was circulated widely through Europe in manuscript copies). And in truth, unmindful of his own years, invincible before Time and Disease, the aged pontiff bade fair to outlast all his rivals.

Boniface and Innocent he had buried in their tombs. Gregory had vanished before him in disgrace. The new nominee of Pisa, Alexander the Fifth, was not to see the end of his first year on the throne. On the death of Alexander, the Council was to create a John the Twenty-third, a man as forceful as Pope Luna though smirched with a private record that wholly disqualified him for high station in the Church. Young as he was, this new pope was to step off the scene before the Luna papacy gave up the ghost. "No schism ever ended by the abdication of the one true Pope," said Luna; and this was his dogged refrain to all the depositions registered against him, to all requests and urgings that he bow to the inevitable.

Still a new misfortune was now to overtake don Pedro, though he greeted it with the same unshakable sereneness. During the many years while he had been going to and fro in defense of his tiara, the city of Avignon had remained loyal to his Obedience, Rodrigo de Luna functioning as Rector of the Venaissin with a garrison of Spaniards. But on recognizing the election made at Pisa, the King of France decided to occupy this last refuge of the Pope of Avignon to forestall any eventual return don Pedro might attempt thither.

A small troop of horse, headed by a herald with a

trumpet, advanced across the bridge over the Rhone, calling upon the inhabitants of the city to renounce allegiance to "the man, de Luna." Rodrigo charged the party, took its members prisoner, and broke the trumpet across his knee.

This incident was to lead to a second siege of the Papal Palace, which was prolonged for a year and a half, down, that is, to November of the year 1411.

The population of Avignon seemed always to follow the stronger and in obedience to the royal order first acclaimed Alexander the Fifth, the Pisan Pope, and a few months later his successor, John the Twenty-third. But vainly the besiegers brought up the great bombard of Aix, then famous for its calibre, and other guns from the cities of Provence or of the Venaissin itself. The massive palace of the Pope stood as impenetrable as Benedict. Not only that; the intrepid garrison made several fortunate night sorties, their raids even reaching deep into the French city of Villeneuve where they surprised enemy leaders in bed and took them into the castle as prisoners. From Barcelona don Pedro kept in constant touch with the defenders of his Palace, using various priests and lawyers of Aragon as his emissaries. Some of these courageous spies fell into the hands of the French and were decapitated. John the Twenty-third regarded this fight on the Palace as a crusade and promised indulgences to all who should take up arms or furnish money for the capture of the fortress.

After eighteen months of privations, their numbers decimated by hunger and disease, with no help anywhere in sight, the Spanish soldiers began to lose heart. Cer-

tain leaders of the Avignonese mob talked of "slaughtering the foreigners like so many hogs;" but the French captains in charge of the operations saw that there was really no way profitably to force don Rodrigo's hand. The Pope's nephew finally agreed to evacuate the structure, if, at the end of fifty days, he had received no relief. Meantime the besiegers were to supply him with five dressed lambs a day, eight casks of ripened wine of at least four gallons each, and with adequate amounts of fish and eggs for Fridays and days of fasting. The appointed time went by and the last Pope of Avignon had not been able to succor his partisans. The Rector left the Palace with all the honors of war at the head of his gallant Spanish garrison.

With these formalities the Palace of the Popes in Avignon really passes out of history; though the memory of the so-called "Catalans" long remained with the Avignonese. When a fire broke out in the former Papal edifice some two years after the evacuation, the "Catalans" were accused of having set it, though not a supporter of Benedict the Thirteenth could have been discovered within miles of the city.

An even greater disaster for don Pedro was the death of King Martin of Aragon, his most powerful defender. At Barcelona, where the fugitive pontiff maintained his court, the plague was causing untold misery; but this time he did not flee before it as he had done at Marseilles and at Genoa. It was as though the old man, weary of fighting, weary of living, were challenging death to take him away. But the epidemic respected this bony little octogenarian who seemed to subsist on an animated will alone,

cutting a wide swath, however, through the important figures of his following.

Tearful and with lowered head, the Pope accompanied don Martin's body to its grave. The King had no direct heir, his only son having died in Sicily a short time before. Six pretenders came forward for the crown, but only two of them had any real strength—a Catalan, the Count of Urgel, and Ferdinand, the heir apparent of Castile, called Fernando de Antequera from the victory he won at that town over a Moorish army from Granada.

The Catalans favored the candidacy of their compatriot, the Count of Urgel, a man of upright character, but too given to violence and too much under the influence of his ambitious mother. Aragon, and most of the Kingdom of Valencia, sympathized with Ferdinand, a shrewd diplomat and an heroic warrior, who at the time was regent of Castile, and had steadfastly refused to usurp the throne of his infant nephew despite the pressure brought to bear upon him to do so. The three sections of the ancient realm of Aragon seemed on the point of coming to civil war. The partisans of the various candidates fought whenever they met. The archbishop of Saragossa was assassinated on a public street.

Through Master Vincent, Boniface Ferrer, and others, Benedict tried to effect an amicable settlement of the issue, with the idea that a united Aragon would be the firmest pedestal for his own pontificate.

It is curious to note that a democratic solution was found for the conflict, something unique and premature in the history of Europe. It was decided to refer the choice of the new king to a commission of nine delegates,

these to be elected by popular vote, three for each of the kingdoms of Aragon, Catalonia, and Valencia.

Valencia designated Master Vincent, his brother Boniface, and an aged lawyer. Among those from Aragon was that same Francisco de Aranda, the confidant of Benedict, whom the latter's enemies accused, probably because of his long beard and his habits of slovenly dress, of undue commerce with the Infernal Powers. The Catalans were all individuals favorable to the candidacy of the Count of Urgel.

The election conference was billeted upon the town of Caspe in Aragon, the citadel of which was declared neutral, the garrison passing under the orders of the nine delegates. For many days the attention of all Spain and of most of Europe was fixed on this little village—it was the first time a king was to be named by the free choice of men who were all of humble origin, either monks or barristers. The armies of the candidates were kept at specified distances from the place of conference, communications with the delegates being confined to messengers.

The commission gave no inkling, in advance, of its predilections, and Benedict the Thirteenth, far from the scene of action, likewise had nothing to say. Doubtless his candidate was Ferdinand. Enrique de Trastámara, with whom he had soldiered as a youth, was a relative of Ferdinand in an older generation; besides, the presence of a Castilian on the throne of Aragon would tend to add another kingdom to his own waning support.

The most interesting figure, among the nine, was, naturally that of Master Vincent; and he believed in the Devil and the latter's evil arts no less implicitly than the

members of the Council of Pisa. For that matter, most normal people of the time saw the Devil interfering in the small matters of daily life, and with much more reason therefore in the important business of kings and countries. Some busybodies, anxious to know beforehand who the king of Aragon was going to be, employed a necromancer to evoke a demon on the subject—since devils have a way of knowing as much about the future as God himself.

However, the Devil, on this occasion, confessed his inability to predict anything trustworthy about the so-called Compromise of Caspe. His plans had all been thrown askew by an individual then present in that town, one Master Vincent, who had ordered him to keep at least eight miles away from the seat of the conference, whence it would be impossible for him to overhear the discussions or to disturb them with his diabolical cunning.

"The future saint," said Borja, "had a long-standing acquaintance with the Devil, and could recognize him under the most clever disguises. Four years before, at the Council of Perpignan, his eyes happened to fall on a man in a long beard, dressed like a hermit with the cowl pulled down over his eyes. Though nobody seemed to know who he was, the man had taken a seat at Benedict's elbow and was giving advice to the pontiff whenever opportunity offered. Master Vincent divined at once that it was one of the devils who had a finger in the prolongation of the Schism, and bade him be gone without more ado. The Devil saw that his game was up and whispered: 'Shhh . . . don't make so much noise about it! Don't you see I'm going? But I'll tell you one thing: you'll be hearing from me before long!' And sure enough!

The very next day, the abbot of a neighboring monastery, one of the best friends of the Saint, was seized with a sudden illness and died, though he had never known a sick day in his life . . .

"When the Commission at Caspe had gone over all the ground and the time for voting had come, though the Valencians were entitled to no precedence, Master Vincent made haste to declare his preference for Ferdinand of Antequera, and the majority of his colleagues followed his lead.

"The Catalonians never forgave the Saint this abuse of his prestige, which resulted in the rout of the Catalan candidate and the ascension of a Castilian to the throne of Aragon. Though Master Vincent himself was probably thinking of doing something to bring about national unity in Spain. Though no such thing as a Spanish nation yet existed, he constantly used the word 'Spanish' in his sermons. In this he was before his time. Actually Spanish unity was not achieved till well on in the century. The Castilian dynasty that entered Aragon became Catalan in ideas and manners; then later it was Italianized under Alfonso the Fifth, who spent most of his life at Naples on the territory he had conquered in Italy. Master Vincent was one of the forerunners of Spanish nationality. He was one of the first to think of Spain as Spain exists today."

Borja was about to enter on the famous debate between Christian doctors and Jewish rabbis, which Benedict and the Saint arranged at Tortosa for the discussion of Christianity and Judaism—a measure of free thought never dreamed of up to that time. But instead he suddenly

leapt to his feet with an exclamation of astonishment, and Rosaura also turned, following the young Spaniard's eyes toward the door of the grill.

Senator Bustamante was standing there—not a ghost, but the gentleman in person! He was not only standing there, he was entering the room. And he was not alone! At his heels walked Stella Bustamante, followed by one of her aunts, a lady who acted as her chaperone and governess, and as keeper, in Madrid, of the Great Man's house!

CHAPTER IV

THE DOCTOR-GENERAL

SENATOR BUSTAMANTE seemed to be less surprised than Borja. Indeed his astonishment began only at sight of señora de Pineda, whom he hastened to greet effusively before turning to the young scholar.

"You must have received the telegram we sent from Barcelona very promptly. We were not expecting you from Avignon before this evening."

Borja stammeringly groped about for a phrase that would at once hide his embarrassment and leave the impression that he had received the despatch in question.

Meantime the daughter and the sister-in-law of Don Aristides were taking seats to either side of Rosaura, and the Senator, forgetting Claudio for the moment, was devoting all his attention to the pretty and the wealthy South American widow.

"How could I ever dream of finding my beautiful, my distinguished, friend here in Marseilles! Why, I thought you were in Paris! What a surprise, what a delightful surprise! Isn't it a pity we are not to be here very long?"

Intuitively, without herself being aware of such caution, Rosaura refrained from saying that she had been for some days at Avignon. She talked as though she had met Borja only that afternoon. The young man, she believed,

was in Marseilles to take notes for a book he was writing —she was on her way to Cannes!

After plying the widow with questions as to the health of various personalities of note in the Argentine colony at Paris, acquaintances of them both, the Senator thought it was time to "talk business" with Borja—the ladies could have their tea at the table where they were!

"I must explain why I am here," he said mysteriously. "I hardly knew I was coming myself! . . . But as you saw from my last letter, important events are in the offing —the Chief has his eye on me! He wants me to be our ambassador at the Vatican the moment we go into power —that will be a matter of months, perhaps of weeks. What is needed there is a man of some diplomatic sense who also is known abroad, especially in South America. That's where I come in! We are going to revise the Concordat—a little toward the Left, probably!"

Borja sat nodding assent, at the same time smiling dubiously—he saw few prospects of a reform which the future ambassador seemed to be regarding as an accomplished fact.

"You know," the Senator continued, "you know my good friend, Enciso de las Casas! He has represented his country as plenipotentiary at the Holy See for some twenty years now . . . knows everybody . . . the cardinals . . . and they come and eat in his house! . . . And as you also know, he has often urged me to come on with my family for a visit to Rome, to spend a few days in his magnificent residence. I have always been putting the thing off, but now I thought it would come in quite handy . . . I could look over the ground, you see! Next week

Enciso is giving a big reception to open an exhibition of the mystic painters in his rooms. At the same time he will have a banquet to acknowledge his admission to the Academy of the Arcadians. So we all decided, on the moment, you might say, to take the trip—availing ourselves of the hospitality of this illustrious South American, who is a credit to his country and to all who speak the Spanish language on the other side of the ocean . . . Meantime, I can study the environment which will be the scene of my future activities . . ."

Borja, in fact, knew Enciso de las Casas by name—a South American business man, now retired, who had settled in Rome to gratify his inclinations toward literature. To acquire a certain status he had undertaken to manage the legation of his republic at the Vatican—without remuneration, indeed he spent huge sums on the display incidental to this high diplomatic office *ad honorem.* Señora de Pineda was a frequent visitor at his palace during her stays in Rome. In speaking of Enciso she would usually smile quizzically—"A thoroughly good soul, Enciso, devoted to his family, rich, and a good deal of a churchman. He is always writing some book or other and is rather proud to be known as a bohemian in the staid diplomatic set."

Other Americans of the South were not so merciful in their judgments of Enciso de las Casas. Whether out of jealousy or emulation, they pictured him as an incurable graphomaniac. Every year he issued a volume on some ancient Italian city or on some individual or episode of the Medieval Papacy, brazenly repeating things that hundreds of writers had said before, but as though he really

believed he were the first to discuss them. Two or three cardinals of his acquaintance could always be found about his house where they enjoyed an atmosphere of easy gaiety among very worldly people. Personalities from the penniless nobility of the Eternal City furnished decoration for his banquets and receptions, exemplifying before him various historic names which had so frequently recurred in his volumes. This he regarded as adequate return on the investment these associations imposed upon him in ways more or less direct. His friends of a patriciate come on evil days found antiques for him to buy, and wines and produce for him to patronize; and they acted as his intermediaries and counsellors in many ticklish situations arising in connection with his duties as ambassador. One family of great antiquity but of slender purse had sold him the palace it had occupied for centuries in Rome, but for a price which drew smiles of amusement from other peers who, after all, could only admire such a shrewd "combination." A *guardia nobile* of the Pope, and a chamberlain "of cape and sword," had just fished two titles of count from the depths of the Pontifical Chancellery, in order to appear as sons-in-law worthy of Enciso de las Casas.

The pseudo-Roman from beyond the Atlantic felt bound to Bustamante by ties of gratitude. Don Aristides had had him invited to Madrid for a series of lectures, and the South American plenipotentiary, the left half of his frock coat front entirely hidden by decorations (not to mention those hanging from his neck), talked for an hour and a half on three successive nights of his researches into the Florence of the Medicis, the art of the Renais-

sance, the naval policies of Venice, saying little which everybody had not always known. The illustrious Senator played the rôle of sergeant-at-arms and "tickler" at these conferences, one of which Borja had attended. He edged about nudging elderly ladies and gentlemen who had fallen asleep, or repressed with scowl or gesture the disrespectful mirth of the younger ones. "We must be courteous to South Americans," he would admonish. "These are relations which we must cultivate." And he would end: "The future of Spain lies in South America!"

"So we shall spend a few weeks in Rome," the Great Man continued. "If I left it to friend Enciso, he would keep me there forever! But, anyhow, I shall soon be back as ambassador, and the diplomatic corps from South America will all feel pleased that Spain has at last sent to the seat of the Catholic faith a man of my well known leanings who will be sure to assist them in furthering their policies."

After imparting this information, the Senator seemed to forget his own importance to take notice of his family. Stella, the daughter, had gleefully consented to make the journey. Her Rome was the one described in novels on the Christian persecutions. She had a yearning, which her father called romantic, to see the Coliseum, where the first martyrs had met their end under the claws and fangs of wild beasts. She wanted to see the places where Nero and the other Caesars lived—ancients whom she thought of as opera tenors dismounting from chariots of gold tinsel amid throngs of barelegged ballet girls and fat vedettes. Aunt Natì—doña Natividad, widow Gamboa, wanted just to see the Pope and buy a few rosaries to

distribute as birthday gifts among her Madrid acquaintances. Aunt Natì was a solid home body, who made her influence felt in the Bustamante household, though the Senator never regarded her as more than a housekeeper, on a higher level perhaps as member of the family—and especially of such a family!

The lady had no means of her own and depended wholly on support from her brother-in-law. She had a deep-rooted sense of the injustices of Fortune which she vented in secret in smothered hatred for all on whom Fortune smiled. Claudio Borja she tolerated with a smirk of doubtful cordiality, because she regarded him as Stella's future husband. For the girl herself she had a real affection, cooled underneath by the thought that Stella was only a niece and therefore freer from despotic control than she would have been as a daughter.

But she visited Bustamante with a contempt she could hardly conceal. The Great Man was at bottom a generous soul, and left her full management of the house without ever examining her accounts; but everytime something good would happen to him—a political preferment or a law suit won, doña Natividad could not help lifting her eyes to heaven in protest at the unfairness of the world.

"Poor Gamboa . . . there, at least, was a man!"

In the minds of the few who still remembered him at all, the features of the widow's late husband were already something like the blurred profile on a much worn coin; but in doña Nativity's memory he survived with the vivid grandeur of a hero as magnificent as unfortunate. Don Aristides would say in moments of playfulness that the poor man had been a victim of his wife, remaining an

obscure lawyer without initiative, who managed somehow to earn a bare living in the lowest stratum of his professional world. Doña Nativity had passed her married life reviling Gamboa for this mediocrity which placed her at such a disadvantage as compared with her prosperous sister. Only after he had died did his widow discover that he had been a great man wholly misunderstood, superior at any rate and in all regards to don Aristides, whose merits she could not see from having always stood too close to them. The virtual certainty that Bustamante would never again be minister was the one bright spot in the woman's disappointed life; and now suddenly she saw him almost an ambassador she was again lifting her eyes heavenward:

"Can such things be, O Lord?"

All this did not prevent her from joyfully accepting the unexpected chance of a journey to Rome. Besides the Senator had also promised later to install her in the Royal Embassy to receive at his balls and parties with Stella, who was still a young inexperienced child, much as she had been when her skirts were far shorter.

Tall, abundant of body, dark complexioned, with great black eyes—the one charm still surviving from her girlhood—Aunt Natì tended, through no fault of her own, to give a certain vague impression of insolence, a defect due probably to her somewhat bulgy lips (the upper one downed with just a trace of hair), and to a broad nose with dark round nostrils through which she absorbed and exhaled the air rather noisily. She still remembered, at fifty, everything that men had said to her at twenty, concluding that Fate had been as unkind to her as to the poor

Gamboa. A pretty woman, with some of the refinements of the *beau monde*, always moved her to venom.

"If I had only listened to that other man! . . . If I had been rich, with money to spend on myself . . ."

The widow Pineda was one of her most vehement dislikes. The passage of this lady through Madrid, such an event in the life of Senator Bustamante, she put down among her most unpleasant recollections. Why, the men followed the woman around like so many whipped dogs —Bustamante included! What did she have that they all were after? To be sure, she was somewhat younger than Aunt Nativity (somewhat—at least twenty years); though the poor woman could only rage at herself for being forced to envy the jewels, the gowns, and other incidentals of a brilliant elegance fastidiously nurtured.

Time and absence had somewhat healed this particular wound however; but now, quite without warning, and just when she felt herself at her very worst from a journey by train which was almost too much for her in view of her hitherto inactive life, the first person to cross her path in Marseilles was this hateful woman, so much touted by her silly brother-in-law and even by Stella herself!

"What a strange coincidence that you should be here . . . and with Claudio! Who could have dreamed of such a thing!"

And she smiled with an expression that still further dilated her capacious nostrils and uncovered between her dark red lips two sparsely filled rows of shining teeth, yellowish, like weathered marble.

Stella began explaining to the great lady all about her trip. They had arrived shortly after noon; but Aunt

Natì, who was very tired, had left her purse in the train —it had her jewels (inexpensive mementos of the days of Gamboa), the keys to all their trunks, money, and important papers which Bustamante had asked her to carry for him. That was why the Senator had had to hurry back to the station, where, fortunately, he had found the forgotten article.

They lingered about the tea table till dinner time. Stella sat gazing at Claudio with bashfulness and eagerness both written in her eyes—that expression half of passion and half of fear that certain light-footed, agile, but timid dogs show toward their masters. Borja smiled back at her but did nothing to approach. The Senator bustled about as though he had guests in his own house each of whom needed his attention. He changed seats several times, finally settling between Claudio and señora de Pineda, so that Stella at last had the young man at her side.

Rosaura could hear snatches of the conversation between the two young people as she listened politely to all that don Aristides was saying. Borja was quietly recounting his life in Avignon, apologizing also for his delay in answering some of Stella's letters. He was so busy with his studies—he had seen so many interesting things!

Stella's actual presence awakened in him vague feelings of remorse. He had left her in Madrid, six weeks before, writing her regularly every three days—much as a husband of experienced affections might describe to his wife everything he does and sees—and going also to the post-office to get her replies. But then, suddenly, he had

ceased writing, forgetting even that there was such a place as the post. Probably if he were to go there now, he would find several letters from the young girl waiting under his name.

His eyes went back and forth between his fiancée and the beautiful Creole. As they sat there near each other, Borja thought of one of the rules that gardeners observe in cutting roses: they try to leave an unopened bud on the stem with the full-blown flower, that the contrast may set off the majestic glory of the maturer blossom.

Stella was certainly the bud in comparison with that haughty splendor, a hesitant hope still far from realization! Hers was the fresh activeness of youth—bright eyes, a winning smile, hair of ashen flax, a girlish body still hesitant as to its outlines, but which now was hardly different from a boy's of the same age. Who could say —some day Stella might unfold into a pretty woman, continue on for years with her present charm, and then as she passed into maturity or even into old age, give the illusion of declining from a beauty she had never really possessed!

Stella asked Claudio to join the Senator's party and go to Rome; but he declined in a tone that might have seemed sharp. Impossible, for the moment! He still had much to do in Marseilles! After that he would have to go back to Spain, following Pope Luna from town to town and not stopping till he reached Peñíscola. Then, as though aware of his rudeness, he said he would be more than glad to join them later on, when don Aristides had become ambassador. Stella's father, in that position, could help him to see a number of things not accessible to the run of

tourists. What, indeed, would not be possible with his guardian on the spot as Spanish representative at the Vatican?

The Great Man in the chair adjoining was declining, in effusive formulas, an invitation from señora de Pineda:

"How I wish we could! A week on the Blue Coast, in your magnificent villa, and with such a charming hostess! I have heard wonders of your establishment on the Riviera, doña Rosaura. Unfortunately Enciso insists on having us by Thursday at the latest—that's the date for his admission to the Academy, and for the banquet. We shall have to go on tomorrow morning by the first train. We haven't even moved our luggage from the station! But we shall be coming this way again shortly and if you are then on the seashore and will allow us such a privilege we shall be delighted to stop and see you! Then I shall be a full-fledged ambassador, and you, my charming friend, will have to address me as 'Excellency' in accord with the customs of high diplomacy."

And the Great Man laughed at the high post he so aspired to, with the false modesty of the magnate who deigns to lay aside the trappings of his glory as a particular favor to intimate friends.

In the dining room they all took places at one large table. Doña Nativity was less acid, during the meal, both in her mood and in her expressions of it. Bustamante had often remarked that her nature improved once she were serving guests at the mistress's end of a table. Food, furthermore, seemed to tame her, much as music is said to have tamed wild beasts in mythological eras. She questioned Rosaura as to the latest fashions and fads

of Paris, with the intent, as she genially confided, of impressing her friends, when she got back to Madrid, with the evidence she would betray of having lived in constant contact with "society." Her queries, indeed, revealing the secret hankerings of a modiste who had missed her calling, were quite beyond the stylish Creole.

"I'm sure I don't know," Rosaura would keep answering. "I just buy the things I like myself. I don't know what the papers say. I'm very lazy about such things. I'm always behind the times."

Switching suddenly from the subject of gowns, Aunt Natì began asking about the health of Rosaura's two children, and their progress with their studies:

"They must be quite grown up by this time! Where are they now? I suppose you are with them every day!"

Nor would she drop the theme: with no offspring of her own she had made a virtue of her misfortune, as though she regarded her sterility as a kind of perennial girlhood that somehow made her the equal of the younger woman whom she detested.

But again in the drawing-room, after dinner, Aunt Natì's exhilaration, born of secret spite, vanished of a sudden. The fatigue of the days in the train seemed to overwhelm her, and she sat silent and motionless in her chair, her great rounded eyes fixed wide open on the handsome widow before her and with never a word. It was as though she were asleep inside. Her slight nods of assent to what Stella and Rosaura were saying betrayed no grasp of the meaning of their words, though they were pursuing a subject which Aunt Natì herself had introduced—the modes and manners of Paris.

The Senator was a great smoker of black cigars, sent him direct from Cuba by "a friend over there." He lighted one and took a seat at some distance from the ladies, inviting Claudio to accompany him, though the latter had no use for these "logs of tobacco" which his guardian kept offering him. Pleased with the world, in the good humor inspired by a solid meal and the prospect of a comfortable night in a soft bed, don Aristides adopted toward his young ward a familiar confidential tone, as though the two were of the same age. His eye had a twinkle such as Borja had often noticed in other elderly gentlemen rising from a banquet to sip a cup of coffee and a glass of cordial—"Now that we are alone and no ladies present . . ."

Bustamante was often thus when he was entertaining some South American celebrity and the time came for the latter to repay the hospitality received by supplying gossip and scandal about other South Americans of his own or other countries.

With a gesture toward his "beautiful and charming friend," don Aristides inquired as to how she was travelling when Borja met her at Marseilles:

"Was she alone? Wasn't there a man with her, a South American, a fellow named Urdaneta, Rafael Urdaneta?"

On learning that Rosaura was returning unaccompanied to the Blue Coast, the Senator smiled knowingly:

"Quarreling again, probably! Gossip has it that they fight every other day now! They say it's an affair that's about over!"

Borja could not suppress his eagerness to know more

about this Urdaneta, a name which he had heard many times. The president of the "Ibero-American Union" gazed at the youth in amazement at such benighted ignorance.

"A great man, in his country," the Senator began, "a man who embodies all the virtues and defects of our race! Unfortunately the accident of birth placed him on a stage too obscure for a genius of his calibre! Had he belonged to one of the larger nations in South America, all the newspapers of the world would now be full of him. A man from the days when men were men is the Doctor-General!"

He stopped to survey the effects of this exordium, fearing lest a cynic might have found it hyperbolic; then he hastened to explain:

"Urdaneta does not see things as we do—but that is no reason to be blind to his qualities. It would not be fair to say that he is hostile to Spain. When he passed through Madrid I arranged an entertainment in his honor. Well, he was most impressed by the bull-fights and our Andalusian dancing girls! I could see that he was more or less bored, and he confessed frankly that he was. 'You see, Senator, it's this way! We have all this at home—you have more, and bigger, but after all, it's the same. As we put it: rice and 'taters, 'taters and rice! Why cross the ocean to find yourself in your own backyard?' What he was looking for was Europe—Paris, London, Berlin . . . Paris especially! A life in the open air, soldiering in good weather and foul in the jungles, had given him, by a sort of compensation, a hankering for the sophistica-

tions of civilized society—he wanted to see women with naked shoulders covered with gems. He wanted to put on his evening clothes at seven every evening!"

A lover of glory, yet believing in nothing, seeing nothing that was really worth living for, Urdaneta had been an indefatigable amasser and spender of money, one of those energetic and cynical South Americans who are at once the pride and the calamity of the nations to which they happen to belong.

"His particular country," Bustamante continued, "a sparsely settled territory constantly at war, has a ruling class divided into two groups, a clique of generals, centaurs deft with the machete, cruel, violent, illiterate (though most of them could twang a guitar and rhyme a love song); and a clique of doctors or *licenciados*, university graduates of glib tongues and solemn demeanors, who wear long black coats even at home on hot summer days, and who enter politics in the name of 'civil rule' or 'democracy' as opposed to 'militarism.' Urdaneta, however, has succeeded in straddling both parties: he has been a general in a revolution; at the same time he holds the degree of doctor from a university in the republic next door.

"His partisans have found a nickname for him which connotes this great and unusual versatility: Urdaneta is the 'doctor-general.' As such he stands all by himself. He has no competitors. He is a magician, a wizard, whose slightest word hypnotizes men and makes them submissive tools in his hands. Let him take the field on horseback with a handful of friends, and in a few weeks he has an army behind him, every man of it shouting

at the top of his lungs: 'Evviva the doctor-general.'"

Physically the man was handsome—in the sense in which men were so regarded in days gone by. He scrupulously followed the fashions of European dress for men, though many people, in the presence of his diamond studded shirt front, his spotlessly white cravat, and his silk lapelled evening coat, could still think of him only as a warrior in helmet and armor. The only innovations of select masculine attire which Urdaneta had never been willing to adopt were the clean shaven face and the close cropped mustache. He still wore a long curly undulating beard, black with a bluish brilliancy, that reached far down over his chest. These capillary breastworks, behind which celebrity commonly took refuge in an earlier generation, now attracted attention everywhere in the restaurants and salons of Paris, as the target of feminine eyes especially. Urdaneta's manner with women was a mixture of savage courtliness and virile brutality. For that matter, in his dealings with men as well, he tried to soften his cold-blooded selfishness, his overbearing desire for the best in life, under phrases of a somewhat old-fashioned, a somewhat grandiloquent gentility.

In Paris he lived with the lavishness of an Oriental prince, all at the expense of his country. The presidency of the republic in question he had always refused—that would have compelled him to live at home, with the annoyance of satisfying hungry partisans, and with the danger of seeing his prestige lose its lustre from the very contempt which familiarity breeds. The doctor-general preferred rather to be a maker of presidents, realizing the political ambitions now of one, now of another of his

henchmen, but always on the understanding that they would satisfy every demand they received from Paris from him. Sometimes his bills would be so large that the government could not carry them. Then again, some venturesome favorite, seeing the "boss" far away, would declare independence and go his own way.

Such cases would require Urdaneta's "intervention." He would start out from his mansion "on the *Bois*" in Paris, much as he would for a hunting expedition. He could land somewhere on the coast of his country, and at once find two or three thousand men ready to cheer for the "doctor-general" and follow him, satisfied that at last another chance to go to war had come.

Urdaneta's disembarkations were usually made in the name of liberty and progress—the government in power was "headed toward reaction," and reaction "we cannot tolerate." If, by chance, the unruly ex-favorite had gathered a peasant following about him, the "boss" would come out for "law and order" and the "sacred rights of property now endangered by the radicalism of unscrupulous demagogues." In either event, a short and rapid campaign would bring Urdaneta victorious into the capital, "just in time to save the country." A "more satisfactory" president would be installed in the Palace as Urdaneta would modestly "put aside the crown"; and the long-bearded chieftain would return quietly to his accustomed haunts in Paris.

Urdaneta's foes were always hoping that sooner or later some assassin would prove enough of a shot finally to hit him. There was also the chance that they might capture him on one of his "interventions" and stand him

in front of a firing squad. But nothing of the kind had happened yet. He seemed to bear a charmed life. Someone could always be found to die for him or to rescue him from the best laid plots. Let a traitor turn up in the ranks of his following and some loyal vigilant would find him out and cut him down with a machete.

"Here in Europe," said the Senator, "we like to poke fun at these little revolutions in South America, and at the chieftains who lead them. And ridiculous they are when viewed from a distance, especially from a safe distance. But seen from the inside, so to speak, they make quite a different impression, and give the most thoughtful pause. These fellows kill each other like bedbugs—as though human life were the cheapest thing in the world, as though the laws of God and man stood second to the perfection symbolized by a rifle in the hands of a courageous man. How many men have died for the doctor-general! How many men he has actually slain with his own gun! And yet, when you see him, you will fall under his spell, and probably be as mad about him as the most fanatical of his followers. He is a gentleman, as they say, a gentleman of the old school, sentimental, amiable in excess if anything, capable of any sacrifice for a person he barely knows . . . And yet, underneath all that, you sense something that troubles you, something that prevents you from feeling wholly at your ease in his presence . . . There is no limit to his expenditures. He invites everyone about him to share in his extravagance. He is a famous host, somewhat hazy perhaps as to the precise boundaries between what is his and what belongs to other people. When the government at home cannot send him

actual cash, he gets it indirectly by transacting business for it in Europe and the United States. He handles concessions for banks and corporations and private individuals, selling silver mines and oil wells which he never saw himself, and which, many times, are dreams of the people who are supposed to own them. Those Indians back there have great imaginations . . ."

But Borja, as yet, had not heard the important thing. What were his relations with the Pineda woman?

Don Aristides smiled good-naturedly:

"It was almost inevitable that they should meet and love each other—love, yes, let's use that word. He the most celebrated man, and she the most prominent woman in the Spanish-speaking colony in Paris! Our pretty friend represents elegance, refinement, conservative money; Urdaneta, adventure, heroism, speculation, risk—money that comes and goes like the water in an intermittent spring. They complement each other, you see . . ."

The aristocratic Creole had at first been inclined to smile at the famous doctor-general, as a member of an inferior caste. She had the pride of her great country, a land that "has no record," that lives in eternal peace and plenty. The *republiquette* of which that professional trouble-maker was *de facto* tyrant, would be lost as a needle in a haystack in the smallest of the Argentine provinces. But as she met Urdaneta again and again in the fashionable drawing-rooms of Paris, she ended by succumbing to his fascinating personality. Her case was not different from that of many other women of high society or of the bohemian sets. She could not resist his lavish generosities, his arrogances as a man sure of him-

self and of his powers. For a time, Rosaura had concealed her associations with Urdaneta; but neither she nor her lover could forever evade curious or critical eyes. They were guilty of many imprudences in the thrill of their first passion—unobserved in Paris, their journeys abroad could not fail to attract attention, even in the newspapers, which followed the movements of individuals so prominent in the *beau monde*. Rosaura's intimates thought she had never loved anyone so deeply, so unrestrained was her infatuation for this remarkable man.

"Their love has lasted, but not in its earlier and more passionate form. There has been no peace, no real friendship in it. It has been rather a succession of jealousies, quarrels, reconciliations. Our friend began sometime ago to see Urdaneta under a new light. For one thing she is from South America too, and probably never found in him the peculiar romantic flavor the European is likely to feel. They say that during their quarrels she sometimes ridicules his *republiquette* and resents his pretensions to equality with her because they both happen to be South Americans. 'I? I am an Argentine? And you, what are you? . . .' I have been told, though I cannot vouch for it, that sometimes, beside himself with vexation, he has actually beaten her, causing her to abandon him for a time. But she always comes back! As it would seem, she likes strong masculine men, and takes her hero just as she finds him, beatings and all. I suppose they get along like many respectably married people. He tires of her for a time, and takes up with some other woman. She finds it out, is jealous, but goes on affecting a contempt and indifference she does not feel. Then they

quarrel, separate, forgive, reunite. For his part, Urdaneta would long ago have married her. A union with the wealthy Creole would give him a sound financial status. But the lady understands the dangers such a marriage would involve for her properties. She comes from a country where the importance of money is appreciated more, almost, than anywhere else. She does not care to run the risk of ruin and prefers a less formal relation, which, for that matter, everyone who knows them both condones."

A grating of chairs caused the Great Man to look around. Aunt Natì's weariness had finally vanquished her resolute will, and, with eyes still open, she had let her head fall forward upon her chest till her breathing had become almost as audible as a snore. Stella made haste to beg indulgence of her beautiful companion — the journey by train had really been very hard on everyone, and it was quite too much for a woman of Aunt Natì's age! The words seemed to penetrate the cloud that had settled on the elderly widow's mind, and she sat up with aggressive vivaciousness. Finally, however, she yielded to Stella's insistence that it was time for them both to retire to their rooms.

The party broke up. Rosaura could hardly conceal her impatience to examine a package of letters which a bellboy had just laid at her elbow on the table. The three women kissed each other effusively, with many expressions of hope that they would meet again soon. It was finally agreed that Stella and her aunt would pay a long visit to the villa on the Blue Coast, when don Aristides went to assume his post in Rome.

As the two moved away, Rosaura turned eagerly to her letters, too much concerned to observe that the two men still talking across the room were gazing at her steadily. The package contained envelopes and postcards of all shapes and sizes—the correspondence that had been piling up at Cannes while she stayed on at Marseilles and Avignon. Throwing newspapers and circulars aside, she was interested only in the letters and cards—some of the latter she examined on both sides. The perusal finished, she raised her head with an expression of pain . . . Nothing!

The celebrated lawyer from Madrid prided himself on his ability at understanding intricate situations of the soul by pure induction. And he whispered to Borja:

"She didn't find it! She was expecting a letter from Urdaneta, that might pave the way for another reconciliation. I am sure she has been quarreling again with the doctor-general!"

CHAPTER V

AN EMPEROR ROASTS A GOOSE

IT was almost noon when Rosaura appeared in the lobby of the hotel. Borja had been waiting for her for some time, listlessly browsing among the newspapers and magazines, most of them out of date, which littered one of the tables. Briskly he arose to greet her: don Aristides and his family were on their way—he had been to the station to see them off. The weather was wretched—a *mistral* had just come up.

In fact, the whole appearance of Marseilles was changing. The café men along the Cannebière were more like ship masters ordering crews about. Cords on the awnings were being keyed tight with winches, much as hawsers are secured on ships at sea. From the distance came the bangs of slamming doors and windows, while the waiters hurried to prop screens and casements with supports to strengthen them against the shock of the hurricane. The boats, big and small, were heaving in rhythmical ups and downs over all the waters of the Old Basin. Clouds of dust and fragments of waste paper moved in dirty spirals down the avenue. Yet all this violence was developing under a sky intensely blue, without a trace of storm or cloud!

Rosaura was rising late after a bad night. A livid

haggard face that showed no trace of color betrayed hours of insomnia. It was the weather, she said. The heat made her nervous, and now this raw chill wind had come to make matters worse!

"How annoying to be caught just here, and shut in for a whole day! I almost envy the Senator and his party —they got away in time! I am half inclined to follow their example. Were this cold to last three days, I should prefer to face it on the road! It is only a six hour drive, however, from here to my own home!"

Borja manned the breach with a show of good humor. No, he doubted whether the wind would last—it was more like the "false mistral," and it would probably be over within two or three hours. It wouldn't bother them in the restaurant where they were going that day—a place famous for a cuisine in the traditions of the old Provence!

But as they stepped from the hotel portal out upon the sidewalk, the beautiful Creole drew back with a cry of irritation. A gust of wind had caught her in front, tugging at the fastenings of her hat and hair, filling her face and eyes with dust, and lifting her skirts, despite their tightness, till both her hands were required to keep them in place. Brr . . .! How disagreeable!

"None of this!" she exclaimed, "I would rather be bored right here in the hotel. Yes, I think I will have lunch just where I am! You may stay if you like! Fortunately you have a Pope to talk about, as a safe topic of conversation!"

Borja had followed her back into the lobby, and now showed her to a comfortable seat at one of the stands in the reception room. He could not resist an allusion to

her bad night. She was sure it was only the weather? She had had no annoyances? Had she not received, or failed to receive, a letter . . . from a man?

Rosaura flushed with anger, and glanced at the young Spaniard in defiant hostility:

"There you go again! I am a woman, so therefore, the only thing that can be wrong with me has something to do with a man! You forget that I am a mother, with two children, and that children are quite a care . . ."

She paused a moment, but her anger did not abate:

"Listen, Borja; if you care to continue our acquaintance, you will kindly avoid the subject of love, whether in connection with yourself or with others. I can see where all these talks we are having are bound to end, if we go on: I shall soon be listening to declaration number —I forget what! I cannot talk with you without some allusion on your part to your passion, our future happiness, and such nonsense in which I have not the remotest interest in the world. You are a Spaniard, all over! And what a Spaniard! Stella, your fiancée, is hardly out of your sight! Why don't you think of her, if you really have to think of a woman? Really, Borja, you don't know how I felt as we sat here last night . . . I had done nothing wrong whatever, nor dreamed of doing wrong . . . Yet I felt actual remorse as I saw that poor little angel you are engaged to marry, and then remembered that you, shameless hypocrite, had been making love to me ever since we met in Avignon! . . . Seriously, Claudio, I refuse to burden my conscience with wrongful things I never have done. If you must do as you have been doing, the sooner you go the better."

This explosion relieved her feelings somewhat, and she added more genially:

"What do you say, are my terms agreeable? . . . Very well, so you stay then! But no sulking, you understand, no rainy weather faces! Good humor, and talk! I like to hear you talk! Go on with your don Pedro, and his other two popes. You left him stranded there in his refuge in Aragon, enemies increasing in numbers all about him. How did the war of the three popes come out?"

Borja resumed his narrative but with less enthusiasm than on other occasions. A new character had stepped out upon the stage in Northern Europe with the intention of settling the Great Schism—a young layman, Sigismund, king of Bohemia, and son of Emperor Charles the Fourth. Sigismund had been chosen by the lords of Germany to ascend the throne of the Empire.

"To be king of the Romans and emperor of Germany," he continued, "was to fill a post more honorary than factual—a purely theatrical inheritance of the ancient power of the Caesars which had ended, really, with Charlemagne. In the days now in question, a German emperor was strong if he happened to have money and men of his own; but if these two essentials were lacking, his very electors, the German princes, were likely to regard him as a joke, and his fate was to drift about from court to court, a touted but mendicant guest. Sigismund, as emperor, had only one small kingdom — Hungary, to depend on, since his rule over Bohemia was merely nominal for a great many years. However, he had a faculty for inspiring confidence in those about him, and he chose to make the composition of the Schism a matter

of personal pride, thinking he would gain great prestige by imposing his laic authority upon the three different camps of popes and cardinals between which the Church was divided."

The rank and file of Christians were growing weary after thirty-seven long years of ecclesiastical discord. Each of the popes was a burden upon his respective Obedience through the constant requests for money needed to prosecute the papal war. The Cardinals, after all, had contributed most to the dissensions by their elections of new Popes and their unwillingness to come to any specific settlement (as long as the confusion lasted they were the gainers in the numbers and in the emoluments of available positions). But the spectacle of so much disorder had begun to undermine the faith of common every-day believers. The Popes and their quarrels were now objects of mirth on every hand. In many countries bold and eloquent preachers were stepping forward to demand a fundamental reform not only in Church administration but in Church doctrine. There was a growing aspiration for a return to the evangelical simplicity of the times of Jesus.

The threat of a religious revolution that would leave heresy triumphant brought the princes of the Church to their senses, giving them a sincere desire for union after so many years of self-seeking; and Sigismund had little difficulty, in accord with the Pope of Pisa, John the Twenty-third, in convoking a general assembly of the Church in the city of Constance, in Switzerland.

The Council of Constance proved to be a vast enterprise. The clerics alone in attendance reached the number

of eighteen thousand. There were three Colleges of Cardinals almost complete—the group formed by Gregory the Twelfth, Pope of Rome, and now a wanderer through Italy; those nominated by John the Twenty-third; and all who had deserted Benedict the Thirteenth. Hundreds of archbishops, bishops, abbots, priests, crowded the roads to the designated meeting place and the water routes leading up the Rhine to the Lake of Constance. Conspicuous in this portentous array of Church dignitaries were the doctors of the University of Paris, d'Ailly and Gerson among them; though the most important orators of the Council, both as regards learning and oratorical ability, were to be one-time friends of Pedro de Luna.

But not only churchmen came to Constance. The Emperor brought his retinue and other lay princes theirs. Pedlars, minstrels, street musicians, pickpockets, entertainers, misfits in search of employment, prostitutes Italian, French and German, flocked to this saintly environment as to a fair. According to chroniclers of the epoch many ladies of doubtful status followed in attendance on cardinals and other persons of importance openly and with luxurious display. The City of Constance found itself called upon to provide accommodations and maintenance for more than one hundred thousand people and for thirty thousand horses.

John the Twenty-third was the first of the principals to appear—and in very bad humor. He had called the congress at the instance of Sigismund; but on learning that his bitterest antagonists would be waiting for him there, he looked forward to the event with great foreboding. His Pisan electors were enraged, because they

had at last fathomed the shrewdness with which he had used the Council to win the tiara on the untimely death of Alexander the Fifth. Pope John was a man of wide-awake intelligence and violent temper. He knew no restraints of speech in moments of irritation. On his way across the mountains in Tyrol, his coach happened to overturn and sprawl him in the snow; and the simple-minded mountaineers were astounded to hear a Holy Father using interjections from the days of his adventurous youth, wherein the name of the Devil himself was taken who could say whether in vain! On catching his first glimpse of Constance from a hilltop, John was heard to exclaim:

"So there's the trap they've set for the foxes!"

The festivities of Christmas Eve, of the year 1414, furnished background for the advent of the outstanding personality at the Council. The Emperor Sigismund reached the city by way of the lake, and an immense multitude shivered in the cold and dark to greet the imperial barque as it was moored under the walls of the city. Pope John celebrated the midnight mass in the cathedral, with Sigismund sitting on a magnificent throne, all his princes and officials about him. Later on the Emperor donned the dalmatica of a deacon and mounted the pulpit with the Imperial Crown on his head, to chant the Gospel of the Nativity. Finally the Pope presented him with a sword that had been blessed, that he might use it in defense of the Church.

After these formalities, the Council of Constance was called to order.

The sometime pirate, Baldassare Cossa, was not to be

long in discovering what his fate was to be in having relied on the word of Sigismund and entrusted himself to this Council. Pedro de Luna and Anzolo Correr had been stripped of their tiaras and declared heretics at the Council of Pisa. John the Twenty-third was to be treated just as roughly here.

However, the labors of the convention were long drawn out. Time was no consideration whatever with the venerable individuals who constituted its membership. Incredible intervals intervened between one and another of its numerous sessions. Sometimes a hundred days would elapse between question and answer, between summons and appearance. These long waits did not hang heavily on the hands of the delegates. Since knights and warriors were present in abundance, there were tourneys and joustings aplenty. The theatre gained a great vogue at this historic moment, a number of ambulant troupes having appeared on the scene to produce sacred dramas with humorous interludes. Some seventeen hundred instrumentalists, qualified in trumpet, fife, flute and viola, were available in the town, which trilled to one perpetual concert of military marches and langourous love songs.

Having regard to the threatening attitude of the Council, Pope John made a promise that he would abdicate in order to restore peace within the Church. But some days later, while a great tournament was being held in the center of the city, an old man, dressed as a hostler and mounted on a bedraggled nag with a crossbow hanging from the saddle, made his way through the city gates, guided by a child who did not know who he was. John

the Twenty-third had fled from Constance to escape the pressure of enemies bent on being rid of him at once and for good.

The Pontiff's flight was the occasion for a general panic, and many saw in it a fiasco for the Council. Peddlers and merchants began packing up their wares. Cardinals and Princes ordered their helpers to get their horses ready. But d'Ailly and Gerson, supported by the Emperor, managed to halt the stampede. They convinced the Council that the Pope's presence was not essential, and ensuing sessions sought to establish a revolutionary principle: that a General Assembly of the Church is sovereign over the Heir of Saint Peter.

"This," Borja commented, "was a momentary triumph for the Gallican tendency represented by the two French theologians. The Church was under parliamentary rule, as we might say today. The assembled body of the faithful claimed precedence over the Pope, who found himself thereby demoted to the position of a constitutional monarch. Later on, however, the supporters of absolutism regained control of the Council, and the Pope it nominated, Martin the Fifth, ruled the Church as an absolute authority."

When the fugitive John refused to return to Constance the Council proceeded to deal with his case. The indictment drawn against the reformed pirate enumerated seventy-four crimes particularized with abundance of detail. According to the prosecution he was "wicked, lewd, a liar and a rebel; ungrateful and disobedient toward his parents; a poisoner of Alexander the Fifth whom he succeeded; an adulterer with his brother's wife; a forni-

cator with nuns, matrons, maidens, and a practitioner of other crimes against chastity; a seller of indulgences and offices for personal gain; a miser; a simoniac . . ."

On the twenty-ninth of May, of the year 1415, the Council removed him from the Throne and sent a deputation across the Lake to the German shore, to seek out the deposed Pontiff in his hiding place and inform him of his sentence. The ex-Pope accepted the verdict humbly and resigned himself to his misfortune. For three years he lived a prisoner in Germany consoling himself for the insults he kept receiving by writing Latin verses on the instability of human affairs.

Some years later, Martin the Fifth, the nominee of the Council, was passing through Florence, when an old man approached him, swore fealty to him as legitimate Pope, and asked the privilege of living and dying under Martin's paternal rule. The Pope was moved by the spectacle and gave his ruined predecessor the first post in his Sacred College with title as Cardinal-Bishop of Tusculum. It was not long, however, before the outcast, repentant and forgiven, passed from this world.

The Council of Constance was to obtain another victory. The wandering Gregory, now abandoned by all the countries of his Obedience, and no longer knowing which way to turn, sent in his abdication from the castle in Viterbo; and the Council at once named him Cardinal-Bishop of Porto. Two years later Gregory was to die at Recanati, with the words: "I knew not the world, and the world knew me not."

In appreciation of Gregory's reasonableness, the Council declared him the most legitimate of the three contenders.

Gregory was the Pope of Rome, and in making this decision the free assembly of the Church was falling into line with the same geographical influences which had brought the Schism about. It was a forewarning that if the work that had been done were not to be undone, the Pontiff the Council would later elect would have to be an Italian.

"Of the three popes," said Borja, "only one was now still on his feet. But the arrogant Council and the conceited Sigismund were to find Benedict the Thirteenth too hard a nut to crack. The Emperor had no real power; by waving and flourishing such as he had, he sometimes succeeded in intimidating many; and he must be credited with a certain finesse in obtaining by intrigue results he could never have reached by his simple imperial fiat . . . His figure stands out in sharp contrast with another which, embellished with no cardinalate or prelacy, did more to eternize the memory of the Council than the treacherous Emperor ever could have done.

"Not only merchants, artisans, musicians, comedians, adventurers and prostitutes came to swell the multitudes about this assembly of the Church Schismatic. Long before the Emperor himself appeared, people had been flocking to the squares and lake fronts to listen to the fiery sermons of a tall lanky priest, some forty years old, with a dry, pale, shriveled countenance. John Huss was a man of austere life, who chose to remain in poverty despite his friendships among the great lords of his Bohemian fatherland. His learning had been recognized with the deanship of the University of Prague, and his eloquence and holy life attracted the admiration of Queen

Sophia, Sigismund's sister-in-law, who made him her confessor.

"John Huss loved the Gospel in its literal simplicity, and he desired the corrupt and schismatic Church to come back to the Gospel's teachings. Before Huss's time, in England, another humble priest, Wickliff, had proclaimed a similar return to the primitive spirit of Christ's gospel, demanding a complete reform in Church administration and Church dogma, and especially a clearing out, among the princes of the Church, of those noted for scandalous living and worldly abuses.

"Wickliff died before persecution fell upon his person, though his books were condemned to the flames in various cities of Europe. John Huss, his disciple and successor, had, however, fallen under excommunication, and his writings likewise had been burned at Prague. From this sentence Huss appealed to Pope John the Twenty-third, and provided with a safe-conduct from the Emperor Sigismund, he set out for Constance with a flock of disciples, intending publicly to harangue the Council. Preoccupied as Pope John was with the moves of his enemies and his efforts to keep in power, he nevertheless found time to welcome the Bohemian preacher benevolently, and evinced his willingness to restore Huss's status in the Church on condition that Huss abstain from further agitation.

"This, however, was a great deal to ask of an orator like John Huss, to whom talking was second nature, whether as a lecturer from his university chair, or as an exhorter of vast throngs under the open sky. Besides, a sincere man convinced that he has the truth is likely to prefer death to silence . . .

"Huss, at any rate, continued preaching in the squares of Constance as though nothing had occurred, and the ecclesiastical authorities finally ordered his arrest and his confinement in a cell where he could be held at the disposition of the Council. The latter, at its Fifth Session, appointed a commission of prelates and theologians, under the presidency of Pierre d'Ailly, then Cardinal of Cambrai, to look into the things John Huss had been saying.

"A duel five weeks long began between one man, single handed, and cohorts of rich and powerful ecclesiastical dignitaries. Forty-two propositions were extracted from his sermons and writings with parallels culled from the books of Wickliff; and Huss was invited to repudiate them. The heroic preacher replied that he would be only too glad to do so, in all humility, if he could be shown that his doctrines were erroneous.

"D'Ailly and others among the judges were strongly attracted to Huss's remarkable personality, and looked upon him with pitying sympathy."

"My dear John," d'Ailly kept counselling, "put yourself in the Council's hands, without any reserves whatever, and that will be the end of all this!"

Huss was even given to understand that a formal repudiation would be satisfactory, whether inwardly he changed his mind or not.

"Such a falsehood would fill my last hours with bitterness," Huss replied to this politic suggestion.

"Unfortunately for Huss," said Borja, "the Council of Constance was a revolutionary body. It had placed itself above the Pope at whose call it had assembled and had arrogated universal authority over the Church. This

situation inclined its members to suspicion and severity toward all other innovators. It was in the mood of a provisional government possessed of power after a revolution—relentless therefore toward all agitators, in its desire to gain the confidence of the conservative elements whose support it needs.

"The long argument having reached an impasse, d'Ailly and the other judges sadly took leave of their defendant, knowing well what his fate would be. Sigismund had granted Huss a safe-conduct, and it would be a disgrace for the Emperor if a man who had come to Constance under his protection were put to death. He tried to find an issue from the difficulty by having a number of Bohemian gentlemen call upon Huss in the latter's prison and beg him to recant."

"Do you regard yourself as wiser than the whole Council?" one of these asked the preacher. But Huss replied: "Let the lowliest of its members show me better texts than I have, and I will abjure immediately."

On the sixth of July of the year 1415, John Huss was led by a guard of soldiers to the Cathedral of Constance, where the Fifteenth assembly of the Council was in session. The Emperor who had affixed his signature to the man's safe-conduct, was sitting on a throne surrounded by the officials of his court. The multitude that packed the edifice was centered around a platform, on the platform a table displaying sacerdotal ornaments assembled for the ceremony of degradation. A solemn mass was sung with litanies. A bishop preached on the need of stamping out heresy in its seed, with words of flattery for the Emperor Sigismund appointed of God to suppress

heresy and schism in one. The bishop's peroration dwelt on the mercifulness of putting a heretic to death.

After a threat of severe penalties was read to the Council to intimidate anyone who should venture an interruption, the Wicliffian heresies taught by Huss were recounted aloud, the defendant justifying himself vehemently, appealing to Christ and refusing to abjure.

Huss was forced to his knees to receive his sentence, which cast him out of the body of the faithful and stripped him of his prerogatives as a priest.

Seven bishops proceeded to clothe him with sacerdotal vestments as though he were about to celebrate mass. As the aube was placed upon him Huss cried out:

"When Christ was led from Herod to Pilate, he was clothed in a white mantle that men might revile him!"

For one last time the bishops exhorted him to recant, but Huss turned to the congregation:

"I refuse to bear false witness before the face of God, insulting my conscience and the Truth! A recantation on my part would be an unworthy fraud upon the great throngs which have listened to my preachings proclaiming the Divine Word!"

The bishops placed a chalice in his hands and then snatched it away, crying:

"O Judas, thou didst desert the Counsel of Peace to follow that of the Jews: we withdraw from thee the Chalice of Salvation!"

And Huss:

"The Almighty God for whose sake I suffer will not withdraw from me the Chalice of Salvation, of which I shall quaff this day in His Kingdom!"

So one by one he was deprived of the priestly vestments under the terrible maledictions usual with that rite. Some misunderstanding arose in connection with the removal of the tonsure. Some thought it should be done with a knife, others with a pair of scissors. Huss turned toward the Emperor and cried:

"As you see, my enemies cannot agree as to how they shall dishonor me."

After the obliteration of the tonsure, a paper crown was set upon his head. It was two feet high, and bore the pictures of three devils, with an inscription: "Lo, the Heresiarch!"

"We abandon thy soul to Satan!" cried the bishops.

Huss joined his hands, lifted his eyes to Heaven, and cried:

"O Jesus Christ, my Lord, thou didst bear a crown of thorns more grievous than mine! For love of Thee, I, a poor sinner, humbly bear this lighter crown, infamous though it be!"

The degradation was over, and the Council consigned the heretic to the Secular Arm. Following a timeworn and truculent hypocrisy of the Church, Master John was delivered to the Emperor with an appeal for mercy: "May he not be put to death, but held in perpetual captivity."

Like all the rulers of the time, Sigismund understood that these charitable words were only an empty formula. Interpreting their real meaning he turned to the Provost of Constance and said:

"Lay hold on Master John Huss and burn him as a heretic!"

The official designated ordered his attendants to take the

man to the stake just as he was. Huss was not stripped of the two garments of broadcloth which he had worn in prison because of the cold. His shoes, his girdle, his knife, the articles in his pockets, were not disturbed.

As he stepped out of the Cathedral into the Square, he was confronted by a bonfire made of his books. He smiled.

The guards about him did not touch his person. His hands were not bound, and he could talk freely with the crowds that lined the streets. More than three thousand soldiers and most of the inhabitants of Constance made up the cortège of death. At various points along the way, Huss raised his voice in a great cry:

"Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God, *miserere nobis*!"

At the place of execution, Huss fell thrice to his knees before the great pile of fuel, repeating the same cry. He asked permission to address the crowd; but this request was refused. He was at once tied to a stake at the top of the pile. A chain was drawn around his neck. His feet rested on a stool. Under the wood and straw that was heaped up to his chin his body all but disappeared.

In this position he was once more urged to save his life by a recantation; but he replied merely by addressing the throng as in a sermon.

The order for kindling the pile was given.

The executioners had sprinkled the fuel with pitch and the fire broke into immediate blaze. From the middle of the soaring flames Huss was heard to call once more:

"Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God, *miserere nobis*!"

He could not repeat the cry. The fire was upon him.

Some of the ecclesiastical authorities admired his

heroism with a fairness that does them credit. Enea Silvio Piccolimini, who was to become Pope Pius the Second, and to be the only Vicar of Christ to write a novel, said that the death of Huss reminded him of the deaths of the bravest ancient philosophers.

Huss's ashes and bones were thrown into the Rhine to prevent his followers from cherishing them as relics.

In order to do its work thoroughly, the Council ordered the disinterment and burning of Wickliff's body in England; and then it proceeded to treat the city of Constance to another spectacle: a similar execution of Jerome of Prague, one of the most enthusiastic and eloquent of Huss's disciples.

"Interesting legends have grown up about the pyre of Huss," said Borja. "As he was being tied to the stake at the top of the fuel, he saw an aged woman laboriously struggling forward with a bundle of faggots to add her mite toward the burning of a heretic:

"'*O sancta simplicitas!*' cried the Martyr.

"And just before dying he said a more important thing:

" 'Today you are burning a goose, but from my ashes will rise a swan which you cannot burn.'

"The word *huss* meant 'goose' or 'gander' in the Czech language. The swan was Luther, who appeared just a century later."

And Borja smiled:

"The prophecy, I imagine, was first uttered in Luther's time; but it fits the situation just as well. History would be dull reading, if we stripped it of all the apothems that were never pronounced by the people to whom they are attributed. The most portentous coincidences are usually

figured out after the events with which they deal; but they reflect the vividness of the romance of history as it is lived."

It was one o'clock when Rosaura and Borja entered the dining room. The dull light that filled the room, where the closed windows were rattling under the impact of the gusts from without, reminded them of their luncheon the day before when they sat facing the Mediterranean, with the boats of the Old Basin before them, the steamers blowing their sirens of warning, the wharves smelling of fruits and sea foods, and a broad blue horizon that invited to journeys afar.

Borja could not help reverting to the olive and orange groves of the Spanish seashore, to Peñíscola jutting out like a ship of stone into the sea, and nearer at hand, the cyclopean walls of Roman Tarragon, the murmuring pines and cork trees of the Catalonian hills, and hitherward of the Pyrenees, the ancient Spanish city of Perpignan, with its cathedral and its graceful fortifications of pinkish brick.

As he glowed again in his descriptions, he kept his eyes upon the enticing Creole across the table, expectantly hoping that she would say something, yet fearful of just what it might be.

At last she did speak:

"How you will enjoy seeing all that, Borja! I am not going with you! Now I realize how absurd I was when I said we could make the trip together. What things come into one's head, after a good luncheon with good wine and good coffee."

Vainly he clung to his idea, with roundabout

approaches. A short tour — two weeks, at the most! Parts of Spain she had never thought of visiting! The Mediterranean coast of Spain, the home of all the great legends of the early seas sailed by Cretans, Greeks, Phoenicians!

Rosaura kept shaking her head:

"What a dreadful thought! A trip to Spain—with a man! The silliness of the whole idea came home to me as I sat here last evening talking with don Aristides and his ladies. Aunt Nativity suddenly reminded me of what the countries of our language are like. Spain is full of Doña Natìs! You would only be a friend of mine, but I can imagine all that people would say. No, Claudio, not for anything in the world! But in addition to all that, there's you! You are a danger all by yourself! You have breeding, you have the manners of a gentleman . . . but then, all of a sudden, you break out into conduct that is beyond words! Oh, I know . . . you say it's love! But it takes more than 'love' to make me tolerate things which I regard as wholly impertinent breaches of respect."

Borja protested vehemently—no, she could trust him! His demeanor during the tour would be above reproach.

"I give you my word for it . . . You will have no cause for complaint . . . You are giving me new ideas about the rules of living—ideas I never had before. I am now quite willing to believe that a man and a woman can be good friends and go everywhere together, without any intrusion of unseemly thoughts upon their peaceful comradeship. You said as much yourself, that day at Vaucluse! Be logical, señora de Pineda!"

Rosaura listened without replying — she lacked the

strength for an argument just then! But as he insisted more and more emphatically, she fenced with half sentences and monosyllables.

"Well, we'll see! Perhaps! I may . . . I have the night to think it over!"

This postponement however seemed to Claudio intolerably long. He must have his answer at once!

"Very well," she finally answered. "I will go!"

But she said it in a distracted inattentive manner, as though she were trying to find some way to end the conversation.

In fact, she begged to be excused for the afternoon. She thought she would spend it in her room, with a volume of Petrarch she had bought the day before. Perhaps, toward evening, if the wind went down, she might go for a short walk about the center of the city. This would be a good opportunity for him to visit a number of second-hand book stores which had offered him bargains on works relating to Avignon in the days of its popes!

Borja, as a result, passed the afternoon inhaling the dust of musty volumes, and talking with enthusiastic book-sellers who coupled with the peddler's shrewdness strange passions as bibliophiles and archeologists. But on returning to his hotel toward sundown, he was met by the porter who handed him a note.

"It's from the lady in Number 2. She went out about three o'clock, in her car. She asked me to give you this the moment you came in."

Borja tore the envelope open with trembling hands. There were only a few lines, written apparently in great haste.

Rosaura was leaving for her villa on the Blue Coast! The note expressed, in no uncertain tone, her desire not to be followed thither. They would probably meet again somewhere, sometime. The world is never as large as people believe! Claudio should go on the tour alone—and he would get more work done that way!

Borja's vexation was so great that as he came to this last line he nodded. Yes, she was right! It was better to forget the encounter at Avignon! It was better to go back to his usual life, and be free of a woman who belonged to a different world!

PART THREE

NOAH'S ARK

NOAH'S ARK

CHAPTER I

A SAINT AND HIS FRIEND

HE stopped at Perpignan.

It was as though he could not find the strength to go farther and cross the frontier that would separate him from the country where Rosaura was.

A part of the night in the hotel he spent composing a letter several pages long. He had begun with the firm resolve to destroy the missive once it had been written—it would be just a literary exercise, an effort to consign to paper all that he had been thinking since he left Marseilles, something he could read later on for his own benefit. The letter finished, however, he left it on the table where it lay—he would not tear it up till the next morning! And in fact, when he awoke, he read the letter over. But then he placed it in an envelope, addressed it to *Madame Pinédà,* at her villa on the Blue Coast, and dropped it into the mail.

Borja knew that his tour, during the days to come, would be just that: a series of letters, now thick now thin, with a scattering of postcards mingled in. They would mark the stages of his journey, and correspond to the importance of the places where he left his train each day.

He hastened to get away from Marseilles. That city had become intolerable because of the memories it held

for him. Where could he go in Marseilles without meeting something to remind him of her? Her hotels had been his hotels, his restaurants hers. Scarcely one of his favorite boards but had served as a resting place for her hands! Scarcely a table top that had not seen her adorable head and shoulders rising above it. It would be much better to move on to places where they had never been together!

But flight was vain. The beautiful Creole went wherever he went—even into history. Every memory which he resurrected he brought to life in her name! What a capricious imagination he had! Its tricks sometimes made him angry and sometimes made him laugh, but it refused to visualize Pedro de Luna, Avignon, or the Great Schism itself, without placing the Argentine beauty somewhere in the picture. The last Pope of Avignon and the widow of the Argentine "land-king" went down the avenues of his memory arm in arm!

He stayed two days in Perpignan, reconstructing about the "Castillet," a pretty fortress of pink brick, the events which had developed in the Cathedral, full of Spanish associations, and in the ancient citadel which topped a hillcrest just outside the city.

This, indeed, had been the stage for the culminating acts of the Great Schism.

Sigismund approached the King of Aragon and representatives of other Spanish rulers to fix upon a conference, whereby means could be devised for procuring the submission of Pope Luna. The Emperor was jubilant over his success in obtaining the abdications of the other

Popes. He had no doubt it would be an easy matter to eliminate the third.

Done at last with John Huss—credulous martyr who had taken a pious Emperor's signature seriously!—Sigismund thought himself free to journey far enough afield to meet the King of Aragon. The interview was first arranged for Nice; but the illness of King Ferdinand made such a long journey inadvisable for him, and the appointment was transferred to Perpignan within Aragonese dominions.

The Council bade a spectacular farewell to its great lay Defender. The Cardinal Chairman bestowed a blessing upon Sigismund and published a decree threatening with excommunication anyone who should impede or delay his journey. During his absence, furthermore, a solemn procession would be made each Sunday through the streets of Constance, to attract showers of Divine Blessing upon the Imperial Person. Everyone at the Council understood that the submission of the Spanish Pope would be the hardest to procure; but such a surrender was deemed necessary. Many of the sermons preached in the convention city had recourse, in accord with eufuistic fashions of the time, to plays upon the word "Luna": the Church would never be united unless there were "a total eclipse of the Moon!"

The Pope of Avignon had been governing the peoples of his Obedience now from Barcelona, now from Saragossa, save for brief journeys to one town or another of the realm of Aragon, always to be welcomed with great pomp and deference. His tireless activity displayed itself

in the most varied connections. Now he would be refuting the arguments of his enemies, now excommunicating someone who was deserting him, now intervening in the religious antagonisms prevalent in Spain, where Moors and Jews still lived on in villages and cities that had passed into the hands of the triumphant Christians.

One of his bulls relieved friar Anselmo Turmeda from the consequences of apostacy. This Catalonian monk, a scholar of capricious temperament, had become a Mohammedan in Tunis and published a book to show the superiorities of his new faith as compared with Christianity. But eventually he grew homesick for his country and proposed to the King of Aragon a plan whereby the Christians might conquer Tunis. It was to encourage this project that the Pope freed the notorious renegade from his doubtful conversion. However, one of the most amusing figures of the time, Turmeda shortly felt the old lure of Mohammedanism again. This time he was homesick for the wives and children he had left in Africa! He went back to Tunis and died there, a Musulman in good standing, and one respected by the learned men of that faith. Borja had once visited his tomb in a corner of the Tunisian market, just beyond the Stand of the Beltmakers.

The fighting Pope was just as much interested in the Jews of Spain, and thought they could be attracted into the Christian fold by force of peaceful suasion. A rabbi whom Master Vincent had converted, one Joshua Mallorquí, called on the Pontiff at Alcaniz and averred that he could convert all his fellow Jews not through appeal to the Bible, but on the authority of the *Talmud* alone.

In concert with Master Vincent, don Pedro designated Tortosa as the place for holding the debate, which began in February, of the year 1414, under the temporary chairmanship of the Pope himself, and the permanent presidency of the Dominican General.

The talking lasted till into November — sixty-nine sessions in all. Great signs, printed in letters of red and gold, were posted through the cities of Aragon and Castile, inviting all Jewish rabbis and all Catholic doctors to attend the conferences. Never before that time had there been seen a function at once so natural and so far in advance of its day. This joint debate of Jew and Christian was a violent anticipation of the modern congress!

The controversy drew the most celebrated Talmudists of Spain and many distinguished Christian theologians. It was Borja's impression, from contemporary accounts, that the Christian orators by no means held the winning side in the duel. However, rabbis not a few had their eyes on what might happen outside and after the conference, and before its meetings had closed, fourteen among them forsook their former beliefs. In spite of Master Vincent's keen reasonings, the most eloquent and fiery of the Jewish debaters, Rabbi Ferrer and Rabbi Albo, went away with the opinions they had held before.

The Pope left Tortosa early in the debate to meet the King of Aragon. At the instance of Sigismund and the Council of Constance, the King had written him, emphasizing the opportuneness of his abdication now that his two adversaries had retired from the field. The interview took place at Morella, seat of the Grand Master of the Templars, whither Master Vincent had also gone (to

deliver a sermon on the phases of the Moon as symbols of the life of Benedict the Thirteenth!). The future Saint had no doubts as to the legitimacy of don Pedro's tenure. He had both written and preached on the irregularities attending the election of Urban the Sixth. But convinced as he was that his friend was the one true Pope, he thought don Pedro should abdicate, sacrificing a point of legal right in the larger cause of Christian unity.

King Ferdinand paid the aged pontiff the greatest honors during the conversations at Morella. He, his eldest son, and the leading nobles of his court, served don Pedro at dinner as domestics. In the processions and ceremonials the King carried the Pope's train like a page; and remarking that Benedict was using tin plate, in penitence for the evil days the Schism had brought upon the Church, he gave him all his own, which was of gold.

The frugal Pontiff and his wandering entourage of penniless cardinals and prelates accepted these royal banquets for some days. They were sumptuous feasts, in the fashion of the time—first courses of abundant fruits followed by successive services of fowl and game, with wines of Castile. When the tables were removed from the dais, which were of different heights to signify the precedences of the guests who occupied them, jams and fruit jells with spiced wines were offered as dessert.

But all such obsequy and good food had no effect on this diminutive parcel of obstinacy eighty years old. Don Pedro declared that years lay too heavy upon him to permit the journey to Constance, which his enemies were demanding and his friends suggesting. As the only Pope

still functioning at the moment, the doctors of the Council owed it to him to come to Spain, a country of his Obedience. As for accepting the *via cessionis*, as his two rivals had done, he would be happy to discuss that in the presence of his antagonists!

And King and Pope bade each other adieu, not to meet again till Perpignan.

The discussions in this city near the Pyrenees, where Borja then was, assumed the proportions of an event of world interest. Constance was for the moment forgotten. The eyes of all Christendom were fixed on the Spanish frontier.

One by one, and in the most varied and picturesque guises, the individuals who were to bring a thirty-eight year conflict to a close began coming in. The earliest arrival was Master Vincent at the head of the silent throng of Flagellants who followed him in his movements about. Then came the Pope of the Sea in the two galleys that were now the remnant of the portentous fleet with which he had set sail for Italy some years before.

Also by sea came don Ferdinand, king of the realm. Ill-health inclined His Highness to prefer boats to carriages or litters. The journey to Morella from Saragossa also he had made on a flat-bottomed scow equipped with a tent astern and painted with the royal colors. The old warrior felt himself so weak that he preferred, really, to be excused from direct participation in public affairs. The future Alfonso the Fifth, conqueror of Naples, was already managing the states of his inheritance.

Vessels from the Aragonese navy carried the monarch to the basin at Colliure. Thence he was transported by

litter to Perpignan. He was suffering acutely from gravel in the kidneys. At Valencia, during one attack, he had fainted and lain so lifeless that his son thought him dead, and placed a candle in his hands that he might lie in state before the court already in mourning. Risen, as it were from the grave, and already close to his real end, the King viewed the prolongation of the Schism with horror, and seemed disposed to accept any terms to bring it to a close, even at the cost of unjust renunciations and painful sacrifices.

Finally the Emperor appeared in his glory, attended by four thousand horse, a hundred theologians, sixteen prelates, and princes and men-at-arms without number. Benedict had some three hundred gendarmes under the command of his nephew, Rodrigo. However, numerous Knights of Saint John were still in his camp; and thousands of gentlemen had come on from Valencia, Aragon, and Catalonia, ever faithful to don Pedro, to witness this interview of world-wide significance.

It was to bring together three different courts, one royal, one papal, one imperial. Two queens were in the audience: Margarita, widow of don Martin; and Violante, wife of the ailing Ferdinand. In attendance were the counts of Foix, Armagnac, Savoy, Lorraine, and Provence. Notable also the delegates from the Council of Constance, the envoys of the University of Paris (its provost, and three professors of the Sorbonne); the Grand Master of Rhodes; the Archbishop of Rheims, representing the King of France; the Bishop of Worcester, with a convoy of theologians, representing the King of England; the Grand Chancellor of Hungary; and the protonotary

of the King of Navarre. The Archbishop of Burgos, don Pablo de Santa Maria, a former Jewish rabbi converted by Master Vincent, came as mouthpiece for the King of Castile. Flocks of professors and instructors from different faculties in all the centers of learning in Europe were on hand. The Universities of Montpellier and Toulouse sent the flower of their professorates to fight for Benedict to the last ditch. Even a captive Moorish king came to look on as a spectator at this assembly so momentous for the peoples hostile to the Crescent.

Sigismund halted at Narbonne, outside the boundaries of Aragon, in the belief that he could exert most influence on the stubborn Spanish Pope from a longer range. He presented his compliments to don Pedro through an embassy which was directed not to kiss the Pope's feet, but simply to address him as "Most Serene and Powerful Father." Master Vincent had come to Perpignan with the firm intention of ending the Schism on any terms; it was through his good offices that the Pope consented to receive the imperial envoys, without regarding their osculatory reticences as any reflection on his status. Benedict listened to what they had to say, and replied that he "would take all necessary measures to forward the welfare of the Church."

Satisfied or dissatisfied with this ambiguous promise, the Emperor decided to accept it, and made solemn entry into Perpignan on the seventeenth of September, in the year 1416.

Benedict had held a Council in this same city on a previous occasion and its inhabitants were growing accustomed to ostentatious pageantry. In honor of the

Emperor all the streets were covered with awnings, and the buildings with banners and tapestries. Dancers, drum majors, tumblers, preceded the imperial march, delighting the crowds with their capers and games of address. The heir apparent of Aragon, followed by all the royal court in costume, marched forth to meet the Emperor. As a gift to Sigismund from his father, he brought a Castilian war-horse, huge, well-shapen, richly caparisoned, and on this steed the Emperor rode into Perpignan.

The chroniclers of the time linger appetitiously on the details of this luscious imperial splendor—the forty pages headed by six trumpeters, each with an escutcheoned banner pendant from his instrument, who walked in the lead. In front of Sigismund pranced a riderless horse flanked by four mace-bearers and carrying a two-handed sword with the point turned skyward "because he was entering a land not subject to himself." Next in line came twenty-five war horses—"spares"—each led by the bridle. And then a "band"—just so, only its members were called minstrels and played "instruments of metal right beauteously."

On reaching the lodge prepared for him by the king of the realm, the Emperor partook of luncheon with his suite of German and Hungarian knights. He sat on a brocaded throne "seven steps high" with a large table in front of it. His warriors found their accommodations on the lower levels, according to their rank. Of such feasts, indeed, there were to be fifty. Don Ferdinand was to entertain the Emperor and his court for that many days, providing them "with fowl and game after many divers fashions, and wines Castilian, Greek, and Malmsey, all in

such bounty that the visitors stood amazed at the lavish generosity of the King of Aragon." In one of the many jousting tourneys fought between knights of the guest and host respectively, the youthful heir of the Count of Pallas, in Narbonne, unhorsed a baron of the king of Poland, famous for his prowess.

Sigismund listened to mass on the morning following his entrance and proceeded to pay his respects to the Pope of Avignon. Benedict re-evoked the old magnificence of his predecessors in his welcome to the Emperor. Sigismund had his quarters in the convent of the Franciscans, just as don Ferdinand and Master Vincent were guests of the Dominicans—in those days of few and wretched hostelries, the convents played the rôles now filled by our great hotels: they were the only shelters really worthy of lords and sovereigns. Don Pedro was occupying the citadel of the city itself.

Clothed in red with a red cap fringed with ermine, the Pope received his imperial caller in the Grand Hall. Two cardinal deacons escorted the Emperor to the foot of the papal throne, the aged Pontiff rising to his feet in salutation and lifting a hand to his cap. The Emperor began speaking with great deference to the "Most Holy Father," acknowledging the great honor the Pope was doing him on this solemn occasion, and declaring that no one, save the Pope of Avignon, had it in his power to bestow upon the Church that unity of which he, the Emperor, was now in quest. Then he bent a knee before the throne, touched the Pope's hands with his lips, while don Pedro threw his arms about the imperial shoulders and kissed Sigismund on the cheeks.

The Emperor next paid his call on the King of Aragon, to voice his hopes that a friendly talk would bring Pope Benedict to terms. Don Fernando had grown decidedly worse. He had begged the Jury, or aldermen, of Valencia to hurry to him "that Moorish dancer from Mislata," a "faith curer" then living in the neighborhood of Valencia, who had "helped" him during his previous passage of gravel. He also sent to Mallorca for another famous trancer endowed with powers for scaring diseases away. In those days the lords of the earth attended to their health in just such ways.

For the greeting to the two queens present, an interpreter was necessary. The ladies in question knew no Latin, and the Emperor no Spanish; but through the help of Prince Alfonso, the heir apparent, Sigismund made himself clear enough to leave an impression that he was a very conceited and cocksure man. After the formalities in the "Grand Hall" of the citadel, he believed that this third Pope would be easier to dispose of than the two he had put out of office at Constance. Those who knew don Pedro did not share such optimism, based apparently on the Emperor's high opinion of himself. Pope Luna had steadfastly refused to abdicate when there were three Popes. Was he going to step down now, when he was the only one in sight?

But from the very first conferences in the ancient palace of the Mallorcan kings, Sigismund began to realize that he was confronted by an extraordinary personality. He had often heard of the Pontiff's stubbornness, of his faultless dialectic, of his invulnerable presence of mind; but the reality surpassed all his expectations.

Don Pedro, at that moment, was eighty-eight years old. His bodily frame seemed barely adequate to hold the essential organs of life together. His hook-nosed face was of a marble pallor, without trace of blood or color. Extreme emaciation seemed to have still further reduced a stature that had never been normal. But his two eyes flamed with inner life; and a voice deep and sonorous kept rising for hour after hour, audible afar, never breaking, from the shallows of that tiny form. The soundness of his syllogisms and the clarity of his perceptions astounded everyone. In everything that pertained to canon law this virtual nonagenarian was the acknowledged master of the portentous army of young and ardorous theologians which confronted him.

For seven hours he spoke in Latin before this assembly of emperor, princes, ambassadors, professors. His performance at Perpignan was the supreme demonstration of his unalterable firmness, his boundless self-assurance, which seemed to defy all the laws of time. A silence of respectful astonishment met his pronouncements as a Pope conscious of his monarchic authority and infallible vicarage. Not a sound of impatience or weariness was heard in the hall. Even his bitterest enemies were forced to recognize the superiority of this man, in intelligence, in force of personality, in character and private virtues, over all the popes who had been his competitors and over all the pedantic theologians and log-rolling cardinals who had assailed him in the Councils. Unfortunately he had been born at the wrong end of the earth! He was a Spaniard; and the very kings of his native country were about to desert him!

Don Pedro's address on this occasion rehearsed the whole history of the Schism as only he could recount it. Of those who had witnessed its origin he was the one principal living. All the dignitaries among his hearers had risen to the posts they held at times posterior to that tumultuous conclave in Rome where he had refused to flee before the Roman mob. Many of the men before him, indeed, had not been born at that time.

After reviewing the many episodes of this ecclesiastical war which had lasted more than a third of a century, don Pedro came to the most interesting part of his defence, expressing himself with a force and a logic which proved highly embarrassing to the enemies who sat there under his unflinching eye.

"You say that I am a Pope of doubtful legitimacy. Let us grant that I am. But before I was Pope, I was Cardinal, and a Cardinal of unquestioned status in the Holy Church of God, since I received my investiture before the Schism. If, as you say, all the Popes elected since the Schism are of doubtful legitimacy, of a legitimacy equally doubtful must be the cardinals they have named. And since the election of popes rests with the cardinals, I, the one authentic, the one unquestionable cardinal, am the only one with power to designate a legitimate Pope.

"I am, further, the only one truly cognizant of the questions of legitimacy involved in this Schism. I am the only one who was present at the conclave where the Schism arose. I am the only one legitimately empowered to apply such remedies as may be essential for the present

evils of the Church. The dignity of the Church, and my own dignity, demand that I insist on this.

"Granted that I am not the legitimate pope, I am at least the only legitimate cardinal. If you will not admit that I am the Pope, you must admit that I am the only one with authority to name another Pope, and no legitimate Pope can be named without my consent, since I, beyond dispute, am the only legitimate cardinal."

As the Pontiff's fiery eyes swept the sections of the great assembly his enemies lowered their heads. Where was the weak point in his reasoning? His supporters thrilled with enthusiasm, believing that he still might win the day. But there could be no compromise. The arguments of this formidable logician were arrows shot in the void. Sigismund was a man of the North, and he did not want a Spanish Pope. Besides, for him to accept and recognize Pope Luna, was to break with the Council of Constance, controlled entirely by enemies of don Pedro, and by former friends of the latter, turned traitor and therefore more ferocious against him than anyone else.

In analyzing this decisive moment in Pope Luna's life, Borja summarized the situation thus: interests rather than logical abstractions rule the world; an argument, however sound, rectilinear, invulnerable, ever yields the field to a determined will!

There were prelates and professors who had come to Perpignan to persuade don Pedro to abdicate, but who then fell under the spell of his mind and personality. Some French bishops, in particular, aware of the rebellious, revolutionary character of the Council of Constance,

and seeing in that council an illegitimate uprising of the Church princes against the popes, joined the friends of Benedict to demand the calling of a new Council. But Sigismund caught wind of what these protestants were doing, appeared in person in the house where they met, and succeeded in throttling the agitation.

The Emperor, in fact, began adopting a more and more arbitrary and arrogant tone. Some he gained by promises, others by threats. He finally came out with a flat demand that the aged pontiff make an immediate, final, and unreserved abdication; and don Pedro gave him answer in an equally abrupt tone.

Don Ferdinand was still in bed, and could not use his good offices between the Pope and Sigismund. He had delegated his functions in this connection to Master Vincent, who was not over-well himself, as a result of his voluntary privations and penitences.

This friar, frail of body and timid of soul, had deserted his Pope in Avignon because he could not approve of war on any grounds. Now he found himself in the presence of an Emperor who was a good deal of a bully, who was much set up over his successes at Constance, and was easily inclined to make threats which he lacked the power to execute. The future Saint took in all seriousness the terrible acts of vengeance which the Emperor promised, acts so terrible that the ingenuous Saint dared not speak of them to the ailing monarch and his heir apparent, lest they take offense and go to war. Master Vincent, furthermore, was in frequent correspondence with influential people at Constance, and their arguments gradually weakened his confidence in Pope Benedict. He still in-

sisted on his friend's legitimacy, but he thought it Benedict's duty to abdicate.

The manner and tone of the jaunty Emperor finally angered the Pontiff, not slow, on his part, to wrath. Don Pedro had numerous friends in Perpignan, all men of the sword and with no great regard for Sigismund. There was open talk in the city of "giving a lesson" to this noisy German. Street brawling began; and when the Count of Armagnac, whose family remained loyal to Benedict even after the latter's death, gave a drubbing to the Grand Master of Rhodes from which that crusader within a few days died, Sigismund retired from Perpignan to Narbonne, finding his personal safety insecure in an environment of "Catalans."

However, from that stronghold he announced an intention to reduce Benedict by force, and promised to return very soon at the head of his armies. This threat caused much mirth among the "Catalans" across the frontier. Everybody knew that Sigismund's "army" was as mythical as his purse was flat. Not so Master Vincent! That peace-loving Saint took such loud talk at its literal value and shivered with fright. Sixty-five years old at the time, he looked more aged than the nonagenarian Pope himself. In the course of his life he had preached six thousand sermons, each three hours long, living meanwhile in constant penitence. Just as his strength failed him at the critical moment in the siege of Avignon, so now he fell sick and took to his bed in the Convent of the Preachers.

As Benedict looked over the ground, he thought himself in a very favorable situation. The kings of Aragon,

Castile, Navarre and Scotland continued faithful to him after the Emperor's flight. With them also stood a number of powerful barons of the South of France. He was the only Pope extant at the moment, his two rivals having disappeared. The one center of opposition was the Council of Constance. But the Council had gained many enemies already and was gaining still more. If he held out, he could wear the Council down. Many of its members were his implacable foes, because they knew that in him they would find a Pope whom they could not manage. But the issue of Church unity overshadowed all else. They would end by accepting him, especially in view of his advanced age.

But once more, just as the energetic Pontiff saw himself on the verge of a final triumph, he received a deadly blow.

This time it came from his most intimate and constant friend, from Master Vincent; and the Saint did what he did in good faith, obeying the torments of a soul shaken by physical strains greater than he could endure and intimidated by the wrath of an impotent Emperor.

Master Vincent unexpectedly rose from his bed and announced that he was to deliver a sermon at a Saint's day ceremony which the Pope, the princes, the cardinals, and a vast throng would attend.

When he ascended the pulpit, on the day appointed, he was pale and anemic. His eyes were glassy with fever. A shiver of emotion ran over the throng. Everyone sensed that something was to come from his lips that would prove decisive of the momentous issues so long at

stake. As he began to speak his voice had the resonance of a bell in the deep silence.

He chose as his text the words: "O ye dry bones, harken to the word of God." And he proceeded to censure the obstinacy of Benedict the Thirteenth whom he had always regarded previously as the one true Vicar of Christ. He forgot the hundreds of sermons he had preached in behalf of don Pedro, and his long years of apostleship to unite all believers under the one indisputably legal obedience of the Pope of Avignon.

The audience was astounded. Benedict gave no sign of emotion, but sat gazing fixedly at this man who had always been his most intimate advisor.

King Ferdinand had a personal liking for don Pedro de Luna, but of late his respect for Master Vincent had begun to rise above all his former affections. He was ill and felt that death was near. In these circumstances he was blindly following every suggestion of such a miraculous person. And the future Saint Vincent Ferrer suggested, on this occasion, that the King change his tone toward the recalcitrant Pontiff.

The King did so, with hardly more considerateness than the Emperor had shown. He, and the Kings of Castile and Navarre, would at once withdraw from the Obedience of Avignon, unless don Pedro resigned his pontificate to the Council of Constance as his two rivals had done!

Pope Luna received the ultimatum in haughty silence. He returned to the Citadel, made his arrangements, and then quietly slipped away to the port of Colliure where his galleys lay.

Reviled and attacked by those who had always been his most faithful adherents, he renounced mankind and sought refuge on the sea. There was still a place on earth which he could call his own, wholly, absolutely his own—the little promontory of Peñíscola topped by a stronghold. There he would live in the embrace of the Mediterranean, beyond the reach of kings who would try to trample him under foot in the interests of their policies. There he would proclaim his right, more indisputable in his mind than ever, in the face of God and in the face of the Sea, his fortitude a lesson and a remorse for his adversaries!

The King elected at Caspe took fright when he learned of the unexpected departure of the Pontiff. A delegation of great lords and theologians was despatched at a gallop to Colliure, to beg don Pedro to return to Perpignan. There he and the King could talk the matter over, and find some solution not destructive of their life-long friendship. Don Pedro would abandon the tiara, but he would have status as the first of the Cardinals. He would be appointed legate *a latere* over all the nations in his old Obedience, where he would be pope in everything save in name. The Emperor and the kings present at Perpignan would see that the Council of Constance conferred upon him all the titles and honors he might wish, in gratitude for his sacrifice.

The envoys reached Colliure just as the two galleys were lifting anchors and making sail. The Pope of the Sea, upright on the stern of his flagship, listened in disdainful silence as one of the royal messengers shouted the king's message across a broad space of open water.

And he continued silent after the herald had finished.

One of the gentlemen on shore called out to him, begging him for a reply.

The sails continued to rise.

But as the galleys slowly gained momentum, the Pontiff raised his head and answered:

"Return to him who sent you and say unto him: 'I made thee what thou art, and thou didst send me into the desert.'"

CHAPTER II

TWO CROWS ENTER NOAH'S ARK

AS Borja looked out of the narrow window of his bedroom he could see the Mediterranean lying almost at his feet, overcast with rose from the tints of the sunrise.

He was in Peñíscola, after the two weeks of travel which he had found necessary, if he were to stop at all the cities where Pope Luna lived during the last period of that Pontiff's stormy career.

He was not eager to reach this end of his tour. It was at Peñíscola that the aged Pope died. It would be at Peñíscola that his own book would come to an end. Beyond that, life opened out for him into a kind of void that filled him with uneasiness.

From Barcelona, from Tarragon, from Tortosa, he had sent long letters to the villa on the Blue Coast where the Argentine widow was in retirement. Not that he hoped for any reply to this epistolary monologue! He wrote for the sake of writing, yielding to an impulse to express, now with much fullness, now in a few hastily penned lines, his passing impressions, his loneliness, sometimes a restrained and diplomatic regret for what he called "the flight from Marseilles."

In all this ambulant correspondence, he carefully refrained from giving any address of his own. What would

she write, if she wrote? A few amiable banalities, destitute of any real meaning! An experienced woman of the world watches her pen as an ever present source of danger, and stands guard over herself. No, it was better to write without hope of answer, as though he were unbosoming himself to one of those phantom women he had loved in his youth.

At first he had thought of settling in a town adjoining Peñíscola. Benicarló, for instance, had a good tavern which exploited the custom of buyers and brokers who came in to get the wines of the region. Its accommodations were palatial, as compared with anything he could find on the promontory. But shortly the ride of an hour or more across the marshes or along the muddy roads of the orange orchards brought him to the conclusion that the primitive luxuries of the fishing village might be preferable after all. He had made the acquaintance of the physician and the municipal clerk of Peñíscola, who were most grateful for the privilege of talking at their ease with a man fresh from the capital. They had procured him lodgings with the village grocer, sole representative in the community of the high interests of industry and commerce.

He had been in this the last refuge of Pope Benedict only two days; yet he felt he had been there all his life. He had visited the place some years before. It had changed in no particular in the interval. It was as though he had never gone away.

His favorite daily experience was to issue from the walled enclosure, walk along the narrow neck of sand that joins the promontory to the mainland, and then look back

upon the rising coils of bulwarks, the village of shining white that climbed the steep slopes, the sturdy citadel with lopped off towers that tipped the crest. On that hill top the lonely Pontiff had lived for eight long years, insisting on his legitimacy, and instilling up to his last moment a healthy fear in those who pretended to ignore him!

The point became an island on days of easterly storm. Then the Mediterranean sent in great concave walls of livid water fringed with foam and swept the belt of low lying strand. But in pleasant weather the isthmus showed a double file of fat pitch-covered boats drawn high on the beach to either hand. This fortified splinter of rock reminded Borja of Mont Saint Michel in Brittany, or of Gibraltar; and he could understand the fascination it must have had for sailors from the very days when men hollowed out their first canoes from tree trunks to venture forth on the deep.

A strong spring of fresh water gushed, who knows from what distant source, at the very center of the point; and minor veins broke forth lower down the inclines. Mariners could entrench there without fear of losing the element most essential to life.

According to legend, the Phoenicians called the point "Tyriche," for its similarity with Tyre, a city also crowded on a rock in the sea. Greeks and Carthaginians had their day at Peñíscola, where they had storage places for the wares they used as money in their dealings with the Iberians. There also they assembled for shipment the minerals they bought inland on journeys up the Ebro. Christian story made followers of Saint James the Apostle disembark on this rugged headland—and their bodies re-

pose in the Church at Peñíscola, though no one knows when or how or whence they got there.

When don Jaime, King of Aragon, took possession of Valencia, he gave Peñíscola to the Templars, and from these in turn the seaside stronghold passed to the Order of Montesa, a new association of Christian warriors created by the sovereigns of Aragon to watch the March of Valencia and harass the Moors beyond. It was the Grand Master of the Montesans, lord of all the coast nearlying, and of the inlands which to this day are called "the Mastership" (*Maestrazgo*), who transferred the property with its fortress to don Pedro de Luna.

Long vacations the Pope of the Sea loved to pass on this headland, itself so much like a ship; and there also he stopped on journeys between Barcelona and Valencia, or on trips shoreward from Saragossa to the Mediterranean. He garrisoned it with gendarmes of his following, and they gradually equipped the place for his residence. The half moon, down-pointing, of the Lunas was carved on the plinths of portals and windows, with, now, two keys straddled by a tiara of San Silvester. Former furnishers of the Palace at Avignon spread the inner walls with tapestries, pictures, hangings. Plate-racks, tables, chairs, sideboards were installed in the dark low-vaulted rooms. It was as though the war-like prelate foresaw the future in preparing this retreat from which, with Aragonese headstrongness, he was to peer out and protest his lost cause before the world.

So long as artillery remained of short range, Peñíscola was virtually an impregnable fortress—Pope Luna merely repaired the medieval walls. But after him, Philip the

Second added bulwarks and bastions. A great shield of this monarch may still be seen on the main portal of the city. During the War of the Succession French and Spanish troops on the side of Philip the Fifth underwent a siege and bombardment at Peñíscola, and all the buildings in Gothic style which housed the shattered court of the Pontiff were destroyed. The modern structures were poor and styleless, dwellings neatly whitewashed without but dank and miserable within—homes of a poor folk that gained its subsistence from the sea or from the marshy lands of the nearby coast.

A row around the point in a boat gave Borja some conception of the marine splendors of Peñíscola. Tremulous seaweeds, red, green, mother-of-pearl, glimmered in the watery depths, subaqueous pastures for flocks of young salmon of a flesh that still retained the bitter flavor and the greenish tints of the plants they devoured. The small lobster, called the prawn, that regal ornament of the Mediterranean, throve with crystal-like transparencies in the lower caves of the cliff or crept in bands over the weed-grown slopes of the exuberant sea floor about the promontory.

Fishing smacks or cargo boats did not need to land their crews to secure supplies of fresh water. It was sufficient to moor under a certain bulwark which still shows the escutcheon of Pope Luna carved upon one of its stones. There a water spout rose, between the wall and a precipitous rock on the shore, and the sailors could stand on the deck of their vessel to fill their casks. Farther along was a great arch, now bricked in. It was an opening in the fortress wall through which the galleys of the Pope could

enter and find a basin sheltered by an outer line of wall.

Among the various gushes of fresh water was another which, on occasion, spouted brine. In fact, the limestone bedrock of the cliff was undermined with caverns like a great stony sponge. Fish took refuge in such caves as communicated with the sea to lay their eggs undisturbed by the troubled waters outside. The vault of the largest of these chambers underground opened, at the top, into a sort of natural pipe that reached the surface in a little square of the village. On days of storm the submarine grotto would fill with water from a swell; but before it could empty again another breaker would be upon it, and force a great column of water up through the pipe into the square, drenching the unwary passerby. This "guzzle" the natives called "The Sneezer" (*el Bufador*) because of the noise with which it discharged.

All of the streets of Peñíscola were staircases—a series of narrow terraces paved with blue cobblestones, so slippery under the rain as to make footing precarious. There was never any width to them. The houses had been crowded together to accomodate a fishing and farming population inside a fortress. Even inner courts were suppressed under the demands for space. Fish gurry, garbage, sewage, piled up in this unhygienic compress to sustain incredible swarms of flies. Over the stuffy pyramid of whitewashed buildings towered the citadel—the "Bulldog" (*el Macho*), it was called, by the natives in tribute to its sullen strength—seemingly held erect by its double ring of bulwarks, as the staves of a barrel might be supported by its hoops.

Claudio could well imagine don Pedro's first months in

this half-island refuge, unknown up to that time, but now suddenly become the target of the world's gaze.

The Pope's galleys had hardly cast anchor when another embassy came in by land from don Fernando, with a second request for his abdication. Luna replied ironically to the King's envoys. If he were not the true Pope, all the acts of his pontificate must be regarded as null and void. It was he who had set the crown on the King's head. It was he who had performed the marriage rites for the Queen of Castile. The papal functions he had exercised over a period of years had been incorporated in countless relationships of family. To declare him a usurper unworthy of obedience would be to call in question the legitimacy of many royal marriages and to introduce confusion into the spiritual life of the peoples.

But no attention was paid to this argument. Master Vincent was still laboring at Perpignan for the complete suture of the Schism. He reestablished communications between the moribund King of Aragon and the Emperor still holding off at Narbonne. These two rulers, and the other sovereigns represented at the conference, finally agreed on a program for withdrawing obedience from Benedict, an act which left Pope Luna without any following at all.

The Council of Constance could now consider itself victorious, and the arrival of this news was celebrated by bell ringing and great festivities in the Council city. Gerson sent a message of congratulation to the future Saint Vincent Ferrer, saluting him in the name of the Council as the Saviour of the Church and as the real healer of the Schism. Master Vincent, indeed, was in-

vited to Constance that he might receive the official homage of the assembled clergy.

This tribute, however, he declined, and not out of modesty only. It was a great grief to him that the mortal blow struck at the patron of his youth and the friend of his best years had come from his hand. The negotiations at Narbonne concluded, he fled from the circle of potentates who had followed his counsel, resuming his life as an apostle-errant. The situation of France in her struggle with England had grown very critical after the French rout at Agincourt. He thought it his duty now to undertake the merciful task of restoring peace between the two peoples. He moved across France at the head of his grimy flagellants. Eventually he reached the court in Brittany, summoned thither by the Queen of that province who was one of his great admirers. He sickened and died at Vannes, and was buried in the Cathedral of that city.

The decree withdrawing Aragon from Benedict's Obedience could not be put into effect as rapidly as the king of that country hoped. Spanish prelates and Spanish chapters resisted the order and threats of imprisonment were resorted to. Even after that, the canons of the chapters in Barcelona, Valencia, and other cities, absented themselves from the meetings where the royal edict was read. To be sure many of the clergy, some out of fear, others from a desire to exploit the situation, renounced Pope Luna and wrote or spoke denunciations of him to gain favor at Court. But just as many were those who met the crisis in silence, retaining a secret loyalty to the Spanish Pope which was to manifest itself on repeated occasions during the years that followed.

Don Ferdinand was stung by the haughty air of the aged Pontiff and the Aragonese bluntness with which don Pedro had thrown the charge of ingratitude in his face; and since he was really ashamed of his own shortcomings in this respect, he tried to seek an inner justification by measures of extreme severity against the hermit at Peñíscola.

He published an edict threatening penalties upon all who should follow Benedict and fill offices in his court. This act had the effect of stampeding most of don Pedro's immediate entourage. Only a few friends, distributed with strange impartiality among the different nationalities, remained steadfast at his side, particularly the Spaniard, Ferdinand de Arana, whom he had made Cardinal; and Master Stephen, the Archdeacon of Alcira, a French theologian whom many called "the Pope's philosopher." Royal troops appeared on the mainland at the head of the isthmus leading to Peñíscola and cut off avenues of provisioning from shore. This caused the unyielding Pontiff to have a stairway cut in the living rock of the cliff on the sea, giving him easy access to the water. Borja found the villagers inclined to attribute extraordinary things to everything Pope Luna did. Peñíscolans still say that this stairway was completed in a single night. At any rate, don Pedro's two galleys and other boats had no further difficulty in getting supplies to the "Bulldog."

Ferdinand's rage at the conduct of his old friend impelled him, sick as he was, to undertake a journey to Castile to make sure that that Court did not wince in its

withdrawal from Benedict. The journey cost him his life: he did not live to complete it.

This event changed the situation about Peñíscola. The new king, Alfonso the Fifth, was a man of literary inclinations, with a special passion for Italy. He showed very little interest in his Spanish states. But as a child he had conceived a great affection for don Pedro, and he had always admired his firmness of character. He called off the guards at Peñíscola, and supplies again began to enter without hindrance. When the Council of Constance protested, the young king replied that he considered it an act of humanity to relieve the distress of an old man living by himself on a lonely seashore.

On their desertion of Benedict, the kingdoms formerly in his Obedience, seven in number, at once sent envoys to the Council of Constance; and Sigismund himself returned after a year and a half of absence.

In the flush of his triumph at Perpignan the young Emperor had quite forgotten the Assembled Fathers of the Church, and he was eager to have his fling in Paris and London. He left both capitals much the worse for wear, and the object of widespread mirth because of his conceit, his many love affairs, and his chronic flatness of purse. He posed as the chief of Christendom and dressed himself, and ordered his courtiers to dress, in black with ashen colored crosses for ornament, each cross bearing the legend: "God Omnipotent and Merciful."

All this was in sign of mourning for the Schism in the Church; and a pretext for begging loans of cities and cathedral chapters. The money, however, he spent on banquets, women, dances, and drinking bouts. He made

rich presents to ladies in Avignon and Paris but left his domestics and his grocers unpaid. He outlived his welcome in Paris, where his bills were sent to the King of France, and then moved on to London. There he signed a treaty of alliance against the French for the price of a boat and the money to get himself back across the Channel.

He reentered Constance as a Conqueror, believing that the Schism was at an end and that the only business left was to choose a new Pope. So also thought many of the delegates. It fell to the Aragonese ambassadors, newly arrived, to recall the Council to realities, as they heard the formula *in sede apostolica vacante.*

The Apostolic See was not vacant. Benedict had fled to Peñíscola, but he had not abdicated. And he had never been legally and finally deposed. Constance had declared him a heretic and a schismatic, and had cited him to appear for trial. But Benedict had never been "served" according to the formalities of that time. The edicts of the Council had been posted on the doors of the Cathedral of Constance. It was necessary further to post them, if possible, on the doors of the defendant's own house, to have them read at divine offices in the towns of his neighborhood, and especially in his mother-cathedral, in this case, the Cathedral of Tortosa.

The Council assigned the execution of this service to two Benedictine monks, the one a Belgian from Liège, named Stock, and the other an Englishman, named Planche, or Plank. These men set out with a number of notaries to present themselves before the "Bulldog" at Peñíscola.

Don Pedro's situation was not quite so desperate as his

enemies imagined. Not all the nations of his old Obedience had proven false. Scotland, in order to do a spite to England, remained loyal up to within two years of his death. The Principality, or County, of Armagnac, continued to "obey" him even after his death. But these were States. In addition there were hosts of individuals, of all stations and nations, who viewed the resistance of the Pontiff with sympathetic eye.

At Peñíscola someone had thought of describing the Pope's refuge as "Noah's Ark," and don Pedro's friends were heading their private correspondence with the formula: *In arca Noe.* According to Pope Luna, the whole Church had fled to this castle on the Mediterranean, just as all humanity had fled to the Ark to escape the deluge of Noah's time.

The two monks gained entrance to the promontory through the good offices of Alfonso the Fifth; and don Pedro consented to receive the so-called "nuncios of the Aggregation of Constance"—thus he styled this Council, just as he had styled the Council at Pisa a "confab." Despite his slur on their credentials, the Pope displayed a courtly pomp and formality recalled from his days at Avignon. Rodrigo de Luna marched across the isthmus at the head of two hundred crossbowmen and escorted the envoys within the walls. Their eyes were not blindfolded as was the custom in introducing emissaries of an enemy within a fortress. On the contrary, the Pope's nephew wished them to see how strong the defenses really were.

Benedict awaited them in the large tapestried hall of the citadel, seated on a throne, and wearing on his head

the tiara of Saint Silvester which had belonged to the Popes of Rome before its transfer to Avignon. At his side stood the Cardinals still left in his Obedience, a few prelates who had not seen fit to obey the edicts of King Ferdinand and had abandoned their cures to follow Benedict; and finally all the religious and lay functionaries who made up the pontifical retinue.

The two Benedictines, as well as the notaries of their company, were dressed in black; and as they entered, the Pope turned to his company and said:

"Lo, crows from the Council!"

In telling the same story some weeks afterward, one of the Benedictines said that he replied:

"Crows, indeed, attracted by the smell of carrion!"

But it was generally agreed that he had invented this rejoinder after the fact.

At any rate the "crows" began to caw. They read the summons that Benedict abdicate, and the notaries their certified copies of the edicts the Council had registered against him. The old man listened with majestic sereneness to the torrents of insult and abuse which his enemies had come to spew in his own house. At the charge of heresy, however, he could not keep silent. He lifted his eyes upward and murmured:

"I, a heretic!"

When the readings were finished, he slapped both hands to the arms of his throne and declared energetically:

"No, the Church is not in Constance: the true Church is here!"

And pointing then to the chair in which he was sitting, he added:

"This is Noah's Ark!"

As soon as the two Benedictines had reported the failure of their mission, the Council proceeded to depose Benedict the Thirteenth with much more ceremony and much more meticulous care than it had used in polishing off his two adversaries.

A commission of cardinals and bishops appeared in the portals of the Cathedral of Constance, summoning to trial "one Pedro de Luna, otherwise known as Benedict the Thirteenth"; and when the defendant did not appear, they declared him in contumacy and proceeded to his trial.

The witnesses used were drawn from all the countries recognizing the Council, in other words from most of Christian Europe; and yet no one ventured to cast any aspersions on Luna's private life nor on the well-known scrupulousness with which he had administered Church properties. In fact, everyone paid muffled tribute to his austere uprightness, his disregard for wealth, his detestation of nepotism. The only serious point against him was his "obstinacy in not renouncing the Papacy."

The Council was still to delay, however, going to the trouble of citing the Pope anew and giving him a new postponement for his appearance. Before removing him from office, it was necessary to legalize all that he had done as Pope—the feast days he had appointed, the royal marriages he had solemnized, the licenses he had issued to churches, the bulls he had promulgated. The Council had to take over the whole pontifical labor of Benedict, that his later dethronement might not bring confusion into public and private life.

Early in the morning, on the twenty-sixth of July, in

the year 1417, a troop of heralds on horseback rode through the streets of Constance, blowing their trumpets and summoning the populace to prayer. The Council had assembled in the Cathedral, in the presence of the Emperor.

As the session opened, a group of cardinals, prelates, and Church scriveners, swung the Great Gate of the Cathedral wide, advanced across the threshold to the edge of the podium, and then stopped while a herald called three times:

"Pedro de Luna, commonly known as Benedict the Thirteenth, to appear either in person, or through attorney!"

But the call which echoed over the Lake of Constance was not heard at Peñíscola where don Pedro sat gazing at the blue waves of the Mediterranean!

When, as was expected, no one stepped forward to answer this summons, the decree of disposition was itself promulgated. The "so-called Benedict the Thirteenth, a discredit to the Universal Church and a promoter of schism" was "stripped of all his titles, degrees, and dignities as Pope." His "faithful were released of all oaths and obedience to him," and excommunication was laid "upon all who should obey him as pope, or give him aid, counsel, or shelter."

Thereupon a *Te deum* was sung, the bells were set in motion, and Sigismund despatched a company of his knights to cry the sentence through all the city to the sound of trumpets.

When don Pedro, at Peñíscola, received an account of

all that had taken place, he shrugged his shoulders. He was as much the Pope as he had been before!

A *sede vacante* now attained, the Council felt free to proceed to the election of a new Pontiff. And this was not an easy task. The seven nations in the lead at the Council were strongly moved by political passions and patriotic vanities. It was a combination of Spanish and German delegates which finally determined the choice of an Italian, Cardinal Ottone Colonna, who ascended the throne under the name of Martin the Fifth.

Pope Martin was a man of moderate learning but of great natural ability, a conciliatory, somewhat indolent, individual whose chief talent lay in keeping friends with everybody. Like most of his colleagues at the time, he was only a deacon, and received his ordination as priest and bishop during the days following his election.

The theologians at Constance pretended that the old man at Peñíscola had vanished from their thoughts, though the secret worries the headstrong Pope was causing them broke through their silences from time to time. One of the preachers designated at Constance to exalt the advent of Martin the Fifth could not help comparing the Church Victorious to the woman mentioned in the Apocalypse as clothed in sunlight, her feet resting on a moon and her head crowned with twelve stars. The stars were the sovereigns who had submitted to the Council, the moon was the Pope of Peñíscola!

For his part, Martin the Fifth never could free himself from worry about Benedict, once the assembly to which he owed his tiara had dissolved. Pope Luna was for him

a kind of nightmare besetting his otherwise peaceful slumbers and reminding him that his pontifical authority was not conceded by the entire Christian world. Despite the acclaim with which Constance had greeted him, his situation was not so very secure. The Church had been quarreling steadily for a third of a century, and the passions of conflict could not be quieted in an instant. As an Italian, he had declined Sigismund's offer of a residence in Germany, and a French proposal of Avignon. He elected to settle in Rome, though he was well aware of the dangers of that environment. In fact, before venturing into the great Catholic center, he stopped for a time in Florence as the guest of that city. But many Florentines resented this drain on their purses, and their scalawag children would sing under his windows a song ending with the lines:

The Pope of Rome
Finds fleas in his comb. . . .

The trouble came from Aragon.

Alfonso the Fifth had recognized the settlements at Constance, but he would go no farther. He would do nothing against the person of the boyhood friend living in security within his dominions. A number of cardinals and prelates who still held out for Luna were persuaded through the Archbishop of Aragon to visit their chief in his fortress and beseech him once more to abdicate. In the name of Martin the Fifth they promised to quash all the sentences on record against him, to assure him a secure post as second chief of the Church with benefices yielding enormous rents.

But the irreducible don Pedro, now more than ninety years old, replied as he had replied to the Emperor in Perpignan, and later to the envoys of Constance:

"The true Pope does not abdicate. I am the only Cardinal dating from before the Schism. As the sole legitimate incumbent, I am the sole legitimate elector . . . and I elect myself!"

Thereupon four cardinals still remaining in his much wasted camp abandoned him, but, invulnerable as the rock on which he sat, he "removed" them from their offices, and excommunicated them on Good Friday every year thereafter, even though three of them had meantime died. The rapid demise of these faithless friends led the aged Pontiff to insinuate, privately, that the Pope of Rome may not have been wholly stranger to their end.

Exasperated, in fact, and determined to be rid of Pope Luna once and for all, Martin the Fifth sent one of his closest confidants to the States of Aragon—Cardinal Adimari, who became known in Spain as Cardinal Pisano from his other title as Archbishop of Pisa. Adimari had been instructed to eradicate schism in the land of Spain by any means necessary, suppressing Benedict, if worse came to worst, by one of those crimes of state not entirely inharmonious with the political ethics of that age.

But Adimari soon became aware that it was not an easy matter to dispose of Benedict in the latter's own country. The Spanish clergy did not dare rebel against the Pope elected at Constance; but neither would it make any move against a fellow-countryman whom Spaniards had come to venerate. The grim resistance of the unbeatable old Pontiff had girt his head with a halo of

heroic martyrdom in the imagination of the country which he had represented in the Papacy. Besides, Adimari forgot that he was an "outsider" in Spain and adopted an arbitrary tone in his manoeuvres which soon surrounded him with hostility.

In accord with Alfonso the Fifth and with promises of support from Benedict's most intimate associates, Adimari drew up a list of very tempting offers. If don Pedro would submit to Martin the Fifth, all the books and other properties of the Apostolic See which he had removed from Avignon and was now holding at Peñíscola would become his private property. He could select any country in Christendom as his residence and govern it as absolute spiritual sovereign. He would be allowed an annual pension of fifty thousand florins—a fortune in terms of the day. All the benefices and titles he had bestowed upon his supporters would be recognized and confirmed. In case this program should seem inadequate either in whole or in part, don Pedro would be free to modify or extend it in any way he should choose, with the sole limitation that the unity of the Church be not impaired.

Even Rodrigo de Luna, in dismay at the weight of hostile power now bearing upon his uncle, thought the latter should accept these honorable terms of surrender, which younger and healthier men than the Spanish pontiff found frankly enticing. But don Pedro doggedly replied that the one true Pope could receive neither favors nor gifts from the hands of his foes; and he went on hoping for final triumph in the midst of his solitary isolation.

In this quandary, Cardinal Adimari thought the time had come to suppress this nonagenarian nuisance, who

refused to die and whose very longevity was proof positive to his followers that Divine Right was on the side of the Moon!

Among the state papers of the Crown of Aragon Borja found and read a letter written in Provençal by one of the domestics of the Pope of Peñíscola, describing the attempt made upon the old man's life.

Like most men of advanced age habitually frugal in diet, don Pedro had a special predilection for sweet things. After his meals at the "Bulldog," he would retire to a small one-storied bastion which projected over the water and commanded a view of the Mediterranean such as one might have from the quarterdeck of a vessel. There he would sit placidly in a chair, look out over the sea, and plan naval campaigns against his foes as though he had a whole lifetime before him. On a table to one side rested a variety of sweets in boxes sent him in loyal remembrance by certain religious communities who were secretly "obeying" him as legitimate Pope. The boxes were in charge of his personal valet, who kept them under lock and key. No one else ever touched them.

The valet in question was one Domingo Dalava, born in Careñena, a schoolmate of don Pedro at Toulouse and later a member, for some time, of the cathedral chapter at Saragossa.

The Pope had a special weakness for two of the boxes, the one containing candied quince, and the other a kind of double wafer, gilded on either side, with a mixture of honey and fruits between.

A Benedictine monk from the convent at Bañolas, one Friar Paladio Calvet, came to an understanding with the

man Dalava to poison the Pope by introducing into his sweets a quantity of arsenic which Calvet later swore he had received from the hands of Pope Martin's legate, Cardinal Adimari. The two hirelings bored small holes in the candied quinces and injected therein considerable amounts of the poison. At the same time they separated some of the double wafers and spread the filling with the arsenic.

Don Pedro consumed his usual allowance of sweets as was his habit, and shortly fell grievously ill. His physician and his intimates abandoned hope for him; but this tough old man, who seemed invulnerable to blows that would have slain ordinary mortals, was out of danger after a few hours of vomiting and fainting. Probably the would-be-assassins had administered too large a dose for a stomach as delicate as that of the Pontiff. At any rate, Benedict was so well again in a few days that no one thought he had been poisoned and it occurred to no one to examine his dessert. The whole affair might have been overlooked had not the man Dalava betrayed himself by an unwary remark.

The attempt on the Pope's life was of such patent origin that indignation ran high in Spain, even among the avowed enemies of the Schismatic of Peñíscola. When the crime became known, Cardinal Pisano was at Lerida, presiding over a synod which he had called to exact obedience from the clergy of Aragon. Most of the examiners at the synod had evinced their dislike of the legate from the opening sessions; but they now rose in their wrath against him and Adimari fled to Barcelona for his life. The Cardinal appealed for protection to Alfonso the Fifth

protesting the charges of attempted murder which were being laid at his door. But the King was equally convinced of the man's guilt and gave him cold comfort. Rodrigo de Luna had dealt amicably with Adimari at the beginning, in an effort to come to a friendly adjustment of his uncle's situation; but the soldier was enraged at this cowardly attempt and rode into Barcelona with the intention of killing the foreigner. Adimari, however, made good his escape, reaching the French frontier with Rodrigo and a troop of horse hot on his heels.

The judicial investigation of the crime left no doubt as to the guilt of Pope Martin's envoy. The valet, Dalava, confessed that he obtained the poison from the friar Calvet, and Calvet said he had received it from Cardinal Pisano in person. Three other accomplices in the plot came to light: the Archdeacon of Teruel and two Aragonese priests.

The Crown archives of Aragon shed no light on the fate of these three men; but the friar Calvet was condemned as "poisoner and necromancer" and burned at the stake on the sandy isthmus at Peñíscola.

After this fiasco, the Pope's enemies made no further attempts upon him. He lived on in peace, girt about in his majestic isolation by that superstitious awe which is felt for persons with charmed lives. The barbs of ninety tumultous years had been blunted in vain on his tough hide. He was equally immune to the treacherous wiles of men.

It really seemed as though the Sailor Pope would endure eternally, like the murmur of the sea that lay at his feet.

CHAPTER III

A TOUR AND A DETOUR

ABROAD avenue of color sloping down to the Mediterranean—a succession of flowery terraces, red, blue, yellow, violet, gold, ending at last among the rocks on the seashore; beyond this torrential cascade of blossoms, a spacious garden of deep shade, straining the blue of sky and sea through colonnades of tree trunks intertwined with climbing roses—here and there, conspicuous on the background of green, the snowy white of statues and fountains!

The sunbeams, finding their way through the leaves in whirlpools of light, seemed to awaken a restless life to subdued murmuring—butterflies, flitting through space like flowers in motion; invisible doves gurgling among the branches like distant watercourses; a darting of red and vermilion fish in the pools of the fountains, pursued by the ebony arrows of their own shadows!

Rosaura could justly be proud of her garden. Such floral exuberance must have come from some other planet where vegetation was all of petals and perfume! The earth, nurtured like a precious and delicate child with daily feedings of water and compost, produced plants of monstrous size overflowing with fragrances now sweet and soft, now sharp and burning. Drunk with this atmosphere heavy with springtime, the birds sang in joyous discord from morning till night. Beyond the

wide rent which tore so much color in twain, a bit of open water unfolded to the far horizon, glittering under the sun, deserted for the most part, a lake of blue and gold, as it were, formed in order to prolong this paradise to the infinite!

And just this aspect of her garden Rosaura was enjoying for the first time, spending all her afternoons on the highest terrace, her back turned to the bay windows of the closed dining room. How absurd the vagaries of fashion! What slaves they made of people! It was fashion to return to town from the Blue Coast in April, when her garden was just losing the forced and anemic vegetation of winter to adorn itself with this spontaneous and unruly splendor. This bower of roses! Who could ever have imagined it would take that form! These Chinese gold-fish with feathery tails! She had bought them seasons before and then forgotten them in their ponds! What monsters they had grown to be, with their telescope eyes, and their long transparent fins dragging after them like the trains of a dancing girl!

Nor would she ever have supposed she could live in such discomfort! This large establishment needed the regiment of servants she had there during the winter. The families of the two gardeners who lived there the year round were trying more or less successfully to attend to her acute needs. But she was living almost like a lodger in her own house. She had opened one chamber, leaving the other rooms closed as they were. The salon, the dining room, the library, all had their furniture as "in season," but they stood silent and mournful in the greenish half light that filtered in through their blinds.

Yet she was finding the experience agreeable and kept congratulating herself for the happy thought she had had of disappearing from Paris. Each day the mail brought letters or cards from Borja, and she would read and sometimes reread them in her seat on the terrace, the sea before her and the floral cataract at her feet:

"Poor boy! What will he have to say now?"

So, at least, during the first days! By that time she had come to recognize his handwriting, and would throw his letters aside, the sooner to read the rest of her correspondence. But the letter she was looking for never came; and such disdainful silence was gradually hurting her pride, giving a tone of mournful grayness to the solitude she had deliberately sought.

The garden, thereupon, lost its charm for her, and she began spending her afternoons otherwise. Her car would take her to places along the Blue Coast where she might find friends or amusements. But in the tearooms of the hotels at Nice she could see only couples of young people quite unknown to her. All the members of her set had gone away to Paris, London, New York! The Casino at Monte Carlo likewise had a nondescript throng of travellers who would come in for an afternoon and leave the next day, of gamblers absorbed in their combinations, of adventuresses on the lookout for profitable encounters. There was no one there she knew! She began herself to play—and lost with exasperating regularity. Not that she cared about the money—her fortune could withstand many shocks from the wheel! But bad luck at just that moment seemed somehow insulting to her—a lack of courteousness on the part of a Fortune suddenly

turned boor! She did not like to lose at any game! She was accustomed to success in everything she undertook!

Again she went back to her garden, but only to find something monotonous in its beauty. There she was, alone; and everything about her—the cooing of the doves, the flirting of the birds, the pursuits of the fish, seemed to remind her of the galling fact that life is union, mutual support, affinity through congenial attraction! Stupid animals! Futile flowers! Through the windows of her bedroom, as she tossed through sleepless nights, came the songs of nightingales hidden in the neighboring olive trees —would that man never write?

As her ruffled pride turned first to insistent pain and then to rage, her mind dwelt on the pictures she had seen in the papers of women who had killed their lovers. But she had never loved Urdaneta, never! That bumpkin dressed like a mannikin? Never! As ridiculous as the country he came from! How had a woman of her background and station ever fallen in with such a "doctor-general"—bosh!—a brute with some physical courage, to be sure, but a self-centered libertine, and a danger, yes, a positive danger because of his greed for money—though once he got it he threw it away, like a pirate coming ashore for an orgy!

Then she would reflect on the sacrifices, yes, the real sacrifices, she had made for such a man! She had given up many things for him—a respected position, to begin with, as a wealthy widow, welcome in the most distinguished society! She might have married that Prince (he needed her money), or the Ambassador—a man with plenty of titles, who could have made her mistress of an

important house in a famous court, and given her an influence on the course of affairs—affairs of nations, yes sir! That's what she had thrown away for a man like Urdaneta—sacrifice, plus a certain amount, a certain amount, of shame!

Everyone in Paris knew about him and her; why, for that matter—even the gardener here, at her villa! And he, Urdaneta, well, just because he was bored with a woman too much like a wife, a legitimate wife!—so therefore, the strange woman—something new—the actress, with a reputation—a reputation Heaven knows where or with whom! And they—well, they didn't know him! Curly whiskers, a violent, a domineering air! A general! A warrior! The hero—the kind that takes cities by storm, shoots off the men, and—rapes the women! How romantic!

But Rosaura also was a personality—she had a strength all her own! That was why they had gotten along as well as they had, by dint of vigorous battling! And he had always come back, always—shamefaced and suppliant! The man at whose beck and nod a nation trembled—not much of a nation, but a nation—on his knees, begging her pardon, like a naughty child!

But this time he was not coming back—he had not come back!

Rosaura had found him out once more, and this time their quarrel had been a very noisy one. He had sworn he would never speak to her again—he was going off, disgusted with her jealous disposition, glad for a breath of God's free air, after five years of slavery! And she

had been glad—glad that there was a prospect of his never coming back!

But the trouble was—he was keeping his promise! Days and days had gone by, and no word from the doctor-general!

At last, she had become annoyed, frankly annoyed, at his fidelity to his pledge; and she thought an extreme step would be necessary to break his will. She had dropped out of sight, certain that that would bring him again to her feet, a petitioner for mercy! She was sure that at her address on the Blue Coast she would find a telegram, a letter, from that man now so bound up with her life that she could not, she simply could not, live without him! Beyond this realization she dared not go, for fear of encountering a purely sexual predilection, and nothing more!

But the days went by, and no signs of Urdaneta! His silence was now absorbing her whole mind at all times. Two thoughts, diametrically opposed to each other, divided her attention. On the one hand, she was jealous, jealous that he should be following his usual life in Paris—teas, balls, theatres, night resorts, pretty women—while she was pining in loneliness on the Blue Coast. Beyond a doubt he was still with the woman who had been the cause of the last set-to! On the other hand, she was inclined to thrill with a certain mournful tenderness born of her vanity! No, he had really come back, but had not yet found the courage to tell her so! Urdaneta had probably followed her to Cannes, and was waiting in hiding to give her, some day, a great surprise! Sooner or later the bell

on her garden gate would ring! Or perhaps he would choose the Casino at Monte Carlo, or a tea room at Nice! This would give a certain casualness to their encounter—with a view to appearances, before the public!

And, with this in mind, she would again go the rounds of the resorts of Nice and Monte Carlo—still full of strange people, save, now and then, for some chance straggler from the previous and more brilliant months!

Finally, she concluded, she must have the truth, the truth! She could send her maid to Paris to look around! Oh, not just like that—but with a plausible pretext, plausible pretexts! Shopping, for example! Things she might have ordered by letter—but what if she preferred to order them through a maid? Then she could ask the girl in an offhand way to find out what Urdaneta was doing—from his scrub woman, or someone else about his house!

This precaution, with its semblance of positive action, gave her a few days of greater peace. Borja's letters kept coming in, and she read them like travel stories of distant lands which she would never see, like wonder tales she might have heard in her childhood. The maid finally wrote with prudent definiteness. Don Rafael was about the same as usual—luncheon and dinner out, coming home each night at dawn! He was having a great time! There were certain things the scrub woman would not tell her, knowing that she, the maid, was with Señora de Pineda, and the woman had smiled! Men will be that way!

As she read the maid's report, Rosaura sat thinking for a moment; and the frown that knit her eyes betrayed the advent of one of her final decisions. She was through! Through! No more nonsense about love! No more non-

sense about jealousy! Not so much as a thought for him, ever again! All that was—over!

This burst of rage suddenly reminded her of her children, in an access of maternal tenderness that took form in a resolve. Yes, she had been doing wrong! She had devoted herself too little to her children hitherto. Now she was going to be a real mother, a young and very *chic* mother, utterly absorbed in her offspring, leading a dignified and elegant widowhood for their sake!

In this state of mind, she sought to be free of her situation at the moment as hastily as one would withdraw from an enterprise threatening ruin! She must get away! He was probably laughing at her, back there in Paris, as he imagined her living like a nun in a big empty house on the Blue Coast! She must go back to her accustomed haunts, resume her normal mode of life, that the doctor-general—what a ridiculous spectacle he made, as you looked at him from a distance!—might see how little, how very little, he meant in her life.

She ordered her chauffeur to have her car ready for the following morning, but she hesitated when he inquired where they were to go. Her first impulse was to make for Italy. One of her English friends had written her a few days before inviting her to Florence. It was just the time of year to visit that city! Then she thought of how near Florence was to Rome. Enciso would still be celebrating his assumption to a seat among the Arcadians! And don Aristides would be there with all his tribe! No! Impossible! What horrors! All those people knew about her and Urdaneta!

One of Borja's letters happened to reach her at just

that time. It was dated from Tarragon, but he was already on his way to Peñíscola, the final goal of his journey. Again she murmured thoughtfully: "Poor boy!" As she thought of the fatuous and faithless doctor-general the young Spaniard gained a new fascination by the sheer force of the contrast. Borja would have appreciated far better a woman like her! Though, at once, any comparison between the two men struck her as absurd. In the first place, Claudio was a mere boy—there was not even the remotest question of any love between them! To be sure, perhaps a difference of four or five years intervened, but Rosaura, without knowing why, seemed to judge that an insurmountable obstacle! There was something maternal in the protecting sympathy she felt for him. He had made love to her, but this venturesomeness seemed trivial when viewed over this interval of time and space. A young fellow, inexperienced, ignorant of the ways of the world! And for another thing, whenever he had made such advances, he had ceased at her merest request, an almost childish confusion following on his audacities!

All things considered—Paris! She should go back to Paris, at the earliest possible moment! The little world which had gossiped of her relations with Urdaneta should have an opportunity to see that all was now over between them! It was time to think more of the children, anyway! She must find some distinguished scholars—professors at the university—to take charge of their education and be seen frequently about her house. On the streets she would appear publicly in her car with the two

children and the woman—a relative, mind you!—who was their governess—and with no one else!

But on the way back to Paris, why not drive by way of—Spain, for a glimpse of the places Borja had been writing about?

It was a sudden inspiration, but she dwelt on it. How surprised Claudio would be if she were to walk in upon him, unannounced, down there on that rock in the sea where his blockheaded Pope had died!

Yes, the days she had passed with Claudio at Avignon and Marseilles had been the only pleasant ones since her departure from Paris—pleasant, and she had learned something, about Popes and things! Though, after all, not the wisest thing to do! On her part, just a friendly interest! But with him, an excitable boy, just in his twenties, and a Spaniard, a real passion—the passion that men always felt in her presence!

The idea appealed to her perhaps because it was so—silly, at any rate so unusual! What were a few hundred extra miles, in a car like hers? She had often gone back and forth across the whole of Europe in travelling between two relatively neighboring points! Time was no particular consideration. She might devote several days to the Spanish coast, going down, and then up, over the same route, striking the road to Paris again at Avignon! She had never seen just that part of Spain, where the rice fields are, and one can go for miles and miles between orange groves. Bad roads, she had heard; and she would have to do without a maid in hotels probably not of the best. Of course, the girl could come down again from Paris, but

that would hardly be worth while for such a few days.

Spain?

The more she thought of it, the better she enjoyed this little plan for giving the knight Tannhäuser the surprise of his life! The very difficulties of the tour attracted her. She liked to "rough it" once in a while, over obstacles and hardships however mild, which took her back to her days on the old-fashioned ranches of Argentina, where she had lived in poverty as a girl. As some of her friends in New York used to say, it did a woman good to "have experiences," meeting the fatigues and the privations of tours "off the beaten track" with a joyous smile!

She drove straight to Perpignan, avoiding Marseilles. Many of the names she encountered on her map had figured in Borja's talks and letters as residences for longer or shorter times of his Pope, don Pedro de Luna. And the farther she advanced, the more she returned to the atmosphere in which she had lived during her brief association with the young Spaniard. She found herself counting the days and the hours till she should be with him again. The road at times seemed very very long. Then she would laugh at the absurdity of her impatience:

"It is almost as though I were hurrying to a rendezvous! Poor Borja! How set up he would be, if he only knew!"

Her mind lingered on his surprise at seeing her, while magnifying, at the same time, the barriers that lay between them. Such a young man! And that poor girl, daughter of that stuffy senator, the ambassador-to-be!

She first asked for Borja at the Ritz of Barcelona, since she had seen that address on one of the letterheads he had

used. The clerk, in fact, remembered that he had sent the baggage of that particular guest to Tarragon, though no directions for forwarding mail had been registered. Rosaura was exultant! She was on the trail, and she would follow it, just as the old *gauchos* she had known in her girlhood used to follow hoof-prints across the pampas!

And at the hotel also in Tarragon they remembered Claudio Borja. However, it was growing dark, and nearly seventy-five miles of rough road lay between her and Peñíscola. She would have to stop for the night!

The hotel lay back to a building which had once been a convent and was now a barracks. As she threw open the rear shutters of her room, noises from the revelry of a youthful and vivacious multitude, invisible across the garden, came in upon her. The soldiers were playing about in their *patio* like boys turned loose from school, shouting to one another with all the strength in their lungs, the discords of various musical instruments adding their cacophonies to the confusion of human cries.

And when she went down into the street, in the early evening, to catch a glimpse of the town, she had to walk in front of the barracks. Many young men in uniform, captains and lieutenants, were gathered in front of the portal. They gazed at her in astonishment. "What a woman!" Nothing of the sort had been seen in that provincial garrison city in a dog's age! In their eyes, she was like some heroine stepping down from one of those erotic paper-covered novels which Spanish youths of their age devour, heroines whom they regard as the summation of all elegances and charms imaginable. Here before their eyes was The Lady herself, the *grande dame*,

beautiful, rich, perfumed, and especially—unknown, the woman who beset their fancy as they lay reading on their cots and who lingered on in their thoughts superheated by sensuous imagery.

In a short time, Rosaura was walking at the head of a procession of the military, which stretched away behind her along either sidewalk, and even slipped down into the street. Some of the young men would quicken their pace to walk past her, turn about, and come down the other way, murmuring a word of admiration as they went by. The boldest could hardly restrain themselves from addressing her directly, to place themselves at her service as guides for her walk about the town. When she had returned to the hotel and was at dinner in the dining room, her back to the window on the street, she could see a line of military caps in the mirror before her. The young officers would step up to the window, look in at her as long as reasonable interpretation of the laws of decency allowed, move away again and come back. Two lieutenants were eating in the same restaurant, and their presence was sufficient pretext for half the garrison staff to appear. The future generals would approach their comrades, greet them effusively, and then settle in chairs as though for the evening, doing their best to say brilliant things to pierce the icy indifference of the beautiful *extranjera.*

She retired early, for the last night of her journey, planning an early start for the short ride that would bring her to her goal. When the drums and trumpets began sounding reveille in the nearby barracks, she had long since finished her coffee. Sunrise found her already beyond Tarragon.

What a trick to play on those young officers who could be relied upon to stand guard over the hotel all morning, only to learn that the Princess Beautiful had taken flight before dawn!

As she left the neighborhood of the city, the landscape changed. It was no longer a question of vine and olives framing Roman arches and ruined tombs. The orange orchards were beginning to appear, scatteringly at first like the advanced columns of an army. Trees of this sort she had never seen. The branches began at the very ground, forming thick bushes of no great height, that rounded out like green spheres over the reddish earth. They were just coming into bloom. Carobs, with the fragrance of warm honey, shared with vineyards the land not yet covered with oranges.

She was at the boundaries of the ancient Kingdom of Valencia, the garden spot of the Mediterranean which Borja had so often glorified to her. After climbing the northern slope of the Ebro watershed, the roads became smoother and straighter, and the chauffeur opened up with the confidence a clear view ahead inspired. Here now on the river was a town with houses painted white and blue, and pretentious churches—an atmosphere of ease and prosperity, rich harvests, abundant money. A number of boats were moored at the river wharf—Vinaroz!

Another town of the same neat and commodious aspect —Benicarló!

She must be nearly there, according to her map! Yes, in fact, far away, on what seemed to be a shore line, a great white mass of rock, crowned with towers and battlements and girt about its base with batteries! And

there were the houses, climbing up the steep slopes, within two circular sashes of wall!

But this last remnant of the long ride was to be one of the most difficult. The heavy machine skidded about alarmingly as its tires cut deep into a soft earth. The highway, rather than a road, was a ditch still soaked by a rain that had fallen some days before. The adjoining fields were a paradise fashioned by the craft of man, in a long war to rescue the soil from the stagnant waters of the marsh. But no one had cared about the roads. In that part of Spain, the short hauling is done by pack animals, and the long by sea, in boats. Pitching, sliding, rolling like some heavy war machine advancing over rough ground, the car at last came out on the beach, and the chauffeur gained speed again. The footing was still soft, but there were fewer turns. The wheels raced noiselessly forward as over a thick carpet.

Ah, yes, the isthmus, that moored Peñíscola to the mainland like a ship aground! On both slopes of the neck of sand, the fishermen had spread their nets to dry, the red wine-colored meshes making broad spots on the yellow beach. Two large pitch-black boats were discharging their catch of the night before. The men were walking back and forth from vessel to shore, their trousers rolled up to their thighs, their heads bent under heavy baskets that shone in the sun like freshly melted lead. As the baskets were set down on the strand, women eagerly surveyed their contents. Those that held prawns were set to one side as in a file of honor.

Here now, the first wall of the promontory! Some women were at work with their wash about a fountain

that poured down in an abundant cascade from the rock above. As the car came in at a good pace, they dropped their dripping clothes and began talking with excited gestures. Their clamor was soon augmented by the voices of many children. No, the car must stop there—it was too wide for the streets in the town, where there was hardly room for a man and a donkey!

At the same time two men, leading donkeys with loads of farm tools came out from the gate in the wall—peasants on their way to shore to cultivate their patches of ground. Though the uproar was a mixture, apparently, of Valencian and Catalan, Rosaura and her chauffeur caught the sense of it. There was a stable-garage, of modest appointments, near the Great Gate which still showed the pompous escutcheon of Philip the Second. Two cars, in fact, were already there—they had come in from a nearby town, and had likewise halted outside the walls.

As she touched foot to the sand, Rosaura found herself the target of many curious eyes, which surveyed her from a distance with the somewhat hostile timidness peasants have for strangers. Despite her pallor and the lines of fatigue on her face, those poor women of the peasantry still regarded her as some being from another world who had finally wandered to their remote corner of the universe.

"*Virgen soberana!* What a pretty woman! A queen!"

One or two older women, more venturesome through the authority of their age, took it upon themselves to answer her inquiries. She had to repeat them on occasion. These peasants were puzzled at her Argentine accent in speaking Castilian, which itself they but imperfectly

understood. They had never heard of this "Claudio Borja," who was the object of the great lady's search.

But one of the younger girls called from a distance.

"He's that fellow from Madrid!" and she added, addressing Rosaura herself. "Go right up, *señora,* go right up, straight ahead. You will find him at the Castle! He's always there!"

And the girl's friends chaffed her with loud laughter for her effort in Castilian, and her authoritative information as to the habits and whereabouts of the only male visitor in town.

Rosaura entered the fortress, preceded by a crowd of children, who walked along in front of her, their little faces uplifted to see her better. The washerwomen went back to their work, or lingered about the automobile, exclaiming as to its great size, comparing it with others they had seen, and questioning the chauffeur as to who the beautiful lady was. Rosaura could see at once that her arrival had sent an invisible current along all the crowded streets of the town, giving notice that an advent of unusual interest had occurred. At doors and windows ill-combed heads of hair kept appearing at this early hour; since, only in the afternoon, when the daily chores were done, would this peasantry proceed to its personal hygiene. The throng of children increased in volume as it advanced, each house contributing one or two more. The little ones did not speak, nor did they ask for anything. They were content just to gaze at her, caught in the spell of this woman so wholly different from the women they saw about them.

Here was a blue pool partly surrounded by wall—"the

Sneezer." But now its waters were at peace under no stress from the tempestuous breathing of the cliff which hurled them guzzling up against the houses around. She continued on over the blue cobblestones, trusting herself to the collective instinct of her escort of children. But coming, now, in the opposite direction, was a man with a weatherbeaten face, a short beard, broad shoulders, and the gait of a sailor used to walking on moving decks—the type of the retired sea-captain, she judged.

It was the mayor of Peñíscola. He was hurrying down to the only gate in the walls, without doubt already informed of such an unusual arrival. He made an effort to mobilize all the Castilian at his command, as an official of the realm, and answered:

"Yes, you are on the right road. Whichever way you go, you cannot miss the Citadel."

Then he added with a certain pride, as though he were proclaiming a superiority of his village over the great capitals of which he had heard:

"Don't be afraid, *señora!* No one ever gets lost in Peñíscola!"

The mayor did not dare offer himself as guide—that might have been too forward! With these tony folks a fellow never knows what he ought or ought not do! But a few steps ahead, Rosaura saw before her a peasant who had crammed a gold braided hat over the handkerchief that sheltered his brow, in his hand a cane decorated at the hilt with two black tassels. It was the village constable; and at vociferous signs from the arms and fingers of his chief, he began to raise his voice and wave his cane about to disperse the crowd of children:

"Don't you see you're in the lady's way! What manners are these? What will the lady think of the way we bring up our youngsters in Peñíscola?"

And Rosaura had to interfere in behalf of her silent admirers, who had really done nothing but walk at her side, the boldest perhaps venturing to lay a finger on one of the buttons of her coat, or on a fringe of her gown, to see what it was made of.

At the castle gate, she felt impelled to ask the rustic guardian of the peace for the support of his calloused hand. The pavement under the postern and inside the ancient reviewing ground was as slippery as glass from the centuries of rain that had polished its slate-blue stones. To be sure of one's footing, one had to find the crevices between these—now full of earth and a growth of short grass. To give the lady greater courage, the constable related how many tourists had broken legs or arms by careless walking over these same stones!

They were now in a broad open space, surrounded by walls, which in turn were pierced by doors leading to former supply buildings of the ancient fortress. Some of these were still used as warehouses, though most were quite deserted and in ruin. The castle had suffered three severe bombardments during the previous two hundred years, and only the vaulted portions of the structure had withstood them—those low squatty works which were known in the military jargon of days gone by as "bomb-proofs."

A staircase of blue stone, to which they came, was equally slippery. The constable still showed the way, marking the rhythm for their advance with a discourse

which Rosaura had difficulty in following. Behind them the persistent crowd of children had begun to scatter about the fortress, taking advantage of this extraordinary opportunity to play about the place, which, most of the time, was closed under keys which could be obtained only at the City Hall. Rosaura gathered that her guide was well acquainted with "the gentleman from Madrid." In fact, at a certain moment, he began to call:

"Don Claudio, a visit! Don Claudio, someone to see you!"

For some moments Borja had been conscious of an increasing clamor which he had found unexplainable in the solitude of the abandoned stronghold. The slightest sounds took on an extraordinary resonance in the deep calm, and he had wondered whether perhaps the population of the town had risen in sudden rebellion, attacked the citadel, and were now making its way across the postern, up the stairs, over the bulwarks, into the inner towers and halls! The chirping of the martins about the walls was drowned under shouts of children, these pierced in turn by the deeper voice of a man. And his name was being called! A visit? From whom? Who could be looking for him at Peñíscola?

He came to one of the windows and put out his head. He saw the constable, and he saw. . . .

Impossible! It must be an illusion! He had just looked at his watch: nine-thirty, in the forenoon! Not the usual hour for ghosts! Besides, he had never supposed the environment favorable for apparitions—all that sunlight, on that rock thrown far to seaward, under the bluest and purest sky imaginable! . . . And nevertheless—she was

there, near him! He could see her! It was all absurd, yet it would be just as absurd to doubt the evidence of his eyes!

And she was enjoying his discomfiture, laughing one of those loud clear laughs which formed graceful undulations about her throat and neck, as though a great white pearl were rising and falling just beneath the transparent skin!

"What a face! . . . At least, you might say 'good-morning' to one of your friends! You won't have me here very long!"

And she laughed again, in delight at Borja's complete surprise.

When at last he had come down, she began talking rapidly and casually. She had decided to keep her word! In fact, she never went back on her promises! She had told him, at Marseilles, that she would come to Peñíscola, and to Peñíscola she had come! Just a brief visit for a glimpse of the place—a few hours at the most! She was on her way back to Paris, to attend to certain matters! This was just a detour along the way!

Still caught in the stupor of his surprise, Borja hardly grasped what she was saying: yet every word he heard seemed to bind him to a world gone mad. So far, for a few hours? Cannes to Peñíscola—just a detour on the road to Paris? He still could hardly believe himself awake, certain that he must have returned in a dream to an earlier moment in his life.

But no, there she was, at his side! Her perfume! Her face a little pale, a little worn from the long ride! Closer

to him in spirit also, than she had been on that last day in the hotel at Marseilles!

But Rosaura was giving him no time to find his way about in his own thoughts:

"Tell me all about this place—do me the honors in this last residence of your friend, don Pedro! Come, don't stand there as dumb as a door post—what is it all about?"

At the command of this soft authoritarian voice, Claudio came to his senses, and began guiding her about the citadel, apologizing for its abandoned condition as though this were due to some fault of his own. Fifty years before the place had been used as a base of operations for government troops in their campaign against the Carlists in "the Mastership." The castle would be worthless in the face of modern guns, but it was more than adequate for dealing with the guerrilleros of don Carlos, the Pretender, who had no artillery whatever.

The largest hall had a vaulted ceiling, Gothic window seats, and walls of stone. Here, undoubtedly, don Pedro had received, in such pontifical splendor, the two envoys from Constance. At that time, the walls, with base benches, must have been covered with the rich tapestries of Avignon; but in the five centuries that had passed since Luna's day, all his furnishings had disappeared. As late as thirty years before, some of his wooden brackets still remained and had been used as hangers by Spanish soldiers garrisoned there. Then the fortress had been entirely dismantled to be rid of the absurd and wasteful spectacle of grown men walking up and down its bulwarks on watch against Heaven knows what, and yawning from time to time in their utter boredom.

Near the entrance to the Grand Hall Borja called attention to a notice scribbled in ink: "Second Company, First Battalion." Thus had other doors been captioned. The roof of what had once been the papal chapel had fallen in; another still had double arches in roofless walls which threatened to give way at any moment. These rooms had been the living quarters of the Pope and his emaciated Court. Little, really, was to be seen in the interior as a whole. The successive generations of garrisons which had peopled the citadel, now whitewashing, now scraping, and now repainting the walls, had erased any trace of original adornments that may have been there. In fact, the sole mementos of Pope Luna still preserved at Peñíscola were a sceptre all of quartz inlaid with gems, and a few less valuable trinkets, treasured in the sacristy of the parish church.

Here were two dungeons, with openings only at the top, into which Rosaura peered with misgivings. They were probably designed by the Templars who originally built the fortress and were used later in accord with the barbarous penal procedures of those days. The prisoners were let down into them by ropes.

More cheerful, in fact delightful, the walk along the battlements, in full view of the open Mediterranean, and of the two shores that stretched away to either hand. Off to the right, low, verdant, a maze of vineyards, carob orchards, olive and orange groves, the coast leading to Castellon and Valencia; to the left, the white houses of the two towns, Benicarló and Vinaroz, the marshes at the mouth of the Ebro, and beyond them all, the hills of Tar-

ragon. Looking carefully at the deep blue, gently rolling, surface of the sea, Rosaura could detect, at Borja's indications, certain circles of whiter water flecked with foam as from a gurgling within them. These, Borja explained, were springs of fresh water, breaking forth through the sea floor, as did others through the dry rock of the headland itself. The early sailors of Crete, Tyre, and Carthage were aware of the existence of these springs and transmitted their exact bearings from generation to generation as precious secrets. These areas of bubbling fresh water enabled them to fill their amphoras without dangerous descents ashore, where their expeditions for supplies inland were often caught in Iberian ambuscades and exposed to the mortal shafts and slingshots of the primitive natives of Spain.

The horde of urchins had vanished, though childish voices could still be faintly heard up through the distant streets of the town. The constable had sent them all scurrying from the fortress. Now just a red and white goat was left, and she was following Rosaura and Claudio about on their walk over the walls. Borja had discovered the animal two days before. She belonged to a farmer who lived near the castle. The man had secured permission to pasture her there on the vegetation that grew within.

Rosaura could only admire the deftness of the little creature in reaching its food. With its four feet brought together in a tiny circle, the goat would reach far out over the edge of the merlons to nip the yellow flowers on a bush growing far down in a cleft in the walls. Below would have been a sheer fall to lower works of the for-

tress, or along the vertical face of a cliff that dipped its feet in the rhythmic surf of the sea.

They turned aside to reach a low bastion of a single story, which still showed the escutcheon of the Lunas over its Gothic door. It was in a wing of the castle that projected farthest over the sea, and Borja thought that it was here that the southern pontiff shut himself up for his hours of meditation. Perhaps here he had partaken, after his midday meal, of the poisoned quinces and wafers described in the documents of the Crown of Aragon.

Through this little room of stone, with its narrow slits for windows, Rosaura could look out over the whole sweep of a free sea. Here the ninety year old pontiff, as dry and withered as a mummy, had sat, in his time, for hours, gazing out with his two small piercing eyes, as though he could see far beyond the horizon the shores of Italy and the enemy he had still to fight. Not even after the attempt on his life did don Pedro once consider the possibility of his own death; and life had no meaning to him apart from action. Here, with three years still before him, he kept planning expeditions, all by himself. He kept thinking of ways and means for assembling a fleet even larger than the one which had taken him to Genoa, of a landing at Civita Vecchia, of a march thence on Rome, where he still had friends and where discontent was rife. Such dreams he seems even to have taken seriously—the solitude in which he reigned as absolute master destroyed his sense of realities, suppressing obstacles and making the wildest projects perfectly feasible in his eyes. He actually despatched emissaries to France and Italy to negotiate preparations for such armed expeditions!

The Pope of Constance, Martin the Fifth, was not wholly wrong in regarding the aged refugee of Peñíscola with uneasiness and apprehension. Don Pedro put out a feeler to the Chastelain of Civita Vecchia to secure a safe landing in that basin. He approached the husband of Joan the Second of Naples—a former aide to his great friend, Louis of Anjou, to secure maritime support at Martin's back door, so to speak. A few miles from Peñíscola, at Puerto Fangós ("Mud Harbor") on the delta of the Ebro, he had two galleys of his own! He was "Pope of the Sea" and he could get a fleet, if not in one way then in another! Royalties and nobles failing, there were the sailors of Barcelona, Valencia, Mallorca, themselves—born pirates to a man, ever ready to bury lust of booty and love of adventure under deeds of heroism!

This man had blessed most of the Coronations of his time—few the lords of the Western World who had not planted a kiss upon the points of his scarlet slippers! The traitors who had betrayed him were now in high office in the Church! The theologians who talked of eclipses of the moon in sermons to his discredit pretended to ignore this self styled Pope who by some incomprehensible accident continued to survive his funeral on a deserted rock in the Mediterranean. But every so often they were reminded, to their worried surprise, that he was still alive —and kicking!

The fact that don Pedro did not die, while his enemies young and old had a way of preceding him to the tomb, was to many Christian souls good evidence that God was recognizing the holiness of Luna's Cause. And he may

have thought the same himself. To his last day he kept looking for that "sign in the Heavens," for that miracle from Above which would win him triumph for Justice and Truth at the last moment!

"He reminds me of Napoleon on Saint Helena," said Rosaura, much moved at Borja's words. "Here he sat, on this lonely stone in the sea, looking out over the wide horizons, recalling his past glories and never once losing confidence in himself."

"Yes," said Claudio, "there is that resemblance, and especially in their ends. Both of them, after living as bugaboos to the world for long years, died in silence, momentarily forgotten."

CHAPTER IV

THE POPE WITHOUT A NAME

BORJA'S friends in Peñíscola, the town doctor and the city clerk, came up to the citadel on learning of a visitor's presence. But their curiosity once satisfied, they were quick to withdraw. Plain people of the country, they felt ill at ease with this great lady in whose presence they never knew just what to say or just what to do. Rosaura addressed them with the affable smile and the easy manner which she always displayed in her conversation; but they would stammer their replies in abashed confusion. Finally they thought of an escape for themselves: they must find a suitable eating place for the entertainment of such a distinguished lady. It could not be in town. They could not imagine the *señora* in one of the dingy restaurants Peñíscola supported—a table facing a blank wall just off a dark street grimy with sewage and swarming with flies! But there was the beach —on the way to the mainland! The idea appealed to them and they hurried away, eager to be by themselves and exchange views as to the significance of this extraordinary arrival. They promised to find the best prawns that had come in with the night's catch. No one was ever allowed to get away from Peñíscola without a taste of these little lobsters, famous from Gibraltar to London!

For an hour still Rosaura and Claudio lingered about the battlements of the citadel looking at the sea; then they

slowly made their way down the steep streets of the town toward the yellow neck of sand.

"Don Pedro died in absolute secret," said Borja, as they walked along. "It was seven months before anyone, even in Peñíscola, aside from his intimates, of course, was aware that he had passed away. Researches have established that his end came on the twenty-ninth of November, in the year 1422. At that time he had completed his ninety-fourth year.

"However, persecution and tragic adventure were to pursue him dead. His body had been, one might say, mummified alive—it was little else than skin and bone. He was first buried in the floor of the room we left some time ago—the basilica of the citadel. His loyal supporters affirmed that a very sweet fragrance—the odor of sanctity, long pervaded the neighborhood of his grave. Then the body was taken to Illueca and interred there, the room being consecrated as a chapel. There don Pedro slept for two hundred years. As was the case with many saints, his remains, enclosed in a metallic casket, underwent no change. During all that time a lamp was kept burning night and day at the grave side, as on an altar in a church.

"But along in the first quarter of the Seventeenth century, a foreign prelate chanced to be passing through Illueca. By that time the history of the Great Schism had been all rewritten by the triumphant Papacy of Rome. Benedict the Thirteenth had become a mere anti-pope, who had sacrificed the Church to his personal ambitions. The prelate in question was scandalized that the notorious schismatic should be worshipped locally as a saint. He

protested, and the chapel was deconsecrated and closed.

"So it stood till down into the following century when the War of the Succession broke out between Hapsburgs and the Bourbons. In this war the Lunas, like all the aristocracy of the old Crown of Aragon, sided with the Austrians; and Illueca finally was called upon to defend itself against an army in large part French fighting for Philip the Fifth, grandson of Louis the Fourteenth of France. The castle gate at Illueca still preserves a piece of rude artillery improvised by the Illuecans during this siege. It is a cannon made of planks held in place by hoops and mounted on two plain cart wheels. The French lost their temper under the resistance they met, killed most of the garrison of the castle, and put its buildings to sack. Such severity was not unusual in this war, replete with burnings of towns and barbarous reprisals worthy of less civilized times.

"However, when the plunderers came to don Pedro's chapel, they concluded it hid some treasure or other and proceeded to dig up the floor. All they found was his mummy, intact. They broke it to pieces with the butts of their muskets and dumped the fragments down a nearby hillside into a ravine. It was the strange destiny of this extraordinary man that the French who were his undoing in life should pay him their last insult three centuries after his death! Some peasants eventually came upon the bones, picked up the head and carried it to the keeper of the castle. He passed it back to the Lunas and they placed it in an urn. In course of time it came into the possession of the Counts of Saviñan, owners of a neigh-

boring estate. I have held the relic in my own hands. The skull surprises for its tininess, when one reflects on the prodigious will it harbored in its time. The skin is well preserved, and so are the eyelids. It reminds one of certain mummies of the Pharoahs one may see in the Cairo Museum. It is easily recognized from the pronounced curve of the nose frame—sharply twisted to one side, as Pope Luna's portraits show.

"When the violation of don Pedro's tomb became known, a new prophecy of Saint Vincent Ferrer was invented to fit the occasion. He was made to say at Perpignan, in wrath at the headstrongness of the Pontiff: 'As a punishment for his pride, the urchins of the street will some day play with his head at ball.'

"Pope Luna died in full possession of his faculties, from sheer old age. Two days before his death he created four cardinals, and this college he directed to elect his successor, that there might be no interruption in the chain of pontiffs legally descending from Saint Peter. The Cardinals, designated *in extremis* at Peñíscola, were two Spaniards from Aragon, Julian de Loba and Jimeno Dahe; and two Frenchmen, a Carthusian monk named Domenick de Bonnefoi, prior at Monte Alegro, and Jean Carrier, who was travelling, at the moment, in the South of France, on a mission from Benedict.

"The three cardinals at Peñíscola kept the secret of the Pope's demise for seven months, proclaiming the usual indulgences on the appointed days, using don Pedro's seal on pontifical documents, and writing letters in his name. The villagers at Peñíscola had no reason to suspect any-

thing, because don Pedro had not been seen outside the castle for months before he actually died. Meantime, as Carrier was later to charge, the three were making equitable division of such papal treasure as there was among themselves, appropriating the gold and silver plate, the rings with precious stones, the sacred vessels, the books, ornaments, and furnishings of the papal chapel, and even the relics of saints. They further availed themselves of the seven months to establish connections with Alfonso the Fifth, who had entrusted his Spanish states to the regency of his wife, doña Maria, and gone off to Italy to consolidate his hold on conquered Neapolitan dominions. Mysterious communications began to pass between the Citadel of Peñíscola and the Castel dell'Uovo across the intervening sea.

"But the most interesting of the four was Jean Carrier, a restless, uneasy priest of no common shrewdness, who was the real successor, or at least, the caricature, of Benedict the Thirteenth, and who was to enjoy many adventures in repeating on a small scale the last acts of the Pope who created him.

"Born in Toulouse this Jean Carrier had distinguished himself among the French partisans of Luna by collecting all the writings that had been published for and against his chief, thus enabling himself to pass as a sort of 'authority' on the issues involved in the Schism. Benedict had rewarded him with various ecclesiastical preferments, and on finding himself isolated at Perpignan, had named him his vicar general for Armagnac. The Kingdom of Scotland withdrew from Benedict two years before the latter's death. This left him just one friendly sovereign,

the Count of Armagnac, a powerful vassal of the French king who, however, behaved in every respect like a true and independent sovereign.

"Martin the Fifth fought a long and persistent struggle with the Counts of Armagnac, a struggle featured by triumphs, defeats, truces, conciliations, new combats, till the Pontiff of Peñíscola had long since died; and Carrier, from his post as don Pedro's vicar general, was so actively aggressive that the Pope of Rome was moved to proclaim a sort of crusade against him. At the instance of Martin's legate, many barons and some cities of France made war upon Carrier, who had taken refuge in a strong castle belonging to the family of the Turennes. Carrier was thus in something like the position of his chief at Peñíscola; and in fact, he dubbed his lair *Pegniscolette,* a nickname which became popular also with his besiegers. The Roman legate assembled artillery and considerable forces of men about "little Peñíscola"; but Carrier held his ground. Finally Martin placed the Count of Armagnac under excommunication for having aided and abetted Carrier; and the latter, to cause no further annoyances to his protector, made his way through the encircling cordon, and hurried off to Spain to consult with his Pope.

"Carrier reached the now notorious promonotory late in the year 1423, to be greeted with three pieces of news. In the first place, don Pedro was dead—had, in fact, been dead a year. In the second place, he, Carrier, had been named Cardinal of Saint Stephen two days before the Pope's demise. In the third place, a new Pope, called Clement the Eighth, had taken the place of Benedict at Peñíscola!

"The three 'home' cardinals had gone into conclave and, after a deadlock of months' duration, had finally named as Pontiff a canon of Valencia, don Gil Sanchez Muñoz. This cleric was a man of wealth who had negotiated several important missions for Benedict the Thirteenth during the last years of the Luna pontificate. His family had many individuals on intimate terms with the King of Aragon, and, otherwise, was 'a very vile sinner,' to employ a phrase of Jean Carrier, which doubtless intended to imply that Clement the Eighth had, along with other rich clerics of his day, shown a certain fondness for feminine society.

"In his wrath against his adversaries, Carrier was not always devoid of wit, unconscious or conscious as it may have been. He solemnly affirms in one of his pamphlets that when the canon, Gil Sanchez Muñoz was named for the vacant throne 'a stink passing fetid' pervaded the hall of the conclave, and that night a huge male goat was seen to wander about the battlements of the citadel. I dare say, the harmless nanny we just saw browsing about the castle is a descendant of the infernal buck who appeared in honor of the 'very vile sinner' who had just been made a Pope.

"This aftermath of Pope Luna's schism had its laughable and its tragic aspects. The Pontificate of Clement the Eighth was a joke, but nevertheless it had to be reckoned with. An institution that stands on its legs for eight years is not wholly to be despised!

"When the new Pontiff was installed at Peñíscola, the Kingdom of Aragon sat up in alarm. The misfortunes and the lingering survival of the aged Benedict had won

respect and sympathy in many quarters; but for an unknown man now to step forward to prolong discord where all, otherwise, would have been well, was something that occasioned first surprise and then anger. Acting impulsively on her own initiative, the Queen-regent ordered the villages along the coast to establish a blockade about Peñíscola, and she even assembled troops to take possession of the stronghold. However, the three cardinals and the Pope-elect were better informed than the Queen and her counsellors in Aragon. Orders came in from the Castel dell'Uovo, ordering that the Pope and his court at Peñíscola be let alone!

"Alfonso the Fifth was fighting a diplomatic battle with the Pope of Rome, who was in no hurry to recognize and legitimize the Spaniard's conquest of Naples. It suited the King's purposes to have a schism handy in his states, as a trump card for bargaining with Martin the Fifth. The latter's situation was far from secure. The Council of Constance, after promising a general reform in Church matters, had disposed of Martin's rivals, elected him, and then dissolved without further action. In Bohemia, followers of John Huss and Jerome of Prague had taken up arms to avenge these martyrs and to establish the doctrines of Wickliff. Their leader, John of Ziska, was winning victory after victory over the supporters of the Pope of Rome. Catholics in not inconsiderable numbers were dissatisfied with the papal election which had taken place at Constance; and to nip the threat of another breach, Martin had to call a new council at Bâle, though he was to die before it opened. Eugene the Fourth, his successor, was deposed at Bâle, and a Felix

the Fifth was named in his place. The latter was finally declared an anti-pope; but his election serves to emphasize the precariousness of Martin's tenure at Rome.

"However, when Alfonso had come to an understanding with the Pope of Rome, Gil Muñoz, who was probably playing the king's game all along, abdicated the throne at Peñíscola, which he had warmed for eight years. His relatively long incumbency must be attributed in part to the slowness of communications in those days. Months would intervene between one exchange and another, and matters which would now be adjusted in a few days or weeks then dragged on for years. Gil Muñoz had no particular interest in his post. The Holy See of Peñíscola had not a cent of income and all its bills had to be paid by Muñoz himself. He saw in the end that it would be a ruinous kind of play.

"But when the moment for withdrawal was at hand, Muñoz and his cardinals deported themselves with a truly Spanish haughtiness. They were beaten, but they would evacuate only with the honors of war! Besides, they sincerely revered the memory of Benedict the Thirteenth as a man far above his contemporaries, and they vied with one another in upholding the soundness of his cause to the very end. The modest Pope of Peñíscola, supported by his cardinals, would accept nothing that seemed to imply even tacitly that Benedict had been a usurper. No, his pontificate was the legitimate pontificate, and legitimate also therefore the succession of Gil Muñoz, *alias* Clement the Eighth. The latter could do only one thing: he could renounce an unquestioned right for the good of the Church general!

"In the vaulted chamber we visited some time ago Clement the Eighth and all his court assembled on the twenty-sixth day of July in the year 1429. For three years one of the three 'home' cardinals who had elected Clement, the Frenchman Bonnefoi, had been a prisoner in one of the two wells we saw. The other dungeon was occupied at the moment by the Aragonese, Dahe. He had been there only for a few weeks, however, because he had refused, with a stubbornness worthy of Benedict, to fulfill the orders of the King and recognize Martin the Fifth.

"In spite of these two excusable absences the pontifical court could boast three cardinals: Julian de Loba, the only one among those present who had been consecrated by Benedict: a new appointee of a few days tenure, one Francisco Rovira; and finally Gil Sanchez Muñoz the Younger, a nephew of the Clement the Eighth, who had begun to act like a true Pope by assigning ecclesiastical honors to his relatives. The functionaries less exalted numbered twenty-two, Aragonese and Valencians for the most part, with a scattering of Frenchmen and Italians.

"Cardinal de Foix, an envoy of Martin the Fifth, appeared with all his suite at this ceremony which was to be the last official act of the tenacious and now famous resistance of Pope Luna. Clothed in the vestments of his revered predecessor, Clement the Eighth for the last time ascended the papal throne. Thence he declared in solemn formality that he revoked all sentences and excommunications which His Holiness, Benedict the Thirteenth, or he himself might have proclaimed against Cardinal Ottone Colonna; and the latter he declared eligible to

receive the Pope's tiara. If he had accepted the succession of Benedict, it had been, he said, in order to bring the union about, and for that reason 'freely, to the honor of God and the Church, induced not by gifts nor under suasion of promises' he 'renounced his dignity as pontiff.' And with the prescribed formula for abdication he stepped down from the throne, withdrew to an adjoining room, whence he shortly reappeared in the garb of a simple canon of Valencia. Thereupon the cardinals sitting in conclave *in sede vacante* proceeded to the election of a new Pope, and they voted unanimously for Ottone Colonna, in other words, for Pope Martin the Fifth.

"On the following day, the former Pope with his cardinals went ashore to San Mateo, the capital of the Mastership, where Cardinal de Foix was in residence. In the name of Pope Martin the Fifth, de Foix absolved them from the censures laid upon them by the Pope of Rome, and readmitted them into the bosom of the Church. Gil Muñoz and his little court then delivered to the papal legate the two most considerable treasures which the Popes of Avignon had removed from Rome and which Benedict had held at Peñíscola: the *Liber censuum,* containing the records of Church properties, and the famous metallic tiara of Saint Silvester, with its circles of precious stones.

"This crown had the shape of an inverted funnel. The present ovoidal form of the pontifical diadem was designed when the Saint Silvester relic was lost forever after its transfer from Peñíscola to Rome. Pope Martin's legate returned it to the Eternal City with great pomp and deposited it in the treasury at the Lateran as a glorious

memento of the fictitious Donation of Constantine. Though many doubted such an ancient origin, it was believed that all the popes had worn it since the earliest days of triumphant Christianity. Some fifty years later thieves gained entrance to the Lateran, and carried the historic tiara away. Nothing has since been heard of it.

"When the ceremonies were all completed, one of the secretaries of Alfonso the Fifth, who had helped him in his reconciliation with Pope Martin, was named bishop of Valencia, and De Foix himself bestowed the mitre on him in the chapel of the Castle of Peñíscola. This new prelate, a lawyer by profession, with great gifts in diplomacy, was Alfonso de Borja. Twenty-five years later, he was to become Pope under the name of Calixtus the Third."

"That was the beginning of the career of the Borgias?" asked Rosaura.

"Yes," answered Claudio. "Had it not been for the negotiations which ended in the abdication of Gil Muñoz at Peñíscola, Alfonso de Borja would probably have remained a privy counsellor of the King of Naples and Aragon. Gil Muñoz also got a bishopric—the mitre of Mallorca."

"And those cardinals you left in the dungeons at the citadel?"

"They were released!" Borja hastened to add, "when the papal legate took possession of the castle. The Aragonese, Dahe, had been detained only to make sure that the vote for Martin would be unanimous. The old Carthusian, Bonnefoi, was a pitiful sight to behold after his three years of incarceration in a stone cell with one narrow

window opening on the sea. He was a mere skeleton, almost blind, and in general so miserable that his liberators tried to keep him out of sight. His crime was to have intrigued with Jean Carrier, the fourth Cardinal named by Benedict, who was a refugee in France, and refused to admit the legitimacy of the election of Clement the Eighth.

"Carrier conducted a burlesque prolongation of the Schism, such as was possible only in that epoch of ecclesiastical agitation and irregularity, when councils were called over the heads of the Popes and everyone thought he had an individual right to seek union in the Church by any procedure that appealed to him. Well aware that Gil Muñoz would put him in a dungeon at Peñíscola if he expressed his rebellion openly, Carrier let himself down from the castle one night at the end of a rope, and eventually reached Armagnac in France. There he named a priest his chaplain and had the Mass of the Holy Ghost sung. Then he called a notary and a number of witnesses to execute a paper, and excommunicating on his own authority and on charges of simony the other cardinals of Peñíscola, he sat in conclave as the one legitimate cardinal in existence, and named a pope whose identity he refused to reveal.

"The Carrier Pope is now believed to have been a French priest of Guyenne, attached to the church in Rodez; but for a long time Carrier kept the man's identity an absolute secret. Not that he was at any pains to deny the existence of the mysterious personage! On the contrary, the county of Armagnac at once became the scene of another triangular war between three popes: Martin

the Fifth of Rome, Clement the Eighth of Peñíscola, and this nameless Pope, the more interesting to the public from that fact, whose mouthpiece was the man besieged in Pegniscolette.

"Carrier, in fact, found himself a target for the legates of the Pope of Rome, while the Pontiff at Peñíscola hit him with an excommunication and deprived him of his red hat. Count John the Fourth of Armagnac had been faithful to Luna to the last, and was much impressed by the arguments of the nervous Carrier, whose Unknown Pope he agreed to 'obey' and support, much as the King of Aragon had long supported Benedict. However, Count John was much perplexed with the whole imbroglio. He believed in good faith that the major issue of the Schism was still pending, though he was beginning to find difficulty, in his own mind, in deciding between Martin the Fifth, Clement the Eighth, and Benedict the Fourteenth—so Carrier had baptized his Pope in honor of his lamented chief. Finally, an infallible method of settling his own doubts occurred to him.

"Joan of Arc was at that moment touching the apex of her surprising ascent to glory. She had just raised the siege of Orleans and crowned Charles the Seventh as King of France at Rheims. This humble country lass, who heard 'voices' and whipped the English, seemed to the Count just the authority to disentangle the complicated involutions of the Schism. He sent her a letter to the following effect:

" 'Mademoiselle: There are at present three pretenders to the papal crown. One lives in Rome, calls himself Martin the Fifth, and is obeyed by all the kings in Chris-

tendom. Another lives in Peñíscola and calls himself Clement the Eighth. The third lives, no one knows where, unless it be the Cardinal of Saint Stephen, and calls himself Benedict the Fourteenth. If you hear any voices on this subject, will you not be kind enough to tell me which of the three popes is the true one and the one, therefore, whom I ought to obey?'

"The Maid of Orleans was at Compiègne when this letter came to her. She was in armor and about to ride off to a fight. At first she was puzzled, and did not know what to say. Her 'voices' had been absolutely mum on the points at issue. Born about 1412, she had heard as a child of the Great Schism of the West—a calamity which the Church had happily survived. Don Pedro's stubborn rebellion in Spain had interested Spain, Italy, and the states of Southern France, but it had caused no stir whatever in far away Lorraine, her native province. She had heard something of a Church Council that had met at Constance, but Muñoz and Carrier had never come within her ken. However she was loathe to appear discourteous to the Count of Armagnac. She explained that for the moment she was busy fighting a war; but as soon as her victory was complete and she got back to Paris, she might have something further to say 'according to the counsel of my Guide and Sovereign Master, the King of the World.'

"All this, which may seem so childish at the distance from which we now look back upon it, was something far more serious to this extraordinary girl. Her prosecutors at Rouen produced this correspondence in their indictment, charging her with having interfered in the inner

life of the Church, with having cast doubts on the legitimacy of Martin the Fifth, and with having promised to reveal at a stated time the identity of the true Pope! Her offhand attempt to be courteous in replying to a letter became an instrument in the hands of her enemies to roast her alive!"

Rosaura and Claudio were now on the first sands of the isthmus, near the Great Gate bearing the shield of Philip the Second. There Borja's new friends were waiting. They had made all arrangements for luncheon for the two distinguished guests of the village. An old sailor, known for his skill in preparing fish, was busy in the kitchen of the man who kept the garage. Vainly Rosaura insisted that the two officials remain—they declined partly out of bashfulness, partly out of intuitive tact. No—it was noon time, a meal was waiting for them at home! They might come back after luncheon! Meanwhile, everything was in order! And they left in company with the Mayor, who had also made a brief appearance, to be certain that no error or omission might compromise the reputation of the town in the eyes of these two visitors.

Alone with Claudio at last, Rosaura expressed a desire to picnic farther along on the neck of sand, far from the soapy smells of the washing pool, from the gasolene and horses of the stable-garage. They entered her car and drove off to the middle of the isthmus, stopping near one of the lines of pitchy boats drawn high up on the beach and heeled over, the mast of each tilting slightly forward toward the prow.

Here there was no trace of the silent, admiring, well-behaved childhood of the town. Here were children of

the fishermen, apprentices with skins so brown that they might well have come from some Indian encampment in America, or "cats" from the fishing smacks, their trousers rolled half way up their legs, with striped shirts and dirty visored caps, all with flashing eyes, loud voices, and strong teeth brown from tobacco chewing.

They began, by way of introducing themselves, to beg "a cigarette" from Claudio—a cigarette, in their eyes, was the greatest gift mortal could bestow. Unfortunately Borja committed the imprudence of throwing at them some of the loose change in his pocket; and the otherwise peaceful isthmus became the scene of a thunderous war. The fishermen and their wives were all in their cabins at their midday meal. The beaches for the moment were the exclusive possession of the young life of the Peñíscola fleet. There was no restraining voice, no representative of law and order. The children began fighting for the coins with all the might of their fists, legs, and voices; and when the first coins had all been captured, they descended like a furious swarm of insects upon the generous visitors. As with the Arabs, the title of "uncle" they thought most flattering to a person worthy of respect; and they crowded around this "uncle" from Madrid to seize the silver out of his very hands:

"Here, uncle, me, me! Me, pretty auntie, me, pretty auntie!"

For Rosaura had also opened her purse, tossing out such coins as she had and laughing in delight at the confusion of youthful arms and legs. One boy threw himself upon her forearm and began clawing at her purse in his impatience:

"Oh, you rogue, take that, and that!"

And she cuffed his ears, and ran after him to cuff him some more. But such punishment for those hard heads was like a pat on the Rock of Peñíscola. The boy was back at her:

"Me, auntie, me, pretty auntie!"

However, the town constable and the town clerk had not really gone home to dinner. They had come back to the garage and stood watching Rosaura and Claudio from a distance. The uproar attracted the attention of the guardian of the peace, and he came hurrying up with his tasseled cane and his gold-braided hat. But these youthful enemies of order were less deferential toward this impersonation of the law than the children of the town had been. To begin with their hides were tougher. As the constable struck out at thighs and backs with stout blows of his cane, the pummeled "cats" would leap about laughing and chaffing:

"Never touched me! Didn't hurt me!"

But since the rain of coins had ceased, this game of being whacked and pretending indifference soon lost its edge of pleasure. The children went off, each in his group, to count up the booty garnered. Thereafter they could be seen loitering about the boats, their eyes on the couple of strangers, to see whether the rain of bounty were likely to begin again. But they did not approach. It was as though the cane of the constable had drawn an impenetrable area of enchantment about Claudio and Rosaura, which no urchin could cross.

They now were free to enjoy the crude unpolished beauty of this beach so different from any they had visited

at their resorts. Over the strip of wet sand left soft and shining by the receding tide, the sand fleas were jumping in great swarms, small, white, transparent. Some boats were at anchor in deep water off the strand, others were scattered along the horizon, their sails white as the wings of a gull. The deep peace of noontide had settled over the whole circle of land and sea. The beach was glittering like gold under a vertical sun, all lines wavy and vibrant from the radiation of the heat. Sounds seemed to reach to great distances—the creak of an oar from the water, the crunch of a wheel on the roads ashore, a voice calling in the village.

"And they chose a beautiful spot like this to roast the friar who tried to kill Pope Luna?"

"As a poisoner and a necromancer," answered Borja with a nod. "The historian Viciana came here something over a hundred years after that time. He reports that a pile of stones and ash still remained to mark the spot of the execution. Now I doubt whether even a memory of the episode exists. Peñíscola has undergone three sieges which caused many changes in the neighborhood; besides this neck of sand is swept every so often by storms. At such times, the boats run in at Benicarló and Vinaroz—that is to say, when they have time; for often they are caught without warning. Then they do their best to ride it out; but there are many wrecks. More than one of those young fellows who were here shouting, 'Me, auntie,' will end by drowning off this very beach."

The constable was back again, this time with the sailor who had finished preparing the meal. They brought a table and two chairs, and set them down on the sand just

out of reach of the gentle waves that came rippling shoreward in crystal curves. A sail was stretched from one boat to another to give a little shade. Rosaura had had hardly time to express her delight at this improvised restaurant, when her enthusiasm was moved to greater heights by the pyramid of prawns the sailor was bringing in a basin. She had never seen such large ones, nor suspected that they had such fragrance—something similar to that of the violet.

The sailor explained in Valencian, requesting Borja to translate for the lady's benefit. He was manifesting his contempt for the cooks ashore who insisted on boiling prawns when they should always be baked or broiled. Hot water "washes out" the delicate flesh of the prawn to the flavor of wet cloth—while the direct contact of the fire tends to concentrate all the juices.

Rosaura had eaten nothing since taking her coffee at Aragon, and she fell avidly upon this toothsome offering.

"These are better than the crayfish of Vaucluse," she commented, "and better than your *bouilleabaisse* of Marseilles! You are a magnificent host, one must admit!"

But Claudio saw fit to season hospitality with a caution.

"Yes, they are exquisite, but you must remember the fate of the Marshal Vendôme!"

To Rosaura the Duke of Vendôme was not wholly unknown: he had given his name to a square in Paris, in the district where one could buy diamonds, and shoes, and pretty gowns; but she looked up at Claudio inquiringly. He raised an arm in gesture toward the point on the coast where the white houses of Vinaroz could be descried in faint outline.

"The Duke of Vendôme, Louis by name, was a rude uncouth soldier of licentious habits, cordially despised even by his cousin, Louis the Fourteenth. However, the French King had to keep him at the head of the Army, because sometimes, in spite of his absentmindedness, the Duke won startling victories. So he led the French forces in the War of the Succession in Spain. Well, just over there, at Vinaroz, he had his headquarters, with the special court of courtesans and mistresses who went with him everywhere. He had nothing in particular to do in this neighborhood, but he liked the prawns. One day he ate an extra heavy meal of them and died after a few hours of acute indigestion. He has a tomb with a bombastic epitaph in the church at Vinaroz, but his body is no longer there. It lies at present in the Pantheon of the Princes at the Escurial."

The horrible example had little effect on the appetite of Rosaura, who lost courage only at sight of another heaping basin which the sailor-cook was bringing. The wine that accompanied the prawns was the dark red product which took its name from the nearby city of Benicarló. In the days of sailing craft, Borja explained, the brigantines and square-riggers of the coast had transported it to South America, especially to Buenos Aires, where it was known as "Carlón." Rosaura remembered it as the favorite wine of her grandparents. In fact, its popularity with the old Spanish aristocracy in the Argentine caused its name, derived from Benicarló, to pass to all red wines imported into the country.

As they passed to their immediate plans, Borja suggested the convenience of spending the night at Castellon,

the provincial capital, where they would find comfortable and neat hotels. The place was not far away. Less than two hours would be necessary in the car, regardless of the condition of the roads. That night, however, there would be a moon. Rosaura could decide the following day what she would prefer to do—go on to Valencia, whither he was bound, or back to Paris, after sating her curiosity as to Peñíscola.

"I am not sure," replied Rosaura wearily. "I suppose we had better go to Castellon . . . But since there is no hurry, I wonder if I might take a short nap—I got up long before dawn this morning!"

She would make it a real picnic, like those of her childhood, when, on her excursions to the ranches, she had often slept in the open air in the shade of an ombu tree, wrapped in her poncho, her head resting on a pillow of harness—the horse turned loose to pasture.

From the car the chauffeur brought a cushion, a pillow, and the lady's travelling coat: Rosaura stretched out on this improvised couch, and after a few adjustments of her position was soon fast asleep. Borja kept to his seat at the table his head resting in his hands. But he too had eaten well. Gradually his head drooped in drowsiness, and he fell into a light slumber just as he sat.

He awoke with the thought that someone was with them. In fact his two friends from Peñíscola, after walking back and forth across the isthmus a number of times had finally decided to approach. They were standing a short distance away gazing now at him and now at Señora de Pineda. Claudio glanced with a flash of jealousy at his sleeping companion—it was as though this relaxation

in the presence of strangers were an invasion of a domain of intimacy he regarded, subconsciously, as his own. However, Rosaura still lay in quiet repose entirely hidden under her cloak which was rising and falling gently in rhythm with her placid breathing.

What time was it? He had still to get his baggage at Peñíscola — but no — he could have it sent on by rail! Three o'clock and more — in fact, nearly four o'clock! From the dullness of the sky and sea Claudio would have thought it much later than the hour indicated by the Mayor. He had fallen asleep under a glaring noonday sun in a cloudless sky, doing his best to keep to the shade of the sail. Now the sea was gray; the distant mountains had disappeared in fog; and the sun was nowhere to be seen. It was the gloom of a twilight.

The Mayor drew nearer, walking with his spreading gait as a retired sea-captain.

He looked around at the sky and the sea, as though sniffing at the air. Then he shook his head.

"Don Claudio," he thought it wise to caution, "if you are thinking of going on to Castellon with the lady, I believe you ought to be starting soon. I don't like the looks of the weather!"

CHAPTER V

"BLESSED SAINT BARBARA"

AGAIN the automobile was lunging and pitching along the road across the marshes, taxing all the resiliency of its springs. They passed Benicarló and struck the highway that led to Castellon and Valencia. It was five o'clock in the afternoon, yet night seemed to be fast approaching.

Borja doubted whether they ought to try for Castellon, but Rosaura, in high spirits after her rest, was eager to go on, especially since they had found a good road at last. They would be at their hotel long before dark!

But a quarter of an hour later, a puncture! A spike, dropped by a cart, perhaps, on the road, had pierced one of the tires. While the chauffeur was changing wheels, they had time to reflect, under the gathering tempest, on the drawbacks of the most modern instrument of terrestrial locomotion.

Just when the railway locomotive seemed to have freed mankind from the adventures incident to travel, the automobile came along to bring men once more in touch with bad inns and unwholesome meals, highwaymen and lonely roads, jouncing journeys in rain and cold with all the hardships and discomforts of old-fashioned stages. The most expensive and improved automobile, with all its contempt for time and space, has a deplorable genius for losing its gigantic power at the most inopportune moments.

A rusty nail from the harness of a donkey can stop the twin six short in its tracks, like a wounded animal. If the same car is going at high speed, the same rusty nail from a donkey's harness can send it rolling over in a mortal crash!

The first drops of rain began to fall, boring round hollows in the soft dust of the road. The chauffeur had not yet finished his repair. Claudio and Rosaura left their seat on the roadside and went back into the car. Rosaura had lost some of her good humor at this annoying and unforeseen delay. Suddenly, she asked, apropos of nothing:

"What became of that Jean Carrier? You didn't say!"

"The Cardinal of Saint Stephen ended his days in obscurity in the castle at Foix. Eventually he grew bored with his fruitless resistance, and, in the year 1433, he surrendered to some gentlemen of Languedoc who were on the side of Martin the Fifth. However, he would not retract nor admit allegiance to the Pope of Rome. So they put him in a dungeon and kept him there till he died. Even then he was under excommunication and could not have Christian interment. So they buried him like a dog at the foot of a cliff near Foix. But the end of Carrier was not the end of the Schism. A sect called the 'Trainers' (laggarts) continued to exist, with a considerable following in the county of Armagnac. Fifty years after Carrier was dead and gone, these people were still hoping for the triumph of the mysterious Benedict the Fourteenth, though no one knew who he was, and for his solemn entry into Rome.

"At Toledo, I once met a priest, whom I never took

very seriously, but who shared a great secret with me. He said that Carrier arranged with his nameless pope for the regular transmission of the True Pontificate; and the line of popes descending from Avignon and Peñíscola had been preserved unbroken to this day. The pope in question has, according to this priest, a college of cardinals which functions as a secret society and holds its conclave on the death of its chief to elect a new Holy Father. The last pope was a priest from Toulouse, and as a matter of tradition all these secret pontiffs have been Frenchmen. I take no stock in the story, but I can see how many people would like to believe it. It would be very interesting to have such a secret church inside the universal Church, with secret popes who have stood their ground for five centuries, waiting for their chance to seize the Holy See and re-splice the chain of violated legitimacy."

Again the car was in motion, but under a torrential rain that blotted out the horizon and left only a view of a few yards ahead. The polished vehicle had lost its dainty splendor in an instant. The glass windows were dimmed with a thick mist broken here and there by furrows of rain drops. The dust of the highway had become a whitish ooze that splashed about the body of the car like great blotches of plaster.

It was the rapid and violent tempest of the Mediterranean coast of Spain. With its pitch black sky, it reminded Rosaura of the rains of Buenos Aires, which lash skylights and tin roofs for hours at a time under a heaven so dark that lights are necessary at noon time. Here also in this sunlit land of the orange groves the rain fell in sheets rather than in drops, as though the bottom

had dropped out of a reservoir on high. The countryside was dark as under a total eclipse of the sun.

The chauffeur slackened pace. He did not know the route and he could not see far enough ahead to anticipate curves and holes in the road. Rosaura began to repent of her ill-considered decision. It would have been better to halt back there in the town near Peñíscola! Borja nodded assent; but then the beautiful widow recovered her spirits. What fun, after all! Such things broke the monotony of long tours! She had been in far worse fixes on other rides about Europe! Straight ahead! The shower would not last long! In warm climates, storms are noisy and violent, but they are like outbursts of anger in good-natured people—they worry while they last, but they do not last long.

There was no traffic along the road. The fields and houses at the wayside were bare and silent as though they had never known human beings. Rosaura held her face to the window, to convince herself that the road kept to the level of the surrounding country. As long as this was the case, there would be no occasion for uneasiness. The trouble would come if they had to cross low land.

And this was what happened a few moments later. They saw before them what looked like a river of red water, a broad lake, its surface flecked with islets of mud. It was their road! They had to go forward, trusting to their luck. No one could tell what the wheels might encounter at the bottom of that roily lagoon crossed by rivulets of flowing water.

Into it, nevertheless, the powerful machine made its way, floundering about in grotesque attitudes like some

monstrous amphibian. The wheels on one side would meet hidden obstacles and rise, while those on the other would sink to the hubs. Sometimes they would fail to find purchase in the mud and the engine would race as the wheels spun round and round.

"What a road!" exclaimed Rosaura. "And there seems to be no end to it."

In contrast with the dirty furrow of the road the orange trees stretched away across the fields to either hand, their green standing out against the red soil, their spheres of verdure spotted with white blossoms. Over their smoky distances, and far away, Rosaura spied a white church tower roofed with green and blue tiles.

The rain was now beating as with hammerblows upon the roof of the vehicle. The color of the sky had changed to a dirty opaque gray. In the downpour the fields about the road would disappear as behind a thick curtain of fog. The car sank so low into one gully that the water came in under the doors.

"This can't go on!" cried Rosaura with a worried look. "If we could only reach that little village with the pretty church!"

The car gave a severer jounce. The two passengers perceived nothing particularly unusual, so great was the noise of the rain on the hood; but they both heard a sound of grinding bearings as though something had given way.

The steering gear had in fact broken. The machine kept going forward on its plunging course, but haphazard, like a ship without a rudder. The chauffeur kept turning the wheel convulsively but his face revealed that he could do nothing. The automobile was out of control. For a

time the ruts seemed to hold the forward wheels, despite the driver's efforts to get out of them. At last he succeeded in making a turn and the vehicle brought up against one of the banks of the road, plunging the horn on the running board forward into the red mud.

"What now?"

Claudio and Rosaura looked at each other in perplexity. They felt uncomfortable, helpless, just there, on this unknown road, caught in a storm between two walls of red mud topped with orange trees that ran off into the distances they could not guess how far. They had lost all their assurance of an hour before, as two travellers contemptuous of time and of distance.

Borja opened a door and jumped to the ground, his feet sinking to the ankle in the lagoon that covered the road. It was as though a bucket had been emptied over his head. In an instant his face was dripping wet and he could feel the water trickling down his back inside his shirt.

The chauffeur had diagnosed the trouble, and was explaining with a sort of embarrassment, as though it were a fault of his own. One of the steering arms on the axle forward had snapped. It would be impossible to go on—there would be no steadying the wheels! Nor could the repair be made just there under the conditions prevailing! Señor Borja and the lady should find some place to spend the night! He would look out for himself—it was his duty to stand by the car!

Splashing through the great puddle with its islands of mud, Claudio shortly came to a path leading up over one of the banks to the level of the fields above. Bending low

under the rain, he could see, through the orange trees, and not so far away, a cottage that must have been white on sunny days, though now it was gray in the twilight. One of the windows was still open, and peering out of it to watch the storm he could see the faces of three children.

As Claudio drew nearer, the faces vanished as in fright, and the now empty window was soon filled with the head and shoulders of a woman, white skinned, even under a coat of tan, with fat healthy cheeks and a monklike sereneness in her soft eyes and about a thin lipped mouth. She was wearing a dark handkerchief over her hair.

"Bona doña! . . . Bona doña!" Borja called in Valencian, as though nothing more were necessary to express his appeal for shelter.

The woman nodded in the affirmative, left the window, and reappeared a second later at a door which she threw open. There she stood, a foot or two within the threshold, and holding her hands over her forehead to protect it from the driving rain. Claudio had at once run back toward the car to get Rosaura.

"Everything is all right," he called cheerily. "There is a house nearby—you are going to have a bad time getting there, but there is no help for it!"

He tried to take her in his arms to carry her, but she refused:

"You couldn't anyhow, Claudio! I am heavier than you think. But that would not save me from the drenching!"

So he helped her to alight, and guided her from shallow to shallow across the mudhole to the path that led up to the orange trees.

A drenching, indeed! What a transformation as the youth looked at her! In an instant the majestic Venus had become just a poor, ordinary woman, like some survivor from the prehistoric tribes of humanity, defenceless against all the outrages of Nature! The downpour, no respecter of persons, was upon her in a flash, dismantling her fashionable curls of hair into thick wet meshes, and sending drops of water down under her hat and off the end of her nose. Her feet sank over the tops of her shoes in the mud and she was constantly stopping to be sure she had not lost these. Half way to the path she did lose one. Borja insisted on kneeling in the mire to put it on again; but she had recovered it, and was now splashing forward with the shoe in her hand sending great blotches of dirty water up over her stockings and skirts.

"Oh, what a fright I must be!" she suddenly remarked, taking account of her pitiable state.

The *bona doña* hastily admitted them to the house—a kitchen-living room occupying most of the floor space, behind it a bedroom for the woman and her husband, and a smaller one for the children, as one might have judged from the beds. The home suggested a respectable poverty, a peasantry with enough to live on, but obedient, reverential, resigned to cultivating hired land.

"Come in," said the woman in Valencian. "Come in here, with the lady! I'll light a fire!"

Shortly the fire-place was crackling with a poor and inadequate fire such as one usually finds in warm climates where the cold is a rare but uncomfortable thing. The sticks, cut from orange trees, were not dry. They

steamed and sputtered with copious boilings of sap and gum. There was more smoke than light in the dark red flames.

But Rosaura and Claudio were both chilled by the rain which had soaked their garments and was still oozing against their flesh underneath. They approached this scanty fire with animal licentiousness, putting hands and feet almost into the blaze, as though they were eager to experience a burn.

The woman was talking rapidly, always in Valencian and addressing her remarks to Rosaura. The children had seen the car coming down the sunken road—they liked to stand at the window on rainy days! She was alone in the house—that is to say, her husband had died a year before, leaving her with the three little ones, and with his father, an old man almost blind, who was out of his head part of the time. She was trying to carry on the farm as her husband had done, but she did not know whether the proprietor would be willing to let her continue the lease another year.

"Ah, *señora,* it's a lucky woman that has a husband alive to keep things going straight in a family!"

And again she looked at Rosaura, who was beginning to understand from a chance word here and there what the woman was saying in that unintelligible dialect.

"She thinks you are my husband!" said Rosaura to Claudio, at a moment when the widow was out of the room. And she laughed at the idea, which she found amusingly absurd.

"Let her think so," Claudio replied, also with a smile. "This poor creature can only imagine that a man and a

woman who are travelling together are man and wife. Don't enlighten her! Who knows but what she might withdraw her respect for us and put us out into the rain! Notice the things about the room!"

From a corner the widow had produced a bronze lamp with four wicks and she had lighted all the burners—an extravagance wholly new to the three children who had gathered round, timidly surveying these strangers whom the storm had brought into their house. There was light enough for Borja to call attention to two pictures which adorned the kitchen walls—prints in violent color dating from the early days of the chromos. One was a Jesus, insipidly handsome with beard and hair sleek and shiny as though fragrant from a recent visit to a country barber shop, His tunic drawn aside over His breast to show a heart radiating flames. The other showed a swarthy man with beard, white cap, red cape, the necklace of the Golden Fleece draped over a blue coat, both hands resting on a cavalry sabre. It was Don Carlos, the Pretender and Absolutist, on whose side most of the men of the Mastership had taken the field a half century before. The two prints were somewhat faded from age and from the fly-specks that had gathered over them in the course of time.

The energetic widow was soon back, drawing from her head an empty fertilizer bag which she had thrown over her for protection against the rain. She had gone out to talk with the chauffeur, in the sunken road. He could just as well sleep in her barn—no one would disturb the car; it was a neighborhood of honest people! But the chauffeur had stoutly refused—it was his duty to stand by his machine. He only hoped the señora would not

mind if he caught such sleep as he could, in the rear seat of the vehicle.

The woman then turned to the problem of supper for her guests. Meantime, wouldn't the señora like some dry clothes—she kept them in a chest of drawers, rough cloth, but clean, and scented with rosemary? The lady would not find them as comfortable as her own silks, but there they were, if she would have them!

By this time Rosaura was beginning to feel the effects of the fire, and her clothes were gradually drying—by morning they would be quite fit again; rather she thought she would like to retire as early as possible, if the good woman would give her a bed she had glimpsed through the half opened door of the larger room.

As for supper they could but vainly protest the lateness and the abundance of their midday meal. They were confronted with an old-fashioned hospitality which considered first of all the stomach of a guest.

"It is always good to eat," the widow insisted, "especially after a wetting."

The two elder boys, in their turn, now threw fertilizer bags over their heads and shoulders, satisfied that at last they could venture out into the storm. They were to go to a neighbor's for a smoked shoulder of pork of which their mother knew!

A new character appeared on the kitchen scene—the father of the dead husband, known to everyone, including his daughter-in-law, as "grandpa."

Age, and long years of crouching toil among the furrows, had bent the old man almost double. He was a lean person, with deep circular wrinkles distributed con-

centrically about mouth and eyes. His yellowish watery pupils had the fixed gaze of blindness. He greeted the two guests in Castilian, pronouncing his words slowly with accents somewhat comically stressed. Then satisfied at this demonstration of schooling, he made his way to the door, and drew it partly open.

"It is raining," he said with authority. "It is raining. Soon the thunder and lightning will be here."

The old man, as Borja noted with admiration, was right. A second storm was following on the heels of the first. Over a gray horizon of wind-torn clouds, a line of blacker ones was rising, already cut, in the far distance, by zigzagging streaks of lightning.

The boys were back again with their ham wrapped in wet paper. Their mother began cutting chunks from it and setting them in a pan that was sizzling over the fire.

"You and your señora must eat a little something, to warm you up," she repeated. "I also have a bottle of my poor husband's wine—it may be a little turned!"

It was dark night. One of the windows across which the curtain had not yet been drawn flared bright under a livid lightning flash, and with it came a clap of thunder. The widow left her frying pan and hastily drew the curtain.

"What a night is ahead of us, señora!" she said, joining her hands as in prayer. "This is the season for our worst storms!"

A rough cloth had been placed on the table and the guests could only sit down to eat, before them dishes of native earthenware made at Alcora, the plates flanked with wooden forks and hunks of a yellowish bread of dark

crust made in the house. The ham had become crisp and tasteful in the frying pan, but so salty that both Claudio and Rosaura were impelled to partake liberally of the dead husband's wine. This heavy and rugged liquor, strong of alcohol, flushed them with a passing warmth. Rosaura imagined herself back in one of the Argentine ranches, in bad weather. The atmosphere was growing thicker and thicker from the smoke of green wood and the pungent odors of frying oil. Objects about the room grew dim in the rank mist. She had difficulty in suppressing a cough, and repeatedly passed her handkerchief across her eyes. Yes, just like life on the Pampas in Colonial days!

She would have liked nothing better than a breath of fresh air; but out of doors the rain was raging and the thunder was coming in more frequent claps. One seemed to break directly over the house, preceded by a flash that found its way through every crevice in the window shutters. Again the widow joined her hands and murmured in trembling voice:

Santa Bárbara bendita,
Que en el cielo estás escrita
Con papel y agua bendita . . .

This invocation to the blessed Saint Barbara whose name was inscribed in Heaven, she had learned as a child at her mother's knee. As the experience of centuries had shown, it was sufficient to recite those words for the lightning to keep away through the intervention of the Saint invoked.

Slowly the aged blind man approached the table, like

a dog begging for the remnants of a meal, and his trembling hands felt about till they encountered the bits of fried ham and transferred them to his mouth, these operations causing a halt in his conversation. He also gained possession of the bottle of sour wine which his son's wife admitted to the table only on the most unusual occasions. He had eaten his frugal meal late in the afternoon; but he seemed to forget that fact, among the odors of this second repast which these rich guests seemed to despise. The widow forsook Saint Barbara and the lightning long enough to reprove the old man, whom she ordered about like a child:

"Stop, grandpa, don't annoy the lady and gentleman! And don't talk any more!"

The blind man resented the suggestion that he was boring "the lady and gentleman." On the contrary he was sure they enjoyed what he was saying. He was telling them about things they could not have seen, because they happened before their day.

It was as though he were resuming a story just where he had stopped at some other time, unaware that his hearers were new ones. His daughter-in-law had heard the account hundreds of times; and so had the children who sat looking at the visitors out of sleepy eyes. The youngest shrunk back against his mother's skirts every time a thunder clap shook the house.

"But as the liberals came up—you know, the soldiers of the government at Madrid—don Pascual, he says to us, says he: 'Now, boys, give it to 'em! Hurrah for religion!' And we give it to 'em! And we didn't stop chasing 'em till we got to Morella!"

Don Pascual, as Borja found an opportunity to explain to Rosaura, was clerk of courts in the neighboring village of Alcalá de Chisvert. He joined the Carlist party and became leader of a band of rebels in the Mastership. He was known in the field as *"Cucála"* and brought most of the young men of his district around his standard. This old man must have been one of the few of his followers still living.

There was no great connection in the man's talk as he rambled about through his memories.

"If I can talk Castilian, it is because I went to war and saw many places. I was up in Aragon, and in many districts where people don't talk the way they do here. Around my neck I wore a scapulary with the Heart of Jesus and on it were the words: 'Stop, bullet!' And, bless you, I never was hit! I wasn't even scratched! Now what surprised me was that other boys wore the same scapulary around their necks and got killed. However, the chaplain of our company, he said to me, that those who got killed were wicked men, and the Lord wasn't going to protect them just because they had a scapulary on—they had done so many wrong things!"

The daughter-in-law stopped him again, with a frightened ring in her voice. Perhaps she was afraid such talk might attract the lightning:

"Stop, grandpa, don't talk so much! Hold your tongue, and pray!"

If there were any incongruity in the poor widow's command for silence and for prayer, it did not avail for her. The slight movement of her lips showed that she was

praying in silence; though at each heavier thunder-clap, her voice grew audible in repetition of the incantation to Saint Barbara. If the old man, for his part, finally ceased talking, it was due probably to the inner working of the wine left by his dead son. And Claudio and Rosaura were silent too. The excitement of their little adventure past, they both seemed all but overcome with weariness.

Between flash and flash of lightning, the widow began explaining her arrangements for the night. It was a small house, they would all have to adapt themselves to circumstances! Since the death of her husband, she had been sleeping alone in the room that had formerly been theirs. The little room was for the children, while grandpa made the best of it on a bed of sheep skins and coats which he fixed for himself each night on the brick chimney seat at the fireplace. So he had done when his son was alive. It was his own choice—he said it took him back to his young days, when he was campaigning with don Pascual. For this one night the widow would just sleep with one of the children—that would leave the big bedroom free for the lady and gentleman. And she rose from her chair, threw open the door of the room that they might see what it was like—whitewashed walls decorated with pictures of saints, a bed which must have been the pride of that humble home from its size and its rich supply of mattresses and quilts—though, in spite of the latter, it seemed, at a distance, to be as hard as a board.

While the widow went in to make sure that everything was in order for receiving the guests, Rosaura roused herself from her depression, and with an uneasy glance at her companion observed:

"How amusing . . . but of course, it's impossible! You must tell her the truth!"

But Claudio objected, and in good faith. It was too late for that now! Really, he wouldn't know how to do so! Besides, it would be too much to ask of the good woman! Evidently she did not have enough rooms to go round. She would have to sleep in one of the chairs and so would the children. And then, just for the night! Why couldn't they spend the few hours in the bedroom just as they were now sitting in the kitchen? Rosaura could lie down on the bed—he would get some sleep in his chair! Even the most uncomfortable night comes to a dawn at last! It wasn't as though they would be alone in a desert! A few steps away would be this widow, with all her family! War is war—you have to take it as it comes! And no one would ever know of this kindly peasant woman's amusing mistake—not even the chauffeur!

But Rosaura continued to shake her head, her eyes fixed upon him. She wasn't afraid of him—she had always been able to take care of herself, regardless of who the man was! But she refused nevertheless. The fact was, she was afraid of herself! She was tired and languid! She had been through so much in the weeks past! Who can ever foresee the tricks our own natures play on us, when we think we are most in control of ourselves?

"But I promise you!" Claudio insisted. "I give you my word of honor! You will go to bed as though you were alone, and I will sit in a chair, or on the floor—anything you say! Give me credit for being at least a gentleman!"

And his voice trembled with earnestness.

Rosaura, meantime, had had all she could endure of the kitchen. Her eyes were in tears from the smoke, and she was now frankly choking. Borja must have discovered in her ugly aspects which he never could have divined behind the screen of her normal art!

She turned her head toward the bedroom with a glance which the poor widow understood. Rosaura rose to follow the woman, but before she was too far away she whispered:

"You stay here! Find some excuse or other! Don't follow me!"

For five minutes Borja sat at the table. The aged blind man arranged his skins and his cloaks on the chimney seat, and finally lay down, kicking off his slippers. A sigh of relaxation came from the improvised couch:

"As comfortable as a captain-general!" the old guerrillero commented through his toothless gums.

The widow had returned to the kitchen, finding one little thing after another to attend to, though obviously she was waiting for "the gentleman" to evacuate the place. Finally she took the initiative herself:

"Everything is ready, if you are, sir! The lady is in bed—but with her clothes on. She says she is afraid to undress in a storm like this! I can understand that! Sometimes I keep awake on such nights myself."

Claudio rose and advanced with hesitating footsteps toward the bedroom door. Then he opened it in an authoritative manner, and closed it casually behind him.

For some moments the mistress of the house heard what she thought was an argument going on. The lady

seemed to be excited about something, and her husband must have been in the wrong, because he kept trying to excuse himself. But then the widow noticed that the four-wicked lamp was still burning, and she hastened to stop this leak in the family budget. Of course, the people in the other room had a rich look—they would probably pay her well the following morning! But that didn't justify a woman with three children in lighting up the town!

The kitchen was now brightened only by the murky glow of the dying orange embers in the fireplace. The sticks were all but consumed. They were falling apart, scattering fine grains of white ash with their last cracklings.

Outside the thunder was still crashing unabated, shaking the walls and windows of the cottage, while the panes of glass shone green and blue under the electric painting of each lightning flash. And each time the plaintive whimper of the poor woman would sound through the room:

"Blessed Saint Barbara,
In Heaven inscribed. . . ."

She thought the talking in the bedroom had suddenly grown louder. Had they called her? She stood listening for a moment, her head thrown forward. She heard what seemed to be the scraping of a piece of furniture, then apparently a bump on the wall. Yes, that was the way with everybody! All her quarrels with her husband—whether questions of jealousy or other questions—always came at night, after the children were in bed!

Slowly she advanced toward the door, and brought her face close to the jam that her voice might carry farther; and she asked softly:

"Is there anything you need?"

There was an exchange of whispers, she thought, inside. Then everything was silent.

She tiptoed back to the fireplace and sat down in the carobwood armchair with its cane seat—the outstanding luxury of the kitchen furnishings. How comfortable it seemed! And in fact, the restful position it allowed her tended to allure that slumber which had been hovering about her for some time past. She continued to exorcise each lightning flash with the saving chant:

"Blessed Saint Barbara,
In Heaven inscribed. . . ."

But each time the murmuring was more and more perfunctory, less and less conscious.

She fell asleep, with the thunder crashes growing fainter in her ears while the sounds from the bedroom ceased to concern her at all.

It must have been the profound silence that awakened her.

The kitchen was dark. The hearth was still aglow with a few scattered circles of light, which seemed to peer out at her from among the ashes like the eyes of hell-cats. She was surprised to hear nothing but the breathing of "grandpa," itself as weak as a child's.

She rose from her seat and tiptoed to the door of her bedroom.

The gentleman and his wife were asleep.

But, no! They were not asleep! She could hear their voices, very soft and gentle, as though coming from far far away. Yes, that was the way it went with everyone! You quarrel, and then you make up! War, and then peace! And the thought filled her with a momentary pang at her own bereavement. She moved silently away. Sorrow had chilled curiosity!

She groped along to a window, and threw it open wide A milky light poured in over her head and shoulders, turning her into the likeness of a marble bust.

The storm had gone. A brilliant full moon, girt with stars, seemed to be climbing the sky between flocks of ink black clouds, their edges rimmed with silver. They were scattering in flight, sometimes below the moon, sometimes before it; but from each eclipse the gleaming orb seemed to issue brighter than before.

A glow over the sunken road! Morning already?

No, the chauffeur had brought out his lamps, now that the water had gone down, and he was beginning his repair on the car. The metallic clink of his tools was the only sound audible in the night.

The widow's eyes turned out upon her orchards. The orange trees were glistening as though varnished by the moon. Each one of them wore a cloak of silver gauze over its mantle of green. The air was saturate with the fragrance of a plundered garden. The ground was strewn with blossoms as though an army of horse had trampled everything. The storm had stripped the orange trees of their petals. The earth was exhaling the rank fragrance of a bridal hall, mingled with the perfume of decaying

vegetation. Puddles of water here and there mirrored in their placid shallows the restless twinkling of the stars.

A breath of wind—the last gasp of the departing tempest, swept the tops of the orange trees. A rain of gems seemed to be falling from leaf to leaf. Then everything was silent again. The moon came out from behind a cloud and again drenched the orchards with silver.

On every leaf point, a diamond!

THE END.

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